THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

MAY 9, 1914 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

The Floating Laborer—By Will Irwin

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE QUALITY LAMP

Free Light with Every NATIONAL MAZDA Lamp

Your light bills are figured in watts.

A carbon lamp uses three watts to make *one* candlepower of light.

Any NATIONAL MAZDA lamp will give you *three* candlepower for the same current—two candlepower absolutely free.

And there's a range of sizes that you can't get in carbon lamps—thirteen sizes—from 10 to 1000 watts.

Every lamp as rugged as a carbon lamp, fits any socket, burns in any position and makes better, whiter light for homes, offices, stores, factories and all purposes where quality and high efficiency count.

Lowest Prices ever listed on NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps

Be your own judge of lamp efficiencies and don't buy lamps by candlepower alone. Buy them by cost of current per candlepower—by watts per candlepower—and you'll be able to tell what your light costs. Study this table and buy NATIONAL MAZDA lamps for quality, efficiency and economy.

New Low Prices

10 watt—for all-night light . . .
15 watt—for porches and hallways
20 watt—for side and table lamps
25 watt—for clusters . . . . .
40 watt—for average lighting . .

30c each

60 watt—for all general purposes . . . 40c each
100 watt—for large rooms . . . . . 70c each

Made also in larger sizes and in round and tubular bulbs—a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp for every socket.

Ask for information on the proper lighting of homes—the agent for NATIONAL MAZDA lamps in your vicinity will help you and give you valuable booklets on scientific lighting, or we will mail them free on request.

Get lamps in the Blue Convenience-Carton. Look for the display in the windows this week.

Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality

Dr. Chas. P. Steinmetz, the world's foremost electrical engineer, says: "I can see no reason why any person should continue to use wasteful carbon lamps when rugged Mazda lamps with solid drawn wire filaments are available at such low prices."

NATIONAL LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
63 Nela Park, Cleveland, Sixth City

Housecleaning Starts with NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps

Junk the obsolete carbon lamps. It pays. Don't hesitate to break the wasteful relics—it will save you breaking many a dollar for wasted current.

Among all your household necessities, you can find no improvement so great, so far reaching, so profitable in money and convenience, as NATIONAL MAZDA lamps.

Junk the carbon lamps and get two candlepower free from NATIONAL MAZDAS. Put one in every socket from cellar to attic and have more light, better light, and pleasanter rooms without paying more for current.

You owe yourself the thrift, the eye-ease, the convenience and the hospitality of NATIONAL MAZDA lamps.

NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps for Automobiles—all makes

Ninety-three per cent of the automobile makers specify Mazda lamps for their product. They are the rugged lamps that made it possible to light automobiles by electricity. They stay bright, stand the shocks of rough travel and are made for all cars—gasoline or electric.

The great merit of NATIONAL MAZDA lamps is their uniformity. They are from 30 to 70 per cent better than most other makes. They are standardized in voltage and construction. The NATIONAL MAZDA dealer will give you lamps exactly right for your car. Name your car and get a single lamp that you can depend on, or get a full set of six lamps in the National Carrying Chest, ready for any emergency.

Look for the Blue Convenience-Carton like the one in which you buy lamps for the house.

Member of the Society for Electrical Development
"DO IT ELECTRICALLY"

Watch the "Nobby Treads"

On Fifth Avenue, New York
On Commonwealth Avenue, Boston
On Broad Street, Philadelphia
On Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington
On Euclid Avenue, Cleveland
On Michigan Avenue, Chicago
On Woodward Avenue, Detroit
On Broadway, Denver
On Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco
On leading streets of cities and towns everywhere

On Every Thoroughfare

see the tremendous number of "Nobby Tread" Tires on cars everywhere—you will find that men who have owned two, or three, or four cars—men who have experimented—use "Nobby Tread" Tires.

If you are buying your first car this Spring, have it equipped with "Nobby Tread" Tires.

Start right,—take the advice of these veteran motorists,—and save expensive, useless experimenting.

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they are such phenomenal mileage tires and real anti-skid tires.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — US — RUBBER SYSTEM

United States Tire Company

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE

Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer.

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

Devil's Food Cake

1½ cupfuls sugar
1½ cupfuls milk
½ cake chocolate
2 teaspoonfuls vanilla extract
2 eggs
2 cupfuls flour
½ cupful Crisco
1 teaspoonful baking soda
3 tablespoonfuls boiling water
Boiled frosting
½ teaspoonful salt
(Level Measurements)

Put ½ cupful of sugar into small saucepan, add chocolate and 1 cupful milk. Put on stove and stir till it boils five minutes, stirring now and then. Remove from fire, add vanilla and set aside to cool. Beat Crisco and remainder of sugar to light cream, then add eggs well beaten and beat two minutes. Now add remainder of milk, soda dissolved in boiling water, flour, salt and chocolate mixture. Mix carefully and divide into two large greased and floured layer tins and bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Turn to cool and put together with boiled frosting. Sufficient for two large layers.

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For Frying-For Shortening
For Cake Making

Butterless Cake Making!

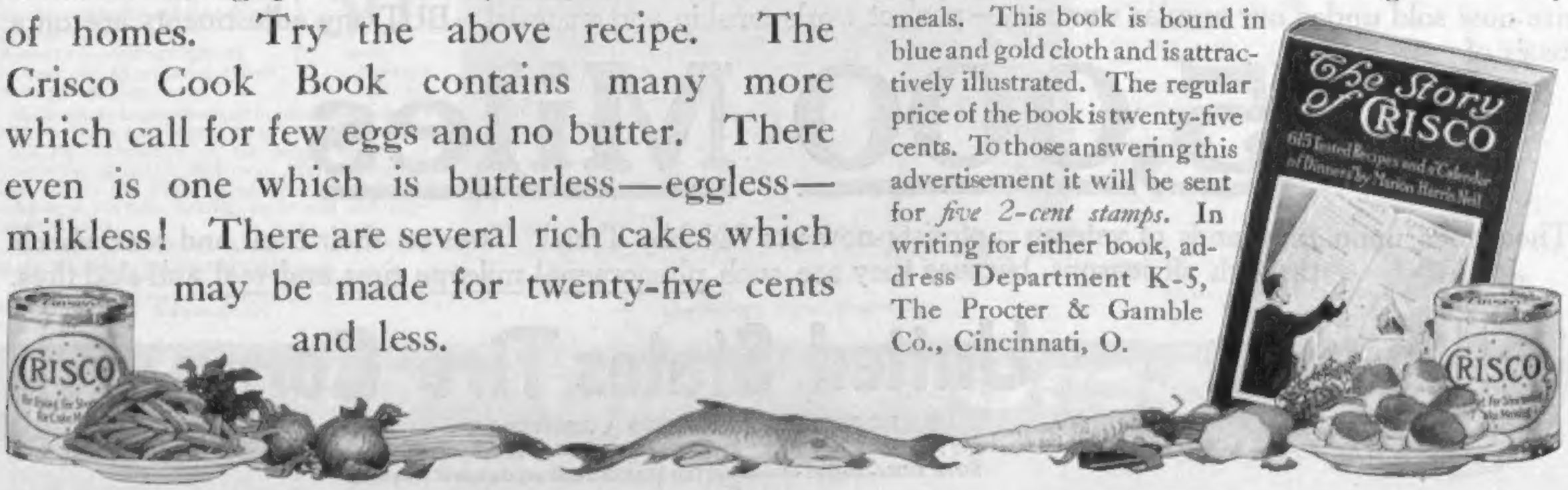
Rich Crisco Cakes Without Butter Expense

Perhaps you believe that nothing but expensive butter will do for cake making? Perhaps the high price of butter and eggs makes you hesitate to make many cakes?

But with Crisco you can produce as excellent a cake as with the finest butter. Your Crisco cake will also stay fresh and moist longer. This is being proved every day in thousands of homes. Try the above recipe. The Crisco Cook Book contains many more which call for few eggs and no butter. There even is one which is butterless—eggless—milkless! There are several rich cakes which may be made for twenty-five cents and less.

New Cook Book and "Calendar of Dinners"

This new book by Marion Harris Neil gives 250 original recipes and tells many interesting and valuable facts about foods. It is free. There also is a quality edition of this book containing a total of 615 Neil Recipes and a Calendar of Dinners—365 menus of original and tasty meals. This book is bound in blue and gold cloth and is attractively illustrated. The regular price of the book is twenty-five cents. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps*. In writing for either book, address Department K-5, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.



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THE FLOATING LABORER

The Case of John Smith—By Will Irwin

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

A Sheltered Corner

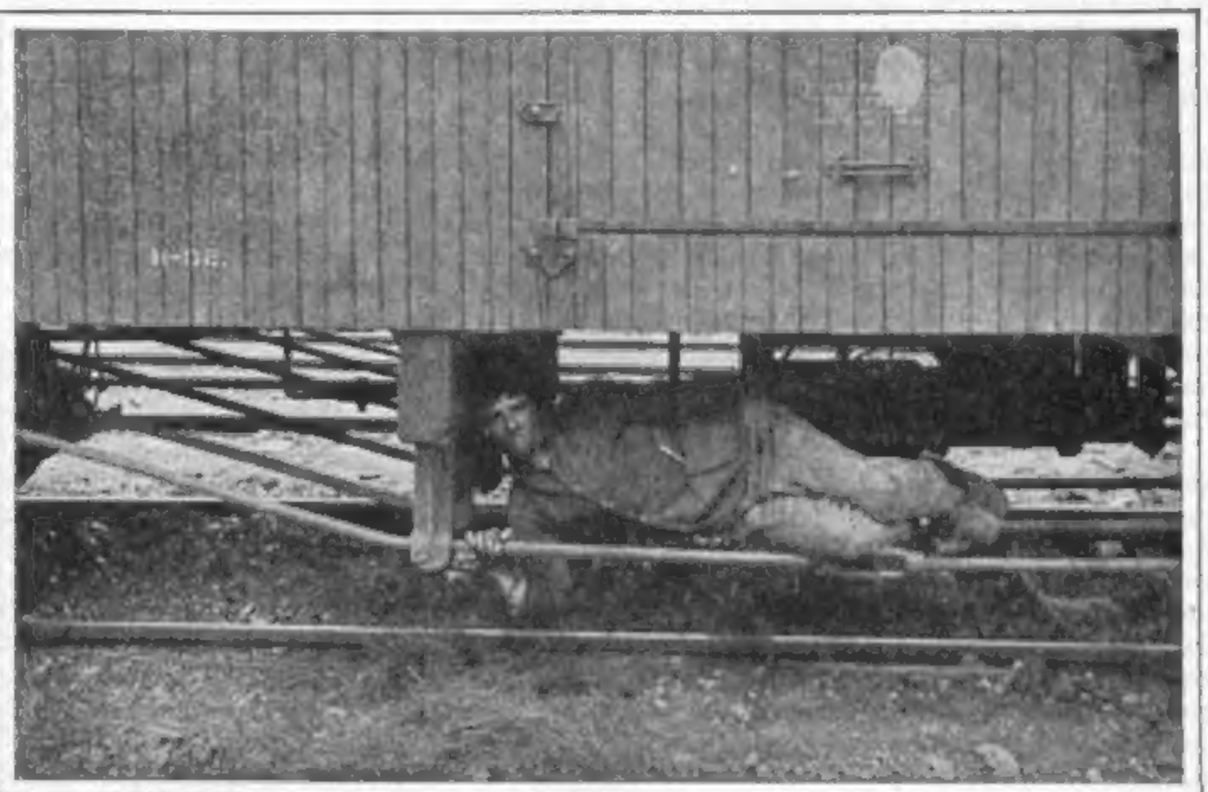

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Riding on the Rail

AS THE people of the East remember, it snowed last February in the city of New York—snowed with a volume and violence unknown in those parts since the historic blizzard of 1888. For two weeks a new and harassed Commissioner of Street Cleaning tried to dig the city out. Hampered though he was by want of carts, he found a surplus of men. This had been a winter of unemployment. As usual, the starvelings of industry had crowded into the city, where there are saloons, public buildings and gratings to keep a man warm, bread lines and charity soup kitchens to fill his stomach in the last pinch. Before the snow abated, the commissioner had thousands of men heaping up the snow to await the slow pleasure of such carts as Tammany contractors would grant him.

Unsatisfactory workers they proved in bulk. I myself used to watch them picking at the hard ice cakes, thrusting their shovels into the drifts; and it seemed to me that I should perish from nervous exhaustion if any one forced me to work at that languid, flabby pace. At that, they were always resting when the boss looked away. By two days more the snow army was deserting in squads and companies.

"You see, they don't want work," said a conservative friend who operates in Wall Street. "You see, they're merely the degenerate fringe of humanity," said another, a little more enlightened. "They couldn't get on under any circumstances."

The next day, as it chanced, I interviewed a deserter from that army. He had just asked me for a dime. There are beggars in New York, and again other beggars. One comes to know the professional whine of the expert panhandler. Somehow I perceived in this case one of genuine want; so he got my dime and I a little of his conversation. I asked him why he was not shoveling snow.

"Too hard, boss," he said. "I tried it two days an' me stomach went back on me."

He shuffled away then, as though he wanted no more questioning. I watched him bumping down Third Avenue. He was five feet nine or ten inches tall; his shoulders were broad in symmetrical proportion; he was probably less than forty years old. Yet he shambled; and it was not exactly the shambling of the city bum, the gait that betrays loss of all self-respect. More was it the manifestation of some inner weakness. What was it? Drink? Perhaps. But was drink the cause or only the effect?

A week later a section of the I. W. W., blind rebels against masters whose faces they did not know, organized their now famous raid on the churches. I saw a crowd of these rioters, and they also had that gait and movement, as of a man carrying some hidden disease or newly released from the hospital. In all this army of the unemployed—American, German, Irishman, Italian, Hungarian, Slav, Teuton, Saxon, Jew and Celt—that outward and visible sign of an inner weakness formed the one common factor.

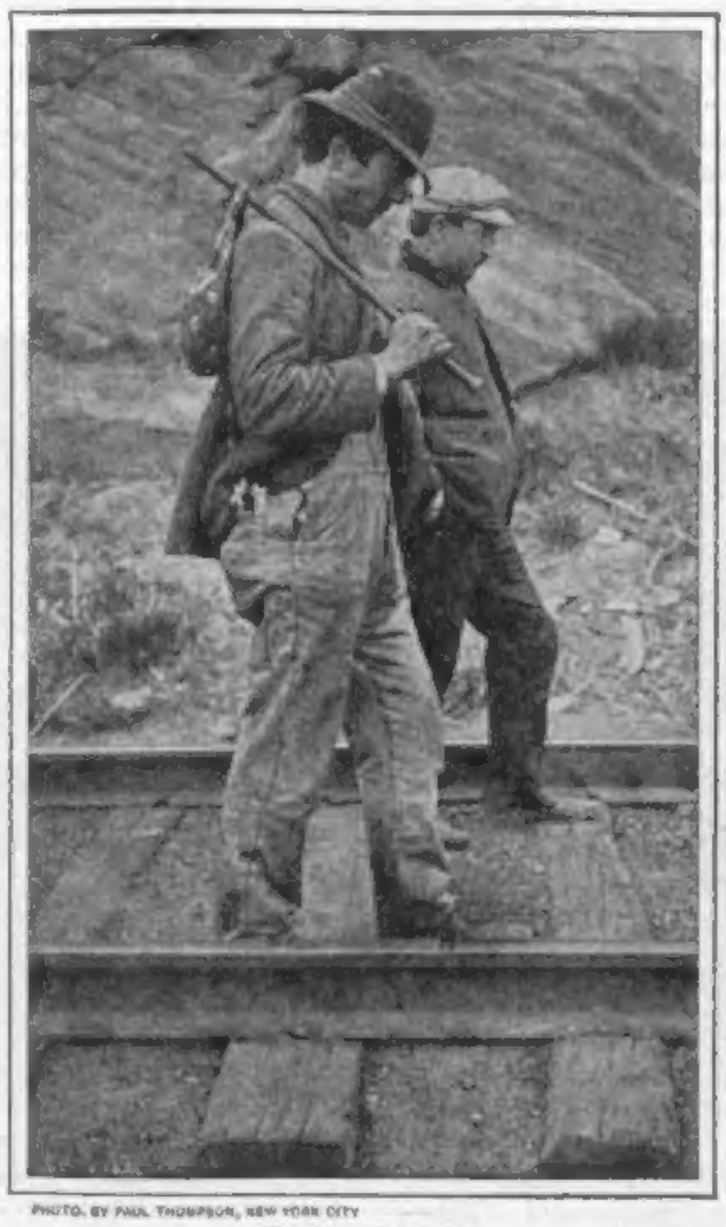

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Hitting the Grit

Again, what was it? Were these, as my first conservative friend implied, merely the fated failures of humanity, the men born with defective minds and souls? Or were they, as the other conservative friend implied, the physical degenerates, the nubbin apples on the tree—half brothers to cretins, dwarfs and cripples? If so, what a margin of degenerates we have on the fringe of humanity!

Lombroso, yellow scientist that he was, drove sociology stark mad for a time with his theories of degeneracy. Since true science turned its cold eye on his theories we have known that crime, vagrancy and such phenomena cannot be accounted for, even in major part, by the easy word, degeneracy. Still less can this theory be stretched to cover the army of the unemployed in New York. There must be some better reason—in fact there is a better reason—to account for that nerveless movement at work; that weak, uncertain gait. And to make that reason clear, let me be concrete; let me tell the story of the working life of John Smith, American. It is not fiction, that story, as I shall show at the end; or if so it is that kind of fiction which is more true than fact.

John Smith is an American of old stock; the blood Anglo-Saxon, with a touch of Celtic. You must think of him as an average man, born with no exceptional powers, no exceptional weaknesses, no exceptional vices. The capacity for great heroism, great performance or great crime was not born in John Smith. Nature and the sturdy stock from which he sprang gave him a good, usable body capable of a satisfactory day's labor under direction. It gave him, also, a passably clear and active mind. Such as he are born to be the sport of circumstance and environment; but most of us are such as he. Had he sprung from the lap of affluence, had he received a college education, he might have made a fairly successful lawyer's clerk or staff doctor. Had he inherited property and acquired a business training, he might have become a fairly successful merchant's clerk. Had he sprung from the depths of the slums he might have made a fairly successful pickpocket.

Fate and social forces, together with that cumulative series of small circumstances by which Fate and social

forces produce their larger effects, would always be the determining factors in the life of John Smith—not that he lacked will power; of that, also, he had the average quota. I repeat: four-fifths of the people for whom the Pilgrims pioneered and the Revolutionary forefathers bled are like John Smith.

His forbears on both sides had tended to follow frontiers, until, with the disappearance of a frontier, James Smith, John's father, found himself stranded as a tenant farmer in the Middle West. Most of us remember the time when the political orator boasted that the American farmer was a king, holding his own broad acres without let or hindrance from any other man alive.

We remember, also, the pity we used to feel for the tenant farmers of Ireland. That period has gently drifted behind us; it was a shock to many when the last census revealed that a quarter of our American farmers are out-and-out renters. To this class belonged James Smith. Half of his earnings from his hundred-acre farm went to the landed proprietor, an old gentleman who had retired from active life and lived in town on his income.

With the rest of the proceeds James Smith and his wife managed somehow to clothe the four children after a fashion, to feed them well enough so that they came to maturity with normal constitutions, and to keep them in country school until they were thirteen or fourteen. From some such beginnings many of our heroes of American romance sprang—Lincoln on the one side, Rockefeller on the other. Of course John Smith, the eldest son, to whom I am inviting your attention, was neither a Lincoln nor yet a Rockefeller, but an average man.

John left school in the seventh grade and went to work as a farm hand on the paternal acres. His father used to say in his pessimistic moments that this was a dog's life. As John grew up and became strong enough to do a man's work at plowing or pitching hay, he indorsed those sentiments. Life, except for the brief respite of winter, was just work, eat—work, eat—work, eat, sleep. Some of the other boys we knew, sons of proprietary farmers, had begun to go to the country dances—one or two of them got a few days in town; but John had no clothes for dances and no money for town visiting.

Little Nudges From Fate

IN THE winter when he was seventeen years old Fate gave him two of those little, impalpable nudges that guide a man on the road of destiny. There was skating over on the pond. John had outgrown the pair of skates he got from the Christmas tree years before. He wanted a new pair and he boldly asked his father for them. In John's mind had been growing for some time the feeling that he had been doing a farm hand's work for his mere board, and he made his application with some confidence. It was a bad day to ask. The bill collector for the general store had called that morning to remind James Smith that the last payment on the mowing machine was long overdue.

"No!" said James Smith, concealing his real feelings by a show of brutality. "You wear out enough boots without skates. Skates! And me at the door of the poorhouse!"

Still smarting from this rebuff, John sat down that evening to pore over the weekly newspaper the Smith family managed to afford, and which gave them their one contact with the larger world. The Weekly Argus was printing a serial entitled: Farmer Bill; or, From the Plow to Wall Street. This was such a story as delighted us Americans twenty-five years ago; from the title you may guess the trend of the tale. John had read the earlier chapters with no great interest—they were all about the things he knew; but this one held him. The hero, by rescuing the beautiful daughter of the millionaire broker from the clutches of the broken-down French count, had won a raise in pay to fifty dollars a week, and had been invited to supper at the broker's house. The chapter, before it swung into action again and left the reader breathless for the next installment, described the rich broker's house.

One detail stuck in John's mind: there were gold plates on the table! He lay awake that night, dreaming of the city, that paradise where they ate from gold plates. When, next morning, his father woke him with the announcement that it was time to be about the chores, he was still dreaming in the back of his head, contrasting the home where you could not have skates, because they wore out your boots, with the home where they ate from gold plates.

The thing that was stirring in John Smith, had he only known it, was his pioneer blood. It was imagination in action. It was the call across the waste spaces, which made his great-great-grandfather leave a loom by the Clyde for a clearing by the Delaware; his great-grandfather leave a settlement by the Delaware for a log house by the Ohio; his grandfather leave a town by the Ohio for a ranch by the Missouri. Only the frontier is gone; and that young, adventurous blood sings through new channels. The great adventure, to John Smith's generation, is the city.

All winter, all spring, the next summer, he kept that dream to himself; but he worked, with the good, young will power he had, toward the one end. When spring plowing and planting were done he found a chance to cut wood by the cord for a neighbor. When he proposed to his father that he himself keep the receipts there was a short, sharp domestic argument, in which justice prevailed. The special advocate of justice in this matter was John's mother, to whom he had confided his ambitions and who sympathized with him. By this device or that John added to the hoard, which he kept in a little chink back of the chimney. When autumn came he had twenty-five dollars—enough for his fare to Chicago and a few weeks' board to spare.

And just when the work of harvesting was over for the season Fate gave him another nudge along the road he must travel. A city newspaper fell into his hands. Running halfway down a column of the help-wanted advertisements was a call for laborers—railroad construction—a dollar and seventy-five cents a day; cheap board; transportation furnished from Chicago. By another day, John Smith, an unseasoned boy of eighteen, but capable already of doing a man's work with any crude implement, had taken his pilgrim gown and scrip and gone to seek his fortune. So far it reads like any romance of youth on the quest of destiny.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Army of Unemployed, About Three Thousand, Leave San Francisco on the March to Washington

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Waiting Outside Municipal Lodging House for Admission

Now, though John Smith was, as I have said, an average man, he was also an average American. Being such he had ambition, bred in him from those generations that had pushed ever westward that they might better themselves. He did not know that since his fathers used to seek the frontiers the whole world had changed. The older world was a world of mighty rough labors and of rule-of-thumb methods. On every hand lay untamed Nature, untapped resources. A man broke into the treasures of the earth. He found a working method of his own and according as he had luck and adaptability he won a fortune, a competence, or at least a living; but the frontier had shrunk.

The undeveloped resources were all preëmpted. The age of specialists had arrived. To get along in any occupation an average man must have some special training. John's education had acquainted him with the three R's and nothing more. He could not write well enough or cipher well enough to enter business. The only trade he understood, even dimly, was farming. And it was old-fashioned farming, of the kind we used to practice on a virgin soil, which had been gathering richness an age long that man might rifle that richness in a generation.

Concerning any of the methods by which a farmer coaxed land that has lost its virgin richness, he knew nothing. He entertained a general idea that fertilizer meant barnyard manure, when you had it to use. His father, no better instructed, had at least a kind of instinct born of long experience. John Smith, barely eighteen years old, had, of course, not developed that instinct; yet here he was, an average man, taking his unskilled powers into a new world of specialists, and dreaming as he went of the rich house and gold supper service he expected to win when he had made his fortune, like the hero of Farmer Bill.

Farmer Bill in Real Life

HIS first night in Chicago he spent in a fifteen-cent lodging house, to which he had been directed by a policeman. The bed, after all, was little worse than his own bed at home, though he did lie packed beside twenty others, who snored and tossed and kept him awake. Even had they lain quiet, he could hardly have slept. That evening he had been walking the streets, marveling at the new wonders of the city, with its crowds of richly dressed people—for so the pedestrians on Dearborn Street looked to him—its luxuriant carriages opening at the doors of the opera—that was the interpretation he put on hired hacks and a cheap stock theater—its restaurant windows, with their glimpses of white linen, beautiful strange dishes, colored glasses and pretty women. A little terrified, but more exalted, he thought of these things as something in which he himself might some day share.

There was another thought in the back of his head, which he, with the soul shyness of a young boy, seldom permitted to come forward. Some day, like Farmer Bill, he would meet the broker's daughter and do valiant deeds for her hand. On the dream of this amorphic romance he fell asleep.

Next morning he learned from the clerk at the fifteen-cent lodging house how to find the employment agency; and he arrived before the doors opened. It dismayed him a little to find forty others in line before him. This was the beginning of the slack season, when from farms, grading camps, lumber mills and quarries the unemployed crowd into Chicago for the winter. At this very time a new party had arisen in railroad politics, a new alignment of forces. It became necessary to the larger policies of Wall Street that a certain railroad, long surveyed and laid out, should be graded and tracked before the snow flew. The employment agencies, greedy to pad their seasonal receipts, had spread the news through their own channels of publicity. When John took his place in line there were forty men ahead of him. When the doors opened the line behind him stretched to the corner of the block.

As man after man stepped up to the desk and held a brief interview with the little ferret-eyed clerk, John craned his neck across the line and watched. At the close of the conversation some of the men received cards. John perceived by their satisfied expression, and by the jovial remarks they dropped as they

passed along the line, that these men had secured jobs. What he could not understand was the others, those who turned away with their shoulders bent to drop a curse or two about pull or fixed jobs as they passed back down the line.

These hints terrified John. He had not thought before that pull had anything to do with the matter; yet it seemed to him as he looked that there must be some truth in this charge. He noticed small men, flabby men, men whom his father would never have taken as farm hands, carrying away cards. He noticed big, stalwart fellows, whom he marked as likely workers, turned away. When he himself reached the window he was dumb with apprehension. The clerk looked him over.

"Any experience in grading work?" he asked.

"No!" said John. He had intended to lie, feeling himself justified; but his nervousness stripped him to the truth.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen," said John, recovering himself to add a year.

"Huh!" said the clerk. Then suddenly, as though he had made his decision, he reached for a card, scribbled a line on it, stamped it, and passed it over. "Two dollars. Report at the address here at twelve. Here's our card. Come to us when you want work again. Next!"

Before he had recovered himself John was outside, clutching his card. It was not true about pull after all! That clerk was a slick fellow; he knew a worker when he saw him. There must have been something wrong about the big fellows.

So behold John Smith crawling out at daybreak next morning to the corrals of the grading camp, that he might harness the team of mules the boss had assigned to him. He had come up the day before in a box car with a string of laborers from the employment office. As they bowled up the line to the camp his fellows sat on the floor, sucking their pipes and talking of this and that.

John had liked them but little. Their whole ambition, so far as he could see, was to accumulate a few weeks' wages, get back to "Chi," and spend their money on beer and the girls—always the girls. That afternoon John learned things about the evil of this world he had never known before. There had been more talk of this character in the bunk tents before the men rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep.

A Short Stay

HOWEVER, now it was morning and he was going to work—the beginning of his career! He harnessed Jenny and Judy, the mules, to his scraper and joined a long line of men and teams making for the grade. The boss, a big, two-fisted man, with direct eyes and a lined face, stopped him.

"Don't know anything about grading, huh?" he inquired. "Then what the hell did they send you for? Well, you sink your scraper here and drop the snatch; you follow the line up to there and raise the snatch. Don't let me see you tying up the line—and keep your scraper full."

Presently John was following a line which moved with the regularity of a machine. You reached the pile. You seized the handles and, with one effort of your back, you turned over the scraper and sank it deep. You lashed your mules. Out came the scraper, loaded. You reached the long mound, which was the railroad embankment just taking form. At the apex you released the snatch; over went the tray, dumping the earth. You followed the line round until you reached the soft dirt again and continued the motion.

Being a farmer's boy and accustomed to teams John had learned the trick by the third time round. And all that morning exultation grew in him. He was a man, he could do a man's work! This was the beginning of his fortunes. It all depended now on his own diligence. He kept the proper distance from the next team; he studied the exact spot to release the snatch. By such diligence Farmer Bill and his other heroes of romance had founded their fortunes. As he ate his beans and salt pork from a tin plate in the chuck tent; as he rolled into his blankets that night, very tired, but still capable of a day's work—the dream followed him.

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

At Lunch on the Road

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Coffee and Sandwiches at the Municipal Lodging House, New York

It was late the next afternoon when a box car drew up on the distant siding to discharge a new gang of men carrying blankets. John thought vaguely, as he watched them detrain, that the company must be doing a lot of work to have so many men; but, just as the grading gang stood waiting by the corral to unharness, he saw a sub-boss marching down the line, speaking to man after man. He reached John. "Boss wants to see you in the main tent after supper," he said.

Hardly imagining what this might mean, John reported at the main tent. He found thirty other men, many of whom had come up with him from Chicago. His heart sank a little when he recognized them as the scrubs and riffraff of the camp. The boss entered.

"Box car's going back to Chi in the morning," he said. "You fellows get your time. You're fired!"

The thirty took it dumbly, all but one little man with a seamed face and fiery red hair.

"To hell with this camp! It's a graft!" he yelled, and shook his fist.

The boss turned on him his steady gaze and raised slightly one of those big, hard fists. "What did you say about this camp, kid?" he asked. The little man shrank back into the crowd and all complaint was over.

Next morning at dawn John received from the timekeeper a dollar and a half—two days' pay, less a dollar a day for board—and took the box car back to Chicago in a state of utter juvenile depression. Somewhere within him rankled a sense of hard injustice. He knew he had kept up, knew he could do the work as well as any grown man on the job.

John really never knew the whole truth about this little transaction in labor.

Construction on that road was proceeding under the old rules of the game, whereby every one along the line took out his bit. The directors were also directors in companies that undertook contracts or furnished material.

Easy Money

BY KNOWING what contracts to stretch, the engineer got on and pleased his masters, who permitted him to have his own little graft in commissions. The grading boss knew about the constructing engineer's graft; so he was permitted a graft of his own. The employment agency that sent out John Smith collected two dollars apiece from the laborers and gave fifty cents of that two dollars to the boss for throwing the business its way—a very simple arrangement.

One job for one man in one year means only two dollars. Twenty jobs for one man in one year means forty dollars. The proprietors of this agency, working with the grading boss, had reduced the matter of rotation in jobs to an exact science.

They picked for him a due proportion of men who could not keep up with the work, or of youths like John, whom a boss has a good excuse for discharging. Every few days the boss weeded out the undesirables and replaced them with new undesirables from the Chicago agency. He fired thirty men that night in camp and took on thirty others. His clean profit on the transaction was therefore fifteen dollars.

John Smith went back to the lodging house where he had passed his first night in the city, and the next day he visited the employment agency again. He had better nerve this time; he tried to tell the clerk he had really kept up—that it was unjust to discharge him.

"Tell your troubles to the police! You'll learn, kid," said the clerk. "That ain't the only job. Give me your address and come to see us every day or two. You get a job by sticking round."

For two days John, unaccustomed to city ways and with no definite trade, training or guidance, tramped the streets of Chicago, asking at alley doors for any kind of common work. He failed, as any one accustomed to city ways would have expected him to fail. It was autumn, when common labor is a drug on the market. Meantime he met in the lodging house that same red-headed man who had protested when the boss discharged the graders. The red-headed man—Charlie Crawford was his name—paid special attention to John.

(Continued on Page 41)

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Waiting for Something to Happen

THE REQUITAL

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

MRS. HADLEY looked up from the accounts she was auditing for the local literary club just as Ellen came up the path. Pierre was strolling at her right hand and Henry Kilvert on her left—a usual arrangement; and Henry and Ellen were doing the talking while Pierre listened—also a usual arrangement, and responsible for the calmly pleased smile Mrs. Hadley turned on her daughter when she presently entered the room alone.

The Hadley place and the Kilverts' ran together—and thence on to the next neighbor's and the next in unbroken sweeps of greenness, dotted, but not interrupted, here and there by a purple beech, a clump of maples or a conifer, which served as a kind of communal decoration, without placing anything between house and house to cut off a view or intercept the wandering eye or foot.

This was obedient to the sectional ideal of neighborliness and the brotherhood of man—the same ideal which conscientiously practiced leaving some of the windowshades up at night, that the homeless wanderer might be cheered by the sight of what he was missing. Just why the idea had not been carried to a logical conclusion and a common neighborhood house set in the common park of their open grounds is not known—probably they simply had never thought of it. But so far as they had carried the idea it had worked out to an inevitable result—you did not shut out your neighbor in M—— and ergo you were not yourself shut in.

Followed as a corollary, the grounds being everybody's—yet not quite—nobody lived in them. A little youthful tennis, a few timid vine-screened and sewing sitters on porches—this comprised the al-fresco life of M——. There were no careless groups on lawns, no seats and tables under spreading trees—and, of course, no afternoon teapots on those non-existent tables.

Once in a while some one had the painful idea of giving a lawn party—a thing that had to be made before it could be given, made at a great amount of fuss and trouble, and to which every one came uncomfortably in best clothes. These were the few occasions when the ornate arbors and pergolas came into use; otherwise the community lived chastely within doors—going out with definite decision to take air and exercise, chiefly in the shape of sport.

An athletic age had its grip on M—— as well as on all America besides; everybody in M—— was constantly in a state of going out of set purpose—or, at least, for motoring; but of any conception of outdoors as a state of being instead of a state of going it was innocent, together with most of America.

Except, of course, the Garnetts. One was always excepting the Garnetts; and this exception was variously attributed to them—by the uncharitable for pride and perversity; by the charitable as the inevitable taint contracted in years of European living.

But then, nobody ever argued from the Garnetts to anything—nothing but Professor Garnett's eminent standing and a certain frank charm in the entire family exempted them from criticism; they were usually spoken of in an indulgently apologetic tone.

When the Garnetts came to M—— their initial act had been to put up a tall wire screen of vines round their entire place, and behind this they had planted the swiftest-growing thing in hedges known to that climate. Tall trees, too, and thick, they had imported with a recklessness of cost; and, once having got themselves fully shut in and everybody else shut out, they had proceeded to treat the inclosed space as an extension of their house; indeed, they lived in it much more than in the house itself.

There was a tea-table—a used tea-table—under the large cherry tree; there was a shadowed pergola, with both a table and chairs, where the professor, hatless and even coatless, wrote his most eminent books, and his gifted wife illustrated them.

They had a little stone terrace built—with a complete disregard of architectural conventions—to overlook the sunsets; and they ate out, sat out, worked out, rested out, and only did not sleep out, it was held, because that would have been being too much like their neighbors. Just when all M—— took to its outdoor sleeping rooms and screened porches, the Garnett household retired to its stronghold of a house.

"'Foxes have holes; birds of the air have nests,'" the professor had been heard to quote. "Every living thing seeks a shelter for repose. It was even accounted a hardship that the Son of Man had not where to lay His head—but that was before the present-day fresh-air mania broke out."

Both for His Joy and His Solace He Had to Take Refuge in This Gift of His

"And besides," added Pierre cheerfully, "what's a house good for anyway—except privacy, and to keep warm and dry, and to stay in when you can't see anything pretty outside?"

All up and down and over this pagan domain the flute notes, or the violin notes, or the piano notes of Pierre floated eternally. Pierre owed his name, as well as his lustrous eyes and something oddly un-American in his whole carriage and manner, to his mother, whose half-Frenchness seemed only in her to accentuate the other and larger American half of her.

The foreign strain was held to have come out in her boy. He was the Garnetts' only child. Also, he was lame from birth. This single bitter drop had Fate distilled into a cup of happiness otherwise inordinately sweet. One leg was shorter than the other and Pierre walked through life with a limp.

He might have been much as other boys but for this; the limp colored his whole life, excluding him from the games and contests of his fellows and throwing him back perforce on the other side of his nature. From his father he inherited scholarship, from his mother music; the combination had made of him a musician who composed, and the handicap had made of him a concentrated student of his art from his early years. Both for his joy and his solace he had to take refuge in this gift of his.

When other boys were playing ball he was playing Bach fugues, and by the time they were off to climb mountains and row matches he was off to Germany, to England, to Bayreuth, Munich, Vienna or Italy, for holidays of music—until the time came when he went off for study in earnest. All this and his birth made him foreign enough to be regarded as a little dangerous by prudent mammas, even though quite charming and—as the son of Doctor Garnett—wholly unimpeachable.

As if desirous to point a moral and mark a contrast, destiny had set, on the other side of this exotic household, the most authentically native of homes. It was not possible to be more lineally descended of local traditions than were the Hadleys.

Mr. Hadley was of a fine old Colonial and Unitarian family; having been born near Boston in the sixties this was inevitable.

Back of him were the bluest of Colonial traditions; and what was true of Mr. Hadley was if possible a little truer of Mrs. Hadley.

The marriage of these two had been predestined, determinate, from the moment their respective ancestors set their simultaneous feet on Plymouth Rock; and it had received its ultimate sanction in one of those paragraphs of announcement the press accords only to the elect, beginning with "There took place ——" and concluding with a good part of the contents of the telephone book, sorted something after this manner:

"The bride's grandfather on her mother's side was the distinguished Admiral Wigglesby, whose sons were the eminent Dr. Walter Wigglesby and the Honorable Samuel Wigglesby, late chief justice. On her father's side she is descended from five of our most distinguished Colonial families. Her mother was the beautiful Mary Allyn, whose younger sister married the nephew of the late Governor Enderby. The bride's sister is Mrs. James Walcott, whose husband is a descendant of the famous historian, Stephen Hodgson; while on his mother's side ——"

I am sorry I have not space to give it all. However it may be said that the list of collaterals included the Beadley Masséa, "whose," and so on; the Mason-Tomlins, "whose," and so on; and such well-known scions of the Pilgrim stock as the Braying-Addams and Gerrit-Friths. I hope I need say no more to prove that the Hadleys were respectable.

Either on account of, or in spite of, this they were very fine people—finely educated, too, in the national sense, and in the cult of one of the few American cities that does really mean education when it says so, and not merely instruction. From their cradles up they had been reared on bedrock principles, to which they had been taught to sacrifice everything—except another principle.

Social service, the higher thought, the new morality, all the modern forms of those abstractions for which their Revolutionary and Abolitionary ancestry had fought and bled and died, they had received in their turn, handed down—as the devout communicant receives the Eucharist—with faith, with conviction, with an inner consecration. They possessed and were possessed by every good and saving thing on earth, except the saving sense of humor; not having which, they lacked, of course, also a saving sense of proportion.

The outward and visible sign of this was the stress laid on the unimportant, the immense seriousness of little things. They knew no way to differentiate unerringly between the major and the minor. They were socialists, of course; liberals by necessity; suffragists by birth; eugenists inevitably; and they were also Fletcherites, Ibsenites, and savers of matches and pieces of string, just as hard and thoroughly as they were any of the other things.

They were, in short, the very kind of people it is least permissible to laugh at or hold up to scorn; and they were the people, of all the world, whom it was impossible for any person of imagination, philosophy or sane humor to look on without an immediate desire to smile, albeit tenderly.

The Hadleys had four children—no more, no less. This was neither luck nor blind destiny; it was the number to which they had conscientiously decided they could do justice. They had not arrived at this decision lightly. Had they been their own forefathers, they would have taken it to the Lord in prayer; and Mrs. Hadley would have borne at least thirteen—one of them very likely a genius, by reaction.

Being what they were, they did the modern equivalent—took it to the family doctor and lawyer; that is, they ascertained that they were, humanly speaking, sound physically, mentally and financially; of their morals there was never any question. Four, it was decided, was the number to which she could reasonably hope to promise an equipment of vital force, and he competently to guarantee

their dues of school, dancing school, college and post-graduate training, not forgetting the dentist and the doctor; not, of course, that they expressed it thus, even to themselves—it went lumped under the generic term of the advantages to which as human beings they were entitled.

The children were born according to schedule, decently and in order, and not too near together; this made them always just a little too far apart to be interesting to one another. Mrs. Hadley herself, in thoughtfully reviewing her life, felt that if she had it to live over she would have chosen to produce them, as it were, by pairs. For what use, in fact, has an active child of three for a baby—a mettlesome lad of six for a toddler of three—or an ambitious nine-and-going-on-ten-year-older for a little fellow of six, short of leg and vision?

This remoteness, with its lack of the kindling attrition of mind on mind, may have had something to do with their being what they were; for, broadly speaking, a more unimaginative, stolid, unexceptionable and—except to their parents—uninteresting flock of four never was. They were perfectly well and perfectly, almost too perfectly, well bred. There were no limpers among her children—Mrs. Hadley, watching little Pierre at play among them, gave silent thanks for it; a child like that she would have accounted a personal disgrace.

True, Pierre shone starrily in their midst, for the Hadley children were not beautiful; even their parents did not think them so. They were just solid, straight, clean, honest and sturdy—all good, all well, all sufficiently intelligent, and one just as good, well and intelligent as the other, so far as could be discerned. They quietly absorbed and digested the family traditions just as they absorbed and digested the family oatmeal, their minds giving them no more trouble than their stomachs.

Ellen, as the eldest, was the compendium of the family teaching—the protagonist, so to speak, of the family idea. She was a calm, flaxen-haired girl, with imperturbable eyes under a broad brow, and a very straight back, which looked capable of carrying things without bending. The only doubtful thing about Ellen was her smile—as if she were a little uncertain about smiling, as indeed she was. This was family again. Life being the tremendously serious affair it was, a certain pervasive gravity became inevitably its dominant note.

Those quips, quirks and conceits—often a mere matter between the eye and lip—which permeated the family atmosphere of the Garnetts like benignant summer lightning relieving superheated conditions, were unknown and unthinkable in the mild, constant climate of the Hadley home. Conscious rectitude, sacrifice, one's duty to society—those were the things that weighed; and they often weighed heavily.

From the day of their birth—even from the day on which it was decided they should be permitted a day of birth—Mrs. Hadley had planned her children's lives until they should be grown up. And the program had been carried out with rigid exactness. Twice a year to the dentist, once a year to the doctor; two pieces of candy after dinner; the best school, the best dancing school, the best playmates; cold baths—taken with a thermometer; Nature study, hygiene, an early introduction to the serious aspects of life; so many duties a day, so many pleasures a week; so many hours of study, of sleep, of exercise, of free play; a touch of the higher thought and a touch of the Montessori method; light applications of mental therapeutics and Fletcherism; simplicity of fare, of clothing and speech; a fine courtesy of manner and life; the loftiest ideals—in short, the sacred New England altar fire kindled on the ancient rock. Only—which made all the difference—it was a modern and scientifically fed flame, an altar fire *de luxe*, electrical, non-combustible, and automatically time-buttoned.

In their impregnable ancestral conscience of parenthood there were no lengths the Hadleys were not prepared to go; they did actually go the fearful length of guessing at their offspring's brain processes. Mrs. Hadley did not blench from choosing their reading for them. The mysterious workings of their awful minds held nothing awful for her; she made up hers and dealt out a regimen accordingly—two scientific, historic or biographic volumes to every one of fiction, and the fiction chosen. The former they called, the Searcher of the dark and inscrutable mysteries of the human heart alone knows why, serious reading, as opposed to the mere drama of life and the passions of the human soul; though, to be sure, they did look out as to what passions the children got hold of, assorting them as Omnipotence has never yet been able to do.

They did not stop at books, however. To teach them to think for the less fortunate, Mrs. Hadley denied herself the pleasure of making gifts to her own children on birthdays and at Christmas. Others, she knew, would give to them in abundance; they should remember her as giving to the motherless and the poor.

To teach them self-denial, she dressed them with an all but conspicuous plainness. And all and everything she did seemed good in their eyes.

At eleven years Ellen was a convinced suffragist, passing the hat at conventions and perfectly happy to pass it. If now and again she wished Fate had elected she might pass it in a prettier hat of her own—that was the first sign that Ellen was growing up. Not that she desired to deck herself in the spoils of shrieking mother birds—not she; of conscience she had renounced both fur and feathers; but one permitted curling plume of that vain bird, the ostrich, would, she felt, have given a fantastic value to life. Pierre, in particular, admired plumes.

By fourteen she was a staunch and active partisan of all good causes.

By eighteen she was a quiet power in the youthful part of the community and Mrs. Hadley began to draw the breath of relief. The dear woman deserved to. She had piloted her flock safely past the perils of adenoids—inscrutably just as prone to lie in wait for the scientific as the unscientific—and now had her conscientious eye on their appendixes. These, too, were sent alike on the just and unjust; and her three eldest already knew as much about sex and the dangers of it, in theory, as Mrs. Hadley—or, for that matter, anybody else—knew or could tell them.

In all this there was nothing of morbidity; the Hadleys were profoundly sane and healthy. Merely they desired to play fair and to give their children every advantage, just as they had planned to do, and just as at present these happened to be the things that differentiated the well-cared-for child from the neglected. The thought of their day centered about these things.

Conscientious parents knew a regular progression, beginning with disinfecting the baby, up through vaccination, antitoxining on the faintest suspicion, straightening the jaw, and so on, up to the removal of adenoids and any other loose-lying portions of anatomy, appendixes included. It aged Mrs. Hadley, and other mothers, with anxiety, and grayed Mr. Hadley's, and other fathers', hair prematurely, paying the bills; but both would rather have fallen in their tracks than below the level of the standardized parent of their circle.

That all these things were advantages had been drilled into the children; I am afraid there were moments when Mrs. Hadley could not help feeling that a Divine Providence had selected her neighbors for her, setting them on each hand—the one for an example, the other for a warning.

Nothing known to science had been left undone to Henry Kilvert to improve him; and nothing whatever had been done to Pierre. He had not undergone so much as one little operation; it is doubtful whether his parents had even thought of such a thing. Well, you could look at Henry Kilvert and you could look at Pierre!

Ellen looked at both; if she looked oftener at Pierre it was doubtless because there was more that was novel to look at. Henry Kilvert might have been born a Hadley; but the Garnett household, from her childhood, had presented to Ellen enthralling dreams of the impossible. Her glimpses of Pierre's home and home life were equally capturing and terrifying. The gay elders, working as others played; the starry child, with his pervasive music, which seemed to be somehow the collective family voice; even the family hedge encircling that house of mystery, fascinated her gradual mind.

On venturing one day to wish for such a hedge of her own, it had been gently pointed out to her how much kinder was the neighborhood way; how selfish, by implication—the Hadleys were far too well-bred to use, even to their children, such a phrase as applied to an esteemed neighbor—it must be to shut in trees and flowers and green grass. Ellen accepted the statement, not being subtle enough to retort that if she found the nodding tops of trees and glimpsed beauty prettier than plain lawns and naked shrubs, so might others; but she remained unconvinced.

Nothing but the highest courtesies passed between the two households, which yet were never intimate. The children alone achieved that footing. If the vague objection that formed a barrier between the elders could have been put into a phrase it would probably have taken the form—on the Hadleys' side—of the Garnetts not

"What—or—Does Henry Kilvert Think of It?"

taking life seriously enough, oddly incompatible as that seemed with the professor's extremely serious studies and his wife's diligent collaboration.

When it came to Pierre the matter was simpler. Music in this suburb of the modern Athens could hardly be accepted in good faith as a gentleman's profession. One expected to pay great sums to foreigners to make it for one, and to take it very seriously when made, score in hand; but nobody would willingly have seen his son following it as a profession. It was a thing for geniuses, but hardly for gentlemen.

Not that any one found fault with Pierre himself; to see Pierre, indeed, was to be fond of him, and his infirmity curiously softened hearts, though it awoke condescension. Pierre was privileged to sit on front steps, to lie in hammocks; he had even been known to smoke there—which was anathema—unrebuked, though unapproved. Pierre took licenses as gently as he gathered flowers.

By one of those perverse attractions of opposites Henry Kilvert and Pierre were close friends, and they united in considering Ellen nearly as good a fellow as themselves. The three were of an age and inseparable. Mrs. Hadley, watchful but wise, silently approved this—she had always held that sex could be held in abeyance by free association; here was the beautiful evidence. Ellen and Henry did their lessons together, played tennis and skated together, while Pierre sketched them both or played on his violin.

Just at the moment when the theory might have been more sharply tested, the two young men went off to college, and then to Europe for their graduation summer. Henry came back in the fall, bringing with him a splendid set of carbon photographs for Ellen; but Pierre stayed on to study languages and music. Thus the trio became a duo; and in her heart Mrs. Hadley thought this another evidence of nice feeling on the part of Providence.

By the time Ellen was quite grown up, out of college herself, specializing in social service, and Henry Kilvert was paying her serious attentions, Pierre came home.

And thus it was that the trio were once more walking up the front path; and Mrs. Hadley, eying them, was mentally giving thanks for Henry Kilvert's and Ellen's upbringing. For Pierre was outrageously handsome—and the limp more pronounced than ever. He looked, decided Mrs. Hadley vaguely, like a poet or a foreigner; and again she gave thanks for Henry Kilvert. Henry was what the disrespectful called a highbrow; graduated with honors, he was already an instructor in chemistry, with a professorship in full view. Also, he was public-spirited and high-minded; and he looked what he was—a gentleman.

One could not imagine Pierre as anything but a gentleman, yet you would never have thought of describing him as one—he was visibly so much else besides; and who was to know what that else meant? Whether it was genius, or that foreign strain which came out in him, there was a suggestion of *ancienne noblesse* about Pierre—and these are not *ancienne-noblesse* days. Altogether—thanks once more for Henry Kilvert.

When Ellen came into the room she was alone, and she carried a moderate, square package in her hand. Her cheeks wore the healthful rose a girl's cheeks should when she has walked home between two delightful companions.

Mrs. Hadley suspended her computations to welcome her daughter with a smile.

"They didn't come in?" she inquired, following the inane human habit of asking what one already knows.

"No," said Ellen. "Pierre carried Henry off to supper; they are coming over to spend the evening with us, afterwards."

Mentally Mrs. Hadley remarked that this was just like Pierre—the Garnetts were alone in M—— in that odd fashion of haling people in at a moment's notice to whatever fare might happen to be waiting. Others who practiced the virtue of hospitality invited a guest with the formality due the exercise of a serious duty, and spent a hard afternoon preparing for him.

Ellen unwrapped her package, disclosing a small, vivid painting in a chased and inlaid frame, like the richly dull setting of a gem. She placed it triumphantly on the table.

"It's Pierre's. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Really!"

Mrs. Hadley adjusted her glasses for a better view. "How very odd! Isn't it?"

She dropped her glasses and looked at her daughter. Ellen was no more beautiful now than she had been as a child, but she had kept that early uprightness which now meant distinction. She had the same straight, capable back, and the same honest gray eyes and clear skin and beautifully smooth hair—all as serenely finished as a gravely modeled cameo, cut by some unerring hand, which had attempted little, but that little admirable of its kind. She was still a girl in a woman—calm, sensible, good. She held her head up and the rose of her cheek deepened easily, as now with pleasure.

"I think it's beautiful!" she repeated defiantly.

"What—er—does Henry Kilvert think of it?" asked Mr. Hadley, who had just come into the room and now adjusted his glasses.

"He says it's a corker!" replied Ellen promptly.

"Well"—Mr. Hadley smiled; it was Henry's term, and so might pass—"he knows more than we do about such matters; I'll take his word for it. To me it looks—unfinished." He let his glasses fall.

"Yes," assented Ellen; "Henry knows a whole lot. Pierre himself says so," she added as she walked from the room.

"He is a young man of very varied culture," Mr. Hadley cheerfully subscribed as a parting sentiment.

Then he turned to his wife, who was looking doubtfully from the picture to him.

"The question is," said she, "whether Ellen should accept it."

Mr. Hadley bent nearer the picture to give an air of judicial procedure and coughed to hide an indecision; he really knew very little about frames.

"I should say it cannot have cost a great deal."

"It is antique"—Mrs. Hadley's tone was firm—"and sometimes those things do, you know."

"H'm!" said Mr. Hadley. "It's a bit awkward; but, after all, he could hardly have given it to her quite unframed, I suppose; and it would be a pity to make too much of it."

"Oh! That would be worst of all!"

Mrs. Hadley considered the picture gravely—both of them would have sat there cheerfully all night to arrive at a just decision—and she thought of the carbon photographs and how they had presented no problem at all, they had been so exactly the thing to offer a young girl. She had a momentary impulse to desert Divine Providence and thank God—just plain God—outright for Henry Kilvert.

"I suppose"—she dismissed the subject instead—"it is best to let the matter slide."

"So it seems to me," said Mr. Hadley.

Once you begin letting things slide, however, there is no end to the sliding. Mrs. Hadley realized this as soon as Pierre appeared after dinner. He had brought over armfuls of gifts for everybody—they overflowed to Henry Kilvert's arms—quaint, lovely things; chosen, even Mrs. Hadley admitted, with an uncanny aptness. And, just when every one was saying so, he produced an extraordinarily and extravagantly barbaric but beautiful jacket, embroidered in gold and rainbows, for Ellen.

"My dear Pierre!" remonstrated Mrs. Hadley, aghast. "Ellen could never wear it!"

"Do you think so? Now I think it's just Ellen's style," said Pierre, with half-shut eyes of consideration.

Ellen's style! Her mother looked at the calm Colonial maiden and at Pierre.

"My dear Pierre!" was all she could say again and again. "She could never possibly wear it!"

"But," said Pierre, opening his eyes widely enough, "I want her to wear it! That's what I got it for; Ellen has such a perfect figure."

"My dear Pierre!" exclaimed Mrs. Hadley for the third time, this time with such an acute note of displeasure that Pierre woke up.

He looked at her, and a disarming smile, starting in his eyes, overflowed his lips; he seemed to smile all over.

"Ah!" said he. "Excuse me!"

Mrs. Hadley with a swift glance had assured herself that Ellen was out of hearing—she was wrong, but never mind—but she remained secretly displeased. She had an inherited distaste for people who thought in terms of figures—not arithmetical; she did not think any nice young man—Henry Kilvert, for instance—would be aware of a nice girl as having a figure at all—she was wrong again; and again she reverently acknowledged a debt for the existence of Henry.

It was, therefore, a shock when Ellen, coming into her room the next morning with the loveliest roses yet, said to her quite simply:

"Mamma, I think I ought to tell you that I am going to marry Pierre."

The book Mrs. Hadley was holding dropped from her fingers. Ellen stooped to pick it up, dutifully smoothing the crumpled pages before she handed it to her mother. By that time Mrs. Hadley had herself in hand.

"Thank you!" she said gravely. "Marry Pierre! My dear Ellen, I don't think you can have considered! I don't think you can realize what you are doing—or saying," she wound up with a return of helpless dismay.

The strange flush in Ellen's cheek deepened; she was remarkably near being beautiful.

"I certainly do realize it," she said; "and as for considering, mamma—I don't need to; I have always loved Pierre."

"Always!" repeated her mother. "He has been away for years and you have hardly corresponded!"

"But he has written to Henry every day," said Ellen serenely.

"Henry!" The emphasis was eloquent of many things.

"Yes, Henry," repeated Ellen; she looked at her mother. "Why, what on earth did you suppose Henry and I found to talk about all the time—except Pierre?"

It was a question Mrs. Hadley did not care to answer. Nor was it for her to suggest to her own daughter that Henry—well, never mind. She called on every ancestor she had and was able to reply in her usual gentle, even tone.

"Sit down, my dear child." Ellen did so obediently. "Of course," began her mother, "you must love the man you marry; but ——"

"But ——" inquired Ellen firmly.

"You have been brought up to know that love is not all—to realize the seriousness of marriage." Ellen assented with a nod. "There are so many things to think of. My dear!" She broke off with a gesture of such naturalness that it told Ellen more than volumes. "You cannot! It—it is quite out of the question—simply impossible!"

"But I am going to!" There was a spark in Ellen's eye.

"And have crippled children?"

The spark blazed out; Ellen stood up. Now she was altogether beautiful.

"They won't be! And even if they were ——"

"Ellen!"

"Well, I was only going to say they'd better be crippled that way than some others. Have you ever thought, mother"—she looked keenly at her—"that we are crippled too—that all of us are crippled some way? Pierre"—how her voice changed with that name!—"gets more out of life than all of us put together!"

"It isn't what you get out of life ——"

"And he puts more into it too," finished Ellen indignantly. "There's nothing disgraceful or shameful about his lameness; he's just—lame."

(Continued on Page 39)

The Book Mrs. Hadley Was Holding Dropped From Her Fingers

VANILLA

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

"Art Has It All Over Nature When You Come Right Down to Cases, Hasn't It?"

ONE t' St. Joe," she said.

"Excursion?" asked the man inside the window.

"What do you mean—excursion?" she wanted to know.

"Round trip?" he asked. "Comin' back tonight?"

"Uh-huh!" she said; and she added after she had shifted her gum to the other side of her jaw: "Surest thing you know!"

He peered at her a bit curiously through the grille.

"All right, kiddo," he said as he handed her the change. "There you are!"

It seemed as though she brightened up a little at kiddo—looked for an instant distinctly pleased. Then, as an afterthought, she turned haughty and adjured him as she left the window, not to get fresh with a lady.

The man inside, without turning his head, addressed his colleague out of the corner of his mouth.

"Did you lamp that?" he wanted to know.

"The Floss with the red hat?" questioned the other. "Sure!"

"Where'd she come from?"

"Kokomo," said the other; "all dressed up for the big city."

But the first ticket seller looked dubious.

"Some make-up!" he observed, closing the subject.

Some make-up was right. The girl began at the top with a turban of crimson straw. Under that, puffed out in an obsolescent pompadour, was her own red hair. Divorced from the hat you might have found some less uncompromising adjective for the hair—Titian, or Venetian, or golden auburn; but underneath that hat and above the traces of rouge—which did not altogether match her natural complexion—you called it red, and let it go at that.

Her next theme in the symphony was an orange-and-white blazer. And her finale—a spirited coda, as a musical critic would say—was furnished by a pair of red suède pumps from which a pair of silk stockings to match disappeared at some distance into a white crash skirt, which represented economy—at least of materials.

The total effect of her as she came out into the smoky sunlight of the upper deck was simply blinding. One color swam into another and reflected itself on something else, and you turned away after a moment's scrutiny a little giddy. You would want a pair of smoked glasses for a close study of details.

She glanced about her brightly—a little adventurously—as she emerged from the deckhouse. Here she was! the look seemed to say. Now things could begin to happen. You might have gathered from the look that if some bullet-headed youth in heavily cuffed trousers, a striped sweater and a diamond pin had hailed her breezily with "Hello, Jane! What'd you say?" she would have been ready with an answer that matched her clothes.

No such roving, roaring blade was visible in the offing, however, and nothing happened—except a few furtive stares from the rigid, prearranged little groups that spotted the deck.

For an excursion steamer to St. Joe, on which rattle-headed young couples ran off to get married, sometimes becoming engaged from a standing start on the way over if one believes all one hears, it looked distinctly tame.

With the first sign of self-consciousness she had shown, a little flush under the rouge, she made her way to a stack of folding chairs, selected one, opened it up and sat down—not at the rail, where, looking over, you could command a view of new arrivals coming across the gangplank, but out in the middle of things, where you could survey your fellow travelers.

She looked about cautiously from group to group. They all seemed very self-contained, somehow—family parties with a good deal of impedimenta in the way of boxes full of lunch; paper bags of bananas; occasionally a straw suitcase—fortified apparently for a stay in that particular spot until the voyage was done. There were little girls arrayed in their very best clothes and their starchiest manners; little boys chasing each other round the capstan and colliding heavily with laden voyagers who had just arrived. There was a group of half-grown youths, self-consciously making themselves at home, with loud jokes and violent nudges and very ostentatious cigarettes.

They, indeed, were more actively aware of her than were the rest. But, as they showed it by walking in front of her every now and then and engaging in an impromptu roughhouse, laughing rather emptily and pushing each other, apparently with the idea of toppling somebody into her lap, telling each other "Aw, go on!" and then withdrawing in violent confusion when somebody did almost stumble over her—well, it was not the sort of adventure she had paid her money for.

There was still a quarter of an hour before sailing time, however, and perhaps some of those who were catching the boat by a narrower margin might look more promising. She hunched her chair over to the rail, leaned her elbows on it, remembered her gum, and began chewing vigorously. Certainly it was much too soon to give up hope.

I have made it clear that she was an adventuress, have I not? And none of the casual, impulsive sort, either! The excursion, the day, the costume—all had been chosen as the result of a carefully matured plan. She had spent hours buying that hat and almost as long experimenting on her hair to get a "do" that suited her. Every detail, down to the chewing gum, had been thoughtfully attended to.

And she had a name that fitted in perfectly with the rest of the outfit. She had been a little disappointed that they did not ask her for it when she bought her ticket. She had had an idea that they did on steamers. Her name was Miss Vanilla Jerome.

I fancy I hear you protest at that—exclaim that I have crowded credulity too hard; that nobody, not even a chorus girl, ever had such a name.

Well, you are right about it—right, that is, about everything except the fact. There actually was a Miss Vanilla Jerome once, and there was a story about her too; but I am not going to tell it here. It was not the real name of the young lady who sat conscientiously chewing her gum by the rail of the excursion steamer. That young lady, having heard of her incredible original, had appropriated it; it was, in fact, a part of her make-up. And, like all the other items I have listed between her two crimson extremities, it was phony.

The hat was not her real hat or the pompadour her real way of doing her hair; and the rouge, the blazer and the red shoes and stockings were hers only in the fortuitous sense that she had bought them and put them on. They did not belong to her by habit any more than the chewing gum did.

As for her real name, it was Eunice Leaventritt, and she was —— But I find it embarrassing to tell you what she was, because if I say it right out you will be as badly misled about her as the ticket seller was. Words are treacherous, refractory things to deal with. Sometimes they convey more than you mean them to and sometimes less, and there is seldom a better way to deceive than to state plain facts baldly.

For instance, if you are told that a certain person is a professor's daughter, what do you see?—especially if one adds that she herself is a Master of Arts. Why, you see some one with a bulgy forehead and wispy hair; a thin, forward-thrusting neck, and spectacles—somebody who was born thirty years old.

And yet, even without her make-up and her phony name, and her chewing gum, even in her proper person and her proper sphere of life, Eunice Leaventritt did not look like that at all.

There! I have managed to break it to you gently. She was Eunice Leaventritt, M.A., and she was the daughter of Karl Leaventritt, the great empirical psychologist. Also she was a day less than twenty-one years old, she was quite extravagantly pretty, and, though it might be hard to believe that she was a Master of some Arts, no one after talking to her ten minutes could doubt that she was the mistress of many.

Still, I am afraid you have gone off on the wrong tack.

"Oh," you say, "we see it all now. She is the one ray of artless sunshine that penetrates into the musty library where her father lives his musty life. We have read stories about girls like that, whose only associations were with old, old men and older knowledge. She prattled childishly in Greek and did not know there was anything queer about it; and the roar of the great world never penetrated at all into the cloistral silences where she helped her old father with his *magnum opus*. And then one day a stranger —— Oh, yes; we know how that sort of story comes out."

But I protest it is not like that at all. To begin with, her father was not hoary and musty and pathetic—not so you would notice it. He was forty-five years old and did not look it. He was witty, he was gregarious, he had been a widower for twenty years, and he was uncannily wary. When you landed him for a dinner party you patted yourself on the back, and you gave him to the most attractive woman in the company, unless you were stingy and kept him for yourself. And they told of him that, when the president of the university jocularly threatened him once with an eight-o'clock-in-the-morning lecture, he had exclaimed in horror:

"Good gracious! I don't stay up so late as that!"

His daughter was rather more serious in her amusements, to be sure, as befitted her greater immaturity. There was a Tuesday Club, which she went to on first and third Tuesdays, and there was a Thursday Club up on the North Side, which she went to on second and fourth Thursdays. And, of course, there were the concerts every Friday afternoon. Then there were multitudes of dinners, luncheons and teas, and a pretty fair sprinkling of dances, at which latter form of entertainment Eunice Leaventritt, M. A., was distinctly adept. She not only knew all the regular steps but dozens of those queer, fancy, complicated ones you have to get off into a corner to do.

She ought, of course, to have considered herself a very lucky girl, with such an interesting life to lead, such lots of interesting people to know. She had hardly known anybody in her whole life who was not interesting or might not be supposed to be. Her father had brought her up by hand, with the result that at fourteen she regarded the average university undergraduate as somebody too callow and immature for her to feel at home with.

By the time she was twenty the people she played about with were, the youngest of them, half again as old. They knew how to play fast enough—ever so much better really

than the kids who were her actual coevals. They could talk and dance and flirt; they could play tennis; they could be properly amusing at dinner and properly appreciative at the opera; and when they wanted to marry her, as two or three times a season some one of them did, she was always, in her own mind, a little at a loss to account for her refusal.

She got a clew one night, pretty late, as she was coming home on the elevated from a party. It had been a very gay little party, at which everybody had set out to be as foolish and irresponsible as possible; and the result had been very pleasant, indeed, because there was no denying they had done it well. And they had enjoyed doing it so much that they had stayed until nearly one o'clock.

Now, as I say, she was going home on the elevated, and the man who was taking her home was going to be, she suspected, the next person to ask her to marry him.

He was an accomplished Doctor of Philosophy—young, from an academic point of view—five whole years younger than her own father, who was regarded as the *enfant terrible* of the faculty; one of the strong men, too, in the department of biology—which was saying something when you considered who the others were. And in the larking and clowning at the party he had perfectly well held his own.

Now that the party was over, however, and they were safely seated on the elevated, his mind relaxed into its more natural attitude, and he began telling her of a new system of blood diagnosis that had just been discovered in Germany. Rather complicated for an ordinary young lady of twenty-one—all about enzymes and albuminous colloids; but perfectly intelligible—oh, yes, and interesting, too, to Eunice.

However, they could not talk very well, because the car was invaded right in the midst of things by a group of young rowdies—male and female—going home from one of the big public dance-halls. There were half a dozen couples of them, and as they could not all sit together they shouted their heavy pleasantries back and forth at each other up and down the car. Those that felt spoony spooned despite the fact that this inclination made them the target for those who felt merely mischievous or jocular. One of the favorite jokes was to knock somebody's hat down over his eyes, or to let something cold, like a keyring at the end of a chain, down a girl's back.

Eunice let her interest in blood diagnosis wander as she watched them, and her Doctor of Philosophy soon became aware of the fact.

"Art has it all over Nature when you come right down to cases, hasn't it?" he observed. "That's the sort of thing essentially that we've been doing all the evening, and see how much better we did it! It's Nature with them. We've made an art of it."

The girl looked round at him with a little frown of surprise.

"It's odd you should have said just that just then," she told him; but she refused to explain—wanted to think something out, she said.

As a matter of fact that remark of his had given her the clew. She had been watching the antics of the invaders and wondering why she liked it. Preposterously, she did. Telling herself it was cheap and vulgar and primitive did not do any good. It was that, of course; but there was something about it she had consciously missed in the well-bred fooling at their own party.

Now, thanks to her Doctor of Philosophy, she knew what it was. All the evening they had played being young, but here were some people who were young and never bothered their heads about it.

Well, and she was young too! That was her discovery. She had forgotten that. She would not be twenty-one until the nineteenth of next June. And why, for once, couldn't she ——

That is where it began.

Some day—some one day—she did not think she should care about it for longer than that—she was going to cut loose; was going to run out and play with people who could not have told why they liked it and did not care to try—people who did not greet a juvenile impulse with the joy of discoverers and slice it up thin, and mount it on a slide for microscopic examination. Back to Nature! That was the idea. Just for once!

The spring was just flushing up through the trees and the thickets in the park. Perhaps that had something to do with it.

The project unfortunately needed some thinking over. It could not be put into execution all in a minute, as such projects should be. To go out and play involved finding somebody to play with.

There were plenty of light-hearted young animals, of course, among the undergraduates in the university, but they would not play with her. They knew who she was and they would fight shy. No, she would have to get clean outside her own world—and that was not so easy to do, especially for a girl. And it must be done circumspectly too, because her father must never, never know about it. One more condition—it must be done before the nineteenth of June, because on that day she would be twenty-one years old and the law would no longer back her up in the assertion that she was still a child.

And then, one day, as she was crossing the Rush Street Bridge in a friend's automobile, on her way to a meeting of the Thursday Club, where a particularly dull young woman was going to read a frantically stupid paper on Pre-Raphaelite Principles of Art—as she was crossing the Rush Street Bridge, I say—she heard the wild screams of a steam calliope and saw a big white excursion steamer getting ready to start on one of the earliest of the summer's voyages.

The fires of spring went racing through her veins. If she had been alone in the car she would have stopped it then and there, and bought her ticket and gone to St. Joe just as she was.

The girl who owned the car, however, was busily telling her all about the paper she was going to read next time. The Inner Sense of Nonsense was the title of it and it was going to be full of quotations from Alice in Wonderland, and to show what profound criticisms of life they really were. And, though Eunice might turn and twist her neck to see the last there was to be seen of the excursion steamer, she had to stay and listen.

She was in a state of active rebellion by the time that day's paper began. The young lady in the taupe-colored frock, with black satin roses on it, was perfectly accurate about the Pre-Raphaelites—as accurate as an encyclopedia; and for a while Eunice could think of nothing better than to mutter Mr. Gilbert to herself:

I am not fond of dirty greens by any means.
I am not fond of uttering platitudes in stained-glass attitudes.

When this amusement palled she took to dressing up the young lady in the taupe-colored frock. A red hat, an orange-and-white blazer —— The costume swam up complete before her mind's eye. And then, with a rapturous little wriggle, she realized that it was hers.

Now on the morning of the eighteenth of June, as she sat out in the bright sunshine and looked about the deck, she realized that under the influence of Mr. D. G. Rossetti she had gone rather too far. She was dressed the way St. Joe excursionists ought to dress, to be sure, if they were going to express in their clothes the feelings they ought to have on such an occasion, but either it seemed their feelings were wrong or else they had never cultivated outward expression.

Surely there must be somebody—one would do perfectly well if it came to that—somebody who was out for a day's play and had nobody to play with, who had adventured forth that morning with a roving eye and an ear alert for the rustle of the wings of Chance—somebody who did not carry the impedimenta of a loaded lunch basket and five or six female relatives with him on his holiday. But the minutes were getting few, and she leaned over the rail and watched the gangplank.

The Total Effect of Her Was Simply Blinding

Well, the captain went up on the bridge and out to the end of it, where he looked down over the side; and then he pulled a bell handle that looked like a bicycle pump and made a remark that caused a couple of roustabouts on the wharf to grab hold of the gangplank railing.

At that extreme instant they hesitated, however, and Vanilla Jerome, hanging breathless over the rail, looked up and saw why. Some one was coming—not at all in a hurry, though the seconds were getting few—his hands in his trousers pockets; his shaggy green hat pulled forward over his eyes so that all she could see from up on deck was the round, good-natured lower end of his face. His suit of clothes was of a sort of pastel blue—dark enough, but curiously bright. She could not be sure there was not an invisible stripe of green in it.

His tie, anyway, was green enough for St. Patrick's Day, and she thought—though she could not be sure—she caught a glimpse of a green sock. Of course it was his lemon-colored shoes that really made you jump, but the effect of the rest was bright and—well—vernal enough to satisfy even Vanilla.

Oh, if he would only hurry! They were tugging at the plank already! What if he missed it after all? But he did not. She saw him safely aboard, then settled back contentedly to await his appearance on deck.

He did not appear, however; and after making a false start or two she got up and went to look for him. It was a little disconcerting: the thing would have worked out so nicely—if he had only come up! He would certainly have seen her sitting there—and certainly she looked more inviting than any one else on the deck; and probably he would have come across and begged her pardon for something, and she would have asked him what time the boat got to St. Joe, and things would have started on a proper basis at once. Now that she had to hunt him out it was harder to tell what would happen.

She made a tour of the saloon. There seemed to be nobody there but infants being fed out of bottles or otherwise, and fat men in their shirtsleeves, asleep; but when she had completed the circuit and paused at the head of the main companionway the sounds coming up from below gave promise that something was happening at last.

Two separate and distinct raffles had been started simultaneously by two vociferous young men—one of whom was selling tickets that gave you a practical certainty of getting a sixty-cent box of candy for ten cents, while the other urged you to invest a quarter with the bright hope of getting a two-dollar teddy bear—scrawny, malformed beasts made up in colors appropriate to the way one should feel if the voyage happened to be rough.

A third young man, equally energetic, was playing—let us hope, at least, that it was play, not malice—the piano. The odor that came up the companionway was not quite so inviting as the sounds—a mixture of coffee, scent and bananas, on a foundation of plain crowd.

Still, you could not afford to be squeamish about a little point like that. Eunice Leaventritt might, but Miss Vanilla Jerome could not. And it was the latter young lady who started down the stairs, with a dauntless tread, to meet her adventure, and with a bright eye for the young man in the green hat.

However, it was her ear rather than her eye that led her to him. Halfway down the stairs she heard a woman's voice say in a high-pitched drawl: "O-o-oh, gir-ruls!"

"Excuse Me, But Isn't This Yours?"

It was an affected drawl, and venom simply dripped from every one of the extra vowels that went into it.

Vanilla turned round to see where it came from. Over there, by the teddy-bear wheel, stood her young man—glorious, infinitely desirable in his green hat, his blue suit and his yellow shoes. And beside him stood a young woman—not really young, of course—a faded, retouched, false-demure Vampire, one of those who provoke other women to wonder—I do not know how sincerely—whatever in the world it is that men see in such creatures and who will make almost any pair of men exchange glances.

There she stood beside the desirable young man in the green hat, watching Vanilla come down the stairs; and the look in her face exactly matched the hardened derision of the voice that had said "O-o-oh, gir-ruls!" There were no girls about for the remark to be addressed to; it was simply a bucket to hold about two gallons of cold contempt that were poured over Miss Vanilla Jerome.

Her own dress affected the warmer end of the spectrum—what Vanilla could see of it being a cerise satin blouse, with a lot of machine lace on it and a number of gilt buttons not quite so large as doorknobs.

Vanilla's soul—and you will do well to think of it as Vanilla's rather than as Eunice's—glowed incandescent with the fires of a very primitive emotion indeed. If she had done exactly what the impulse of that moment prompted she would have marched straight over to that case-hardened Vampire and slapped her—pulled out some of her hair—beaten her up with one of her own brass doorknobs; but this sudden flame of wrath contracted and hardened into an adamantine resolution. That nice, verdant young man should be snatched from the gorgon's brazen clutches and the gorgon might tear her own hair in humiliation.

She met the gorgon's gaze full. It was enough to stop a clock, but it had no effect on Vanilla. She knew the nice boy was looking at her, but she did not look back at him.

She would wait a little. There was lots of time.

The man at the piano had begun playing Too Much Mustard and expectantly the crowd cleared a space in the middle of the floor. Then, for a while, everybody waited for somebody else to begin to dance. By and by two young girls in white blouses and black skirts ventured out—blushing but resolute—and began dancing a demure little twostep to the tune.

Presently out of the corner of her eye Vanilla saw that the nice young man was asking the Vampire to dance with him.

Vanilla watched the preliminaries eagerly; when they were over she gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

The Vampire had no more sense of rhythm than a sheep. Evidently she had put in more or less time in learning to dance, but all dancing meant to her was going woodenly through a prearranged repertory of steps. Vanilla observed with delight that that was not the nice young man's notion of dancing at all. The Vampire bumped and stumbled as he lugged her about.

And Vanilla, fascinated, edged nearer and nearer, never missing a detail and yet never taking a direct look—at least, not at the boy. She knew he looked at her once or twice as he went dancing by, but her gaze was always fixed somewhere else.

Is it, after all, the feathers that make the bird? Eunice Leaventritt had never looked sidelong at any one in her life. The stolen glance and the false preoccupation with something entirely different from what she was interested in were part of a technic about which she knew nothing. And yet here was Vanilla, one day old, doing the whole thing as a matter of instinct!

Pretty soon the Vampire wanted to stop dancing. Probably she realized that it was not her best method of captivating her prospective prey.

As it happened—perhaps there was a little management in it—the place where the couple stopped was just next to where Vanilla was standing, and this did not seem to please the Vampire. She looked Vanilla up and down as though following out the instructions of a moving-picture director to register contempt; then, with a magnificent sweep of her cerise shoulder, turned her back and began an unnaturally vivacious conversation with her partner. It was not the best of tactics, because it brought the boy round where he could quite plainly see Vanilla over the Vampire's shoulder.

As for Vanilla, she concentrated the gaze of a very demure face on one of the decorative doorknobs on the cerise blouse, and when she was sure she felt his eyes on her she raised her own and met them—for only about a quarter of a second; but in that brief period of time she allowed just a flicker of a smile to show at one corner of her mouth, and equally slightly she moved her very expressive eyebrows, indicating by these simple means a good-humored derision of the Vampire and a sympathetic commiseration for her partner.

"Isn't she funny?" the look seemed to say, and "Isn't it a pity she's got hold of you?"

Rather a large order for one brief glance, are you thinking? I assure you it was nothing for Vanilla. Then she bit down her smile, flattened her eyebrows, and walked straight across the clear space toward the water cooler.

"Excuse me," she heard him say as he came up behind her, "but isn't this yours?"

She turned round. He was holding out a handkerchief.

"Gee! I guess it is," she said, searching herself to make sure. "Has it got a wad of gum in it? I'd chewed all the taste out of it and I didn't have any place to put it."

"Feels like gum, all right," he said experimentally. "Say, do you want a drink?"

The Flurry Did Not Last a Quarter of a Minute

"Help yourself," said Vanilla. "I should think you'd need it. I'm not thirsty. I ain't been dancing!"

Their eyes met again over that—his, questioning; hers, at first quite innocently demure. Pretty soon a smile began coming up through it and kept on coming until it had expanded into a grin. Apparently he was trying to avoid understanding the commentary the grin carried on his former partner—he was a nice boy, sure enough—but this was beyond his powers and rather guiltily he grinned back.

"You do dance, don't you?" he asked.

"Sure!" said Vanilla.

"Come on, then!" said the young man.

Vanilla allowed herself a glance in the direction of the Vampire.

"I'm kind of scared," she said.

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'!" said the young man. "Come on and dance."

"Of course," said Vanilla, "we ain't been introduced."

"My name," he said, "is Mike McKeough."

"And mine," she said, trying not to do it proudly, "mine is Miss Vanilla Jerome."

He did gasp at that—she saw him—but he managed to recover his self-possession almost instantly.

"P-pleased to mee'cha," he stammered; then he held out his arms to her and they began to dance.

In a minute everybody on that deck knew that something worth seeing was going on. The two little girls abandoned their twostep and withdrew in awe to the sidelines; the two young men who were running the raffles forgot to sell their tickets. The crowd pressed closer in a tight ring, while Mike and Vanilla danced—just the regular old stuff at first—the lame-duck turn, the lost-a-quarter, the spin, the rocking-horse, the double twinkle, and a nifty little dip on the reverse as he straightened her out after a whirl.

"Gee, but you're some dancer, kiddo!" he observed.

"Same to you, and then some!" she replied graciously.

And, to prove that they were right about each other, they went on and pulled some stuff that was really fancy.

When they brought up breathless there was a burst of applause.

"Gee, kid," said Mike McKeough, "you certainly are the class—reg'lar little old cabaret canary!"

Secure now in her triumph, Vanilla led her captive straight past the Vampire on her way to the water cooler.

"Did you know," she said to her partner, with a fleeting glance at the big buttons on the cerise blouse, "did you know they was wearin' brass doorknobs now? Sure! Sewed on in rows. What are you laughin' at?"

Well, it was a wonderful day! Up to a quarter past five in the afternoon so exactly the sort of day Eunice Leaventritt had dreamed about and planned for the last one of her childhood that, if her speculative faculties had not been partially anesthetized, the very completeness and perfectness of it—up, as I say, to a quarter past five in the afternoon—would have awakened misgivings. She would have caught a glimpse of the pursuing Nemesis, intent on compensating the balance of things again, at least as early as five-ten. As it was, the fatal moment I refer to took little Vanilla Jerome completely and disastrously by surprise.

She had found Mike McKeough satisfactory beyond any of Eunice's dreams; and he, it seemed, had reciprocated this feeling utterly. It was pleasant to Eunice, in the background, that he discovered nothing phony about her—took her confidently and entirely for granted. Evidently an extensive course of stories about chorus girls in the current magazines made a better preparation for this sort of masquerade than she had feared it would.

They danced themselves breathless, consumed soft drinks at the luncheon bar—Eunice herself would have preferred beer, but was afraid of its seeming a little out of character for Vanilla; they wandered about the decks, found a couple of chairs quite up in the bow, and watched the sand-dunes and cliffs of Michigan come up over the horizon. It was at that time that Vanilla told him the story of her life—a story to which he listened with absorbed attention.

If Mike McKeough had been a practiced sociologist this story would have given him grounds for suspicion. Just as a skillful diagnostician lifts his eyebrows a little over a tale of symptoms too perfectly normal and characteristic of a given disease and whispers "Hysteria" under his breath, so Mike would have discerned in Vanilla's story something so typical, so redolent of the reports of Commissions of Inquiry into the Status of the Working Girl, as to waken doubts; but Mike was not a calloused sociologist, and he swallowed all she told him and sympathetically enticed her to tell him more.

(Continued on Page 77)

STAGING THE STYLES

Presentation of Greek Fashions. Spring of 1914

Presentation of Directoire Fashions. Spring of 1914

By Corimme Lowe

BUT the pantalets don't show!" grieved the buyer of gowns and wraps to the store decorator, as together they inspected a short girl trying out an 1830 model of blue taffeta, the flaring bell skirt of which disclosed a glimpse of clapperlike white ankles. "Let's get a taller model; we can't miss the loud pedal on those pantalets!"

"All right," replied the store decorator. "How about Benita? Nobody but an aviator ever saw the top of her head." Beckoning then to a beautiful Olympian in the row of waiting mannequins who sat just beyond the open door he cried jocosely: "Hey, there, Benita! We want you to see what you can do at showing off the great-great-aunty stuff. To your dressing room and into it!"

It was three days before the great spring fashion play of a certain New York department store; and here in a room on the eighth floor, to which a very definite professional thrill was communicated by twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of imported models hanging there in a row, by a Directoire bonnet perched on a peg, by a tableful of noseguys, walking sticks and other properties, the store decorator, the woman advertisement writer and the buyer of women's wear were engaged in the difficult task of casting the parts. Beyond this area, seated before a row of improvised dressing rooms, were about sixty mannequins, who had been selected from two hundred original applicants for the job of showing off the new spring gowns just brought from Paris.

They were mostly pretty, these models, each with a coaxing little curl appliquéd to her rosy cheek, and a further challenge of eyes or lips or figure. Prettiness is not, however, the final test of the actresses in the department-store fashion play, and you might borrow in vain all the graces of the Cyprian goddess. In order to be an accepted candidate for the fashion opening your style must be adapted to some certain gowns. Above all, however, you must know how to show off a model; how to walk, and—when all is said and done—how to act.

Trying Out the Mannequins

PRICKLY, indeed, was the path of the sixty would-be mannequins who presented themselves behind the scenes that day; and before the final thirty had been selected the feelings of the other thirty had been lacerated and then treated with vinegar and a Turkish towel.

"Figure like a birdcage!" whispered loudly the store decorator as, immediately after the tall girl had gone to try her fortune with the 1830 pantalets, there emerged from one of the dressing rooms a many-faceted mannequin in a Poiret evening gown. "Face's pretty enough, but for pity's sake warm her up in a basque and a high collar. Why not have her try out that Premet coat model?"

Not a whit discomfited, the girl with the bony neck disappeared for a more discreet revelation and was immediately succeeded by an even less prosperous applicant.

"Well, this is amateur night for certain!" cried the harried buyer of women's wear as he glanced at this new candidate in her Callot gown of ruffled taffeta. "Looks like something the cat brought in. I just wish you had seen the girl who wore that in Paris—a perfect peacherino! She could walk. This girl slumps along like a country doctor's buggy. Won't do! Can her, I say!"

This painstaking selection of models is only one of the many details that go to make the success of the semi-annual fashion opening of the great department store. These details are carried out in the establishment where this scene was laid at an expense quoted by the advertising department as not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. They resulted in a spectacle that during its two weeks' run was witnessed by eighty thousand people, and which has set a hot pace for future pageantry of merchandise.

Of all the spectacular features of the modern department store, which have made us liken it to crafty old Lorenzo de' Medici handing out festas and pageants to please his fickle Florentines, the semi-annual fashion show is certainly the most assertive. In the last ten years we have seen these events emerge from a purely local interest into the position of a drama. As against our former content with the exhibition of Paris styles on living models, we now spice up the occasion with music, appropriate settings and incidental features. Above all, we string the beads of fashion on the period or country from which we conceive them to be derived, and virtually dramatize Athenian, Directoire, Louis-Quinze and Oriental influence.

In Order to be an Accepted Candidate Your Style Must be Adapted to Some Certain Gowns

In such romantic merchandising America has no peer. That, indeed, there is no such elaborate christening of style in the land from which one might justly expect it is brought out by conversations with all those who have attended the formal openings of the great Parisian dressmakers.

"Such a disappointment as they were!" said one buyer of women's clothes back from his first visit to the Parisian ateliers. "No palms; no twittering dickey birds; no bands; no stage setting! Everything as quiet as a Sunday in Edinburgh. Actually the only decorations I saw were some old faded artificial flowers, which M. W—— had stuck up on his mantel. Take it from me, the French may understand how to make a style, but we Americans are hep to the gentle art of breaking it."

A Persian Garden in a Shop

THE passion for a feature, for some sensational peg on which to hang the fabric of news so closely identified with our national life, is doubtless responsible for much of the dramatic flavor of the department-store openings. In order to have a fine, bouncing fashion show we must first locate our style in classic Athens or in Directoire Paris or in Persian Bagdad. Almost as soon, therefore, as the American buyer gets his first peep at the latest modes he is on the wire with some such message home as: "Grecian influence felt!" or: "The play So-and-So dominates spring styles." And immediately thereupon the management decides on the character of its show.

Last autumn things were very simple for the buyer. All styles sat meekly under the shadow of M. Poiret's minaret tunic, and the American fashion seeker had no more chance for speculation than the man who takes in tickets at a Subway station.

Logically enough, therefore, the producers of the department-store plays were responsible for as many Oriental plays as have recently appeared on Broadway.

In spite, however, of the fact that all the style dramas of last fall were devoted to this theme, we shall probably never again see anything more effective than the American staging of M. Poiret's Oriental fashions. One great New York store in particular gave a presentation that may well be considered a supreme example in merchandise dynamics. The stage of its big auditorium was set as a Persian garden; and against the darkness of the mosque's key-like door there glided, one after another, figures wakened from the Arabian Nights. Headdresses fit for Shahs, trembling with brilliants; wide tunics flaring gorgeously above sinuous silken skirts; the play of Eastern light and color against the background of Eastern gloom. Here was a spectacle that took away all the belittling aspects of dress and swept you with the sense that costuming is one of the world's great arts.

Contrary to the usual habit of regarding music as a mere garnish, this part of the program entered very intimately into the interpretation of the mode. Instead of the casual one-step and the sentimental waltz, the music here was Lehmann's In a Persian Garden, sung by four voices and accompanied by the gigantic organ of the auditorium.

Ah, that Love should perish with the rose—
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

As these words rang out above the deep thrilling chords of the organ, the dark-eyed Eastern girl threw out her arms and stood there like some beautiful butterfly halted for a moment by a strange sense of its ephemeral life. It was all so poignant that the beholder got a little trembly feeling down in her knees.

She forgot, indeed, that this was a presentation of that frivolous thing, the mode; and for a little while, with the key of mere modern fashion, she unlocked the door of great human truths.

Remember, if you please, that M. Poiret himself gave no such presentation of his Persian styles. On the contrary these garments were displayed in his own Persian atelier in a comparatively haphazard way. For this inartistic land it remained to give these Eastern gowns a setting worthy of their conception, to kindle style into romance, and to invest clothes with a real human interest.

Far different from the clearly defined modes of last fall is the distributed interest of this present spring's creations. To the Roland of 1830 hoops and flaring skirts, we have the Oliver of Directoire lines; and against the panniers and hats of Louis Quinze are played the classical draperies of Pericles' Athens. Which one of these modes formed the deep underlying influence? Which period should we stage? It was in an attempt to answer these questions that gloom touched the brow of the buyer with as many wrinkles as are found in an up-to-date evening skirt. And it was due to his individual solution of the problem that in one week during this spring the women of New York witnessed at three different department stores a Greek and a Directoire and an 1830 fashion play.

Getting Up a Directoire Show

THE buyer of the department store, behind whose scenes we have already peeped, decided that the prevailing influence of this spring was Directoire. As soon as he had finished his round of the Parisian openings he cabled back to his organization: "Operetta Les Merveilleuses influenced the modes. Sound Directoire note."

Ten days after this the advertising department was in receipt of a lengthy description of the Directoire gowns and suits the buyer had bought, together with various French magazines showing scenes from the stage success, Les Merveilleuses.

There is Some Trick of Manner, Gesture, Even Facial Expression, Necessary to "Putting Over" a Gown

"Fine!" cried the advertising manager as he looked over one of these imported magazines. "We'll give a Directoire show. And, say, why not just take for our setting the third act of this Mervie House show?"

The person of whom he asked this was the decorator, in these days a very important member of the department-store organization.

"H'm!" murmured this gentleman, scanning the photograph with a practical eye. "Garden of the Palais Royal! Sure! We can put that up, all right."

But what if some other store should decide on a Directoire setting?

Apprehensive of any diminished novelty of their particular show, the manager and his assistant prepared an advance notice of their play; and on March second, just two weeks before the date assigned for the opening, there appeared a big newspaper announcement of the coming Directoire play.

The publicity campaign of the fashion show costs the department store, according to one advertising manager, at least five thousand dollars. This expense, including extra newspaper space, drawings, programs and photographs, commences very properly at the big colored poster which announces the opening. Like his rival, the professional producer, the advertising manager lays great stress on this

The Fashion-Play Actress Who Showed Off the 1830 Pantalets

item and allows that a lady with three lisping fingers and a drench of mauve-colored draperies will get the attention of the most detached patron of subway and elevator.

At present it is the custom of several of the big stores to have these posters done in Paris. Immediately, therefore, on the decision to give a Directoire fashion show, the head of the Paris office of the organization ordered from a well-known artist the figure of a girl of this period. This poke-bonneted and dashing young lady was drawn at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars and appeared in America on the next six-day steamer. Here the charming immigrant was at once placed in the hands of the lithographer, who made several hundred copies of her at a charge of over two hundred dollars. This sum, expanded by the necessity for renting space, brought the cost of the poster alone to five hundred dollars.

In the production of the fashion show the Paris office works hand in hand with the home organization, and on it devolves the arrangement of many of the spectacular details. Just as soon, for instance, as the department store decided on giving a setting from the operetta Les Merveilleuses, the foreign office ordered from one of the most famous milliners in Paris six Directoire bonnets that were exact duplicates of the high-feathered pokes worn in the operetta. These accessories alone cost the store two hundred and fifty dollars.

The main object of every American fashion show is to give the original source of a mode side by side with the

The Buyer of the Department Store Decided That the Prevailing Influence Was Directoire

modern adaptation; to correlate modern with ancient by means of costumes absolutely authentic in detail. In order to do this for the Directoire play the Paris office ordered from a famous French artist and designer six costumes of the period of 1789. These historic garments were equally divided between the slashed, narrow skirts and lace headdresses of *les merveilleuses* and the striped coats and high-rolling collars of their masculine complements.

The Palais Royal Reproduced

MEANTIME the home organization was engaged on as stiff a course of research work as is generally undertaken by a professional producer. In order to write its advertisements, instruct its artists, and produce a truly atmospheric clothes play, the advertising department had to be familiar with the fact that *les merveilleuses* were the women of the Directoire period whose scanty attire shocked all Europe, and that *les incroyables* were the men of the same age whose dandified coats and lisping speech, with its inevitable *ma pa'ole d'honneur, c'est inc'oyable*, have given them a very definite niche in history. On the trail of these butterflies of a former age the woman advertisement writer burrowed deep into books on historical costumes, into old prints, and even into volumes on Directoire furniture.

As a result of the reflection of this knowledge in advertisements, programs, and the play itself, the American fashion opening has an undoubted educational value. By the end of the two weeks' fashion play this spring, for instance, men and women who had never heard of *les incroyables* and *les merveilleuses* were organizing in groups for the successful pronunciation of these names.

About four or five days before the date of the opening the store decorator began work on the setting. Guided by the photograph of the third act of Les Merveilleuses, he took his carpenters in hand, and in a few days there sprang from the vast spaces of the eighth floor a platform nearly a city block in length. Arched with green and pressed on each side by real boxwood hedges, carpeted with a design that imitated a pavement, interpolated by several fountains bidden there by electricity, and showing at its far end a scenic painting of the grim old French palace, this setting was surrounded by two thousand chairs and roped off from the rest of the floor.

Nor did the carpenters' work rest at this juncture. In order to put on a fashion play there must, of course, be dressing rooms; and thirty of these temporary retreats, each curtained off with white muslin and fitted up with cosmetics and mirrors, were set up immediately in the rear of the garden of the Palais Royal. When, indeed, one considers this item, together with the additional expense incurred by decorating the whole floor with potted plants, it is easy to believe the management's assertion that its scenic display costs close in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars.

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A STUDY IN CREDITORS

Strange Contradictions Shown by Bankruptcy Courts

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

SEEN through the trained eyes of the professional receiver in bankruptcy, the typical creditor is as perverse, whimsical and coy a creature as the most capricious and inconstant village belle who ever played the game of hearts. As an exponent of reliable inconsistency the average creditor is ranked as a jewel by those officers of the court who are charged with the responsibility of standing between the creditors and the bankrupt for protection of the interests of both.

This opinion may appear a bit pessimistic to the uninitiated layman who has never made a first-hand study of the curiosities of bankruptcy proceedings; but the men who are making a lifework of handling the grist that is ground in the bankruptcy mill stoutly insist that the ways of creditors are more unstable than Illinois weather, and that the mind of womankind is a fixed and unalterable thing by comparison.

These specialists, however, freely admit that there is often a large element of method in the seeming madness of the average commercial creditor. Frequently the creditor who appears as coy and self-depreciating as the accomplished flirt is the one who will bear the most watching.

The Composition and the Waiver are Elements in Bankruptcy That Cover a Multitude of Subtleties

To the inexperienced outsider it would seem inevitable that, when once a debtor has been thrown into the bankruptcy mill, the desire of all creditors would be to get as much out of the assets of the scrapped enterprise as possible.

There are two devices in bankruptcy practice, however, that often provoke strange contradictions to this apparently plain and simple principle. The composition and the waiver are elements in bankruptcy that cover a multitude of subtleties. The very atmosphere of the bankruptcy composition seems to be prolific of contradictions. It often appears to turn creditors who would naturally be contending for their full share of the assets into benign philanthropists bent on leaving as much of the wreckage as possible in the hands of the unfortunate bankrupt. And the way of the waiver is even more mysterious to the uninitiated.

First, the composition. In bankruptcy a composition is an agreement on the part of creditors to accept a certain percentage of their claims as a full settlement. When a composition is effected and ratified by the court, and the bankrupt makes a settlement in accordance with its terms, he is discharged and is free to begin business life again with a clean slate.

An Unusual Case

WHERE the terms of the composition represent all that could be reasonably expected as a net return for the aggregate assets, or even approximately this, the composition serves its legitimate purpose; but when creditors are eager to settle for a fraction of what a responsible bidder, backed by an adequate bond, binds himself to realize from the assets, one of the curious contradictions of common bankruptcy experience is ushered into court.

Some two years ago a retail merchandizing concern in Chicago was thrown into involuntary bankruptcy through a petition. The young men behind this enterprise were hustlers; but they had more push than capital and they were abler salesmen than financiers. As a consequence their trade expanded far faster than their resources. They were believers in big volume and small profit.

In their eagerness to keep the stock turning over nimbly, like a trick dog, they overlooked the most important part of the performance in providing that each turn should yield them a real net profit—no matter how small—instead of a guesswork profit that failed to take into account every element of cost.

The receiver who was appointed to take charge of their affairs was an expert in his line—ambitious, experienced and jealous of his reputation for making the assets that came into his care yield to the creditors every possible dollar. He knew the tricks of the trade, and was alert and watchful to see that neither creditors nor bankrupt secured an undue advantage.

The list of liabilities showed that the burden of indebtedness was centered in a few large manufacturing and jobbing concerns, and the remainder rather widely scattered among comparatively small claimants. It was also apparent to this keen-eyed receiver that the business was in far better shape—as to convertible assets—than most of the business wrecks that were thrown into his hands.

Here was a chance to make a record that would, he thought, come so near to one hundred per cent that he was inspired to give it unstinted energy and attention. If he could make the wrecked business pay out dollar for dollar that would certainly make a hit with the court which had appointed him.

In one of the early hearings, however, this ambition was given a decided setback in the shape of a petition for a composition, the acceptance of which was practically unanimous on the part of the creditors. And the figure at which the creditors were willing to settle made the receiver gasp—twenty-five per cent! The chief creditor solemnly declared that he did not believe more than this could be realized from the assets after deducting all expenses, and that he and the other creditors represented in the petition would be well satisfied to get that percentage.

Then the receiver presented to the court a terse review of the assets, and concluded with the intimation that the proceedings had very much the look of an attempt to treat the assets as a booby prize by letting them go to the lowest instead of the highest bidder.

Apparently the court took somewhat the same view of the case, for the receiver was ordered to continue the business as a going concern—at least temporarily. Some four months later the creditors again appeared in court and once more urged their assent to a composition—this time at fifty per cent.

Under pressure the spokesman for the creditors was forced to admit that the first estimate of what the assets would yield was perhaps a little too low.

At this stage of the proceedings an important figure in bankruptcy matters made his appearance. This was the bankruptcy auctioneer—in some Federal districts, but not in this, an official appointed by the court. This specialist in scrapped enterprises often makes the ordinary speculator appear like a piker. He bears the same relation to the merchant that the Wall Street plunger bears to the timid buyer of baby bonds. He bids on the entire assets of the bankrupt concern. This bid is in the form of a guaranty to realize a certain minimum amount. It is a stiff gambling game, played under hard handicaps.

If the subsequent auction sale does not realize the amount of his guaranty he must make up the deficit; if it brings more than ten per cent above his guaranty he must forfeit the surplus margin. In other words he is permitted to lose without limit, but his profits are not allowed to exceed ten per cent of his sales. And his guaranty must be covered by a bond as good as gold. The big bankruptcy auctioneer is looked on by the conscientious receiver as his one best bet and as the reliable specific for the bankruptcy disease known as the soft composition.

When the auctioneer entered the courtroom where the spokesman for the creditors' committee was making a second attempt to secure the acceptance of a soft composition, the bidding suddenly became lively. To the evident astonishment of the court the auctioneer led the way from one figure to another until the composition offer closed at eighty-five per cent and was topped by a raise that guaranteed ninety per cent. The sum involved was close to one hundred thousand dollars. After all the assets had passed under the hammer the plucky receiver was able to disburse a dividend that paid the creditors a trifle more than ninety per cent.

The Motives of the Creditors

WHY had these creditors been so eager to sacrifice their proceeds from this failure? Why had they fought so hard to secure permission from the court to receive twenty-five per cent in full settlement of their claims instead of ninety per cent? Here was the situation as the receiver saw it after careful investigation:

There were three creditors whose claims were much larger than those of any other house or individual. One of these, a big manufacturing and jobbing concern, had found the bankrupt house a peculiarly desirable customer. The insolvent retail concern had happened to build up a growing trade for certain lines of goods that this manufacturing concern was in position to furnish to peculiar advantage it might almost be said to the exclusion of competition. Not only this, but these goods were not especially easy to market in large volume. Again, these articles yielded a high percentage of profit to the manufacturer.

The shrewd credit man who represented this manufacturing concern in the negotiations of the bankrupt for a composition settlement saw his opportunity neatly to serve the future interests of his house by letting the bankrupt down easy. He knew that, if he played the leading rôle in securing the acceptance of a soft composition for the bankrupt, his good offices could carefully be explained later with an effective diagram, if necessary, and that this would cement the trade of the bankrupt establishment to his own house for all time to come—for it was inevitable that new life would be taken on by the insolvent retail concern as soon as it received a discharge in bankruptcy.

As the receiver put it: "For all practical purposes here is an organization of hustlers that has been working without profit on the job of selling a big volume of stuff for this manufacturing concern at a fancy margin.

"Very likely, if the entire claim of the manufacturing house against this bankrupt estate had been charged off, it would still have had a profit on the total business already done in the course of their relationship. Anyhow the net cost to the manufacturing company of building up this big and dependable outlet for the large volume of goods on which they made a wide margin of profit was little or nothing. Probably it had paid them handsomely."

No wonder the keen credit man saw the advantage of letting that bankrupt concern down easy and getting the credit for engineering so soft a settlement. He needed that output in his business for years to come; and it would be easy for him to dominate the organization of the down-and-out concern so that an able man of his own choosing would be in charge of its finances and steer it safely. Again, no man passes through bankruptcy without learning some mighty valuable lessons that are bound to stick with him for the rest of his business life.

Of course it does not render him immune from financial disaster; but if he is thoroughly honest it is sure to make him more careful and conservative and to give him a knowledge and a wholesome dread of certain traps and pitfalls into which he is not likely again to tumble. Bankruptcy is something like mumps or measles—a light case early in life is not such a bad thing to have; there are hundreds of men in business today who would be far abler and sounder administrators of their affairs if they could have had a reasonably light touch of bankruptcy at the beginning of their careers.

The point in this experience that should not be lost sight of for a moment, however, is the fact that this particular creditor who played such a generous, not to say philanthropic, rôle was practically using the hands of the other creditors as a means of pulling his own chestnuts out of the fire. Perhaps he did not think of it in this way—give him the benefit of the doubt and say that he did not—but the receiver had to look at it in that light, for it was up to him to protect the interests of all creditors alike. That is his job—or, at least, part of it.

The Bellwether of the Creditor Flock

IN THIS particular case it is true that two and perhaps three other large creditors were in about the same situation; the concern that went into bankruptcy was a large and profitable distributer of their goods—goods on which they made a big margin of profit. But how about the rest of the creditors—the little fellows?

The conscientious receiver must never forget that the loss of a hundred dollars on a claim means more to some men than the loss of ten thousand dollars to a big concern—especially if that concern is in position to take the amount of the loss back again, and much more with it, provided the bankrupt can be let down easy. The smaller the claim, as a rule, the less interest has its holder in the future of the bankrupt.

Of course the concerns which held the big claims in this case would naturally argue that they would sacrifice the largest amount of money if the bankrupt were let down easy. True! But that would be small consolation to the really poor man, who had a claim of a hundred dollars and had no reasonable expectation of ever getting another cent beyond what that claim netted him.

"The Guy That Showed You the Way Made a Mistake"

This experience, like thousands of others in the bankruptcy courts, teaches the lesson that creditors are very much like sheep, and that there is generally a shrewd and resourceful bellwether which leads the flock at will; the little fellows follow the big ones, and there is always a master mind among the big ones. Every experienced receiver and trustee recognizes this principle and plays his hand accordingly.

One receiver who has been long in the game declares that almost any creditor with a little initiative can prepare the way for a soft composition, so far as its preliminary stages are concerned, before the other claimants have any realization of what is being done.

Many commercial houses, according to this authority, follow the practice of refusing to waste time in filing or pressing any claims against a bankrupt estate unless they are reasonably large ones. More generally, however, this indifference to the possibilities of realizing on such claims takes the form of giving a power of attorney to the first person who happens to ask for it in signing or assenting to any petition for composition or settlement a leading creditor chances to favor.

Broadly speaking, when the private individual receives notice that a debtor has been thrown into bankruptcy he promptly despairs of realizing anything on the claim and—mentally at least—charges it off to the profit-and-loss account. Unless he happens to be a business man of experience and affairs he feels that recovery is hopeless.

If the amount involved is large enough to make its loss vital to him he becomes confused, perhaps terror stricken, and ready to grasp at the first straw that floats his way. Almost invariably this straw is an appeal, either from a creditors' committee or a lawyer representing some or all of the creditors, asking for his cooperation and power of attorney, to the end of prosecuting "the plan that has been agreed on by the leading creditors to protect their interests."

Of course it must be recognized that this sometimes, perhaps often, proves to be the wisest course the individual creditor, wholly inexperienced in bankruptcy affairs, could pursue; but, by the same token, it is invariably the principle on which the designing bellwether among the creditors plays to manipulate affairs to suit his own purposes. And it is also the means by which the professional bankruptcy attorney increases, by the easy correspondence method, his volume of business.

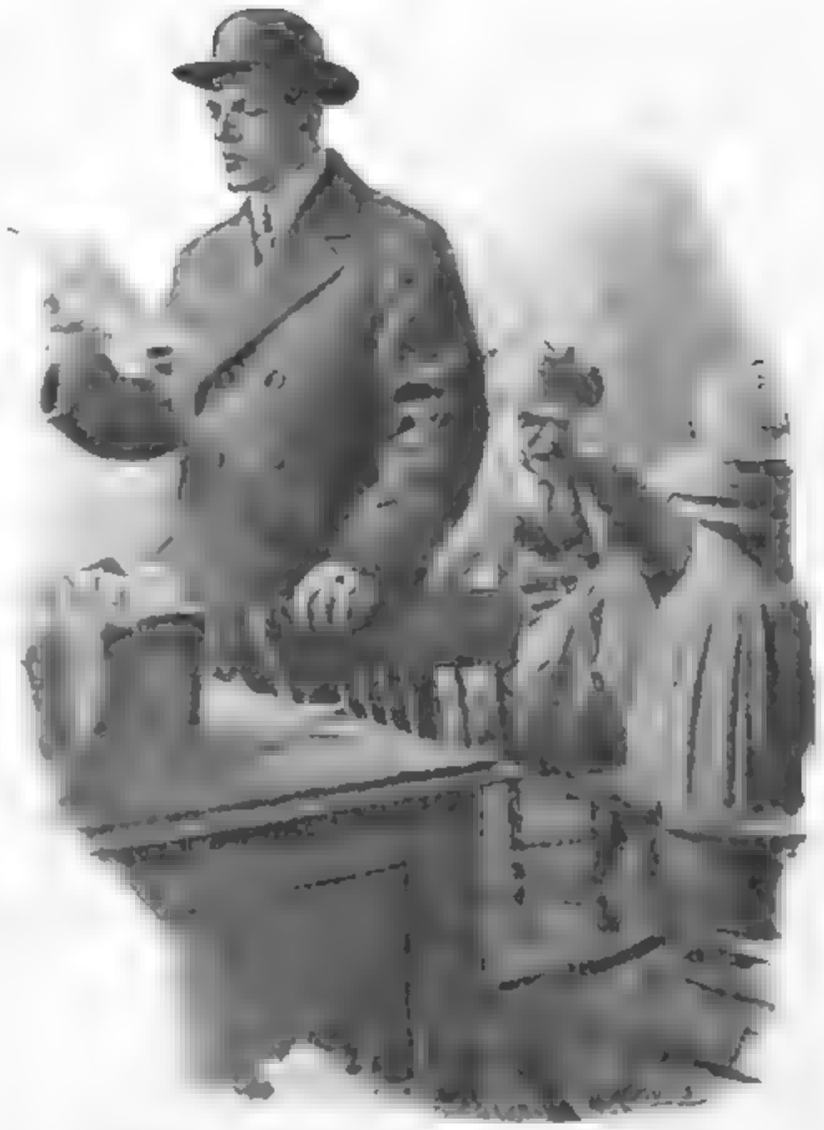
If the attorney to whom the credulous creditor so readily intrusts his claim happens to be able and honest, well and good—there are many attorneys of the highest standing who have a large bankruptcy practice; but the fact remains that the almost universal attitude of helplessness, hopelessness, indifference and confusion of creditors, in respect to the possibilities and methods of getting their money from a bankrupt estate, renders them an easy prey to a certain undesirable class of attorneys in bankruptcy practice—especially in the larger cities.

In large commercial houses having a legal staff in connection with their collection department, bankruptcy claims are supposed to be as carefully and as systematically looked after as is the selling of the goods in the first place; but even here the policy of not wasting time on small bankruptcy claims prevails to an astonishing extent. Some really large houses actually follow the practice of letting bankruptcy claims slide unless they amount to several hundred dollars.

"There seems to be something," declares one receiver, "in the very word bankruptcy that sprouts the wool over the eyes of the ordinary creditor and sends his wits and common sense scattering for the time being. I can hardly account for this attitude except on the score that most men feel a sort of squeamishness in this connection—an instinctive aversion to having anything to do with a business post-mortem. Perhaps this gives them credit for too much temperament; anyhow very many creditors seem to lose their perspective and their natural self-interest when called on to deal with a bankruptcy claim."

Creditors, however, are not dependably indifferent, even in the matter of small claims. According to most receivers they are not dependable in any particular; and the man who makes up his mind that he knows just what the creditors in a certain case are going to do has a choice line of jolts in store for himself.

"Looking over a professional experience of several years," says one receiver who often acts as trustee, "I have come to feel that when I get a really good estate the creditors are more than likely to make every attempt to fritter it away. On the other hand experience has taught me that when I am handed an estate which from the creditors' viewpoint is little more than a dry bone the creditors are likely to take an uncommonly keen interest in it, to nag and pester the receiver at every turn, and finally to blame him and the auctioneer for not getting a good, fat series of dividends out of it.



"I'll Bet He Pulls Down a Salary Equal to That of the Third Vice-President of Our Bank"

"I am never surprised when a bunch of creditors are inclined to let a crooked bankrupt down easy or when they subject an honest bankrupt to suspicion and hardship. I know this sounds extreme and pessimistic, but you cannot find an experienced receiver who will not say Amen! to this statement. The perversity of creditors is the standing miracle of bankruptcy practice. A large proportion of them—particularly the holders of smaller claims—are mere Babes in the Wood—and I can assure you that the Bankruptcy Wood is no place for small children!

"There are lots of creditors, of course, who are by no means innocents at large, but are fully able to take care of themselves and all the strays they happen to meet. These are the experts in compositions and the wizards in waivers.

"Then there are the creditors who know their way about, have no fish to fry, no pet schemes to put over on the bankrupt or on other creditors, and who are neither confused nor unscrupulous. These creditors look after their bankruptcy claims as sanely, as systematically and as intelligently as they look after any other features of their business. They want all that the estate will pay on their claims, without any advantage over any other creditor."

Responsibility for Bankruptcies

"THEY are very likely to be represented by able lawyers of their own choosing; and if they enter into any composition it is because they have first been shown that it is the best thing for all creditors concerned. These creditors generally get a fairly close line on the personality of everybody involved in the case, from the lawyers up to the court itself.

"Every honest receiver or trustee wishes to see this class of creditors greatly increased; but it will only increase as the credit men of business houses generally—and particularly of the smaller houses—come to have a more familiar understanding of bankruptcy matters and practice."

A referee in bankruptcy, whose knowledge of the subject is keen and far reaching, recently expressed the rather astonishing opinion that in very many cases—perhaps in most—the responsibility for the bankruptcy of a debtor lies to a very large extent with the creditors. According to a group of professional receivers who were engaged in a discussion of this opinion, the bankruptcy courts abound in cases that clearly support this view. Here is one that is fairly typical:

A large trust company was appointed receiver for a cloak company doing business in a cheap section of Chicago; in fact the rooms occupied by the bankrupt concern were over a saloon in a street the name of which should promptly identify in the mind of any wideawake credit man the cheap character of the location.

The young man sent by the trust company to take charge of the stock was a live wire. Sitting beside a rusty stove was a man in seedy clothes. On the dilapidated desk

he found four letters from Eastern manufacturers urging the bankrupts to send in their orders at once. One of the most fervent appeals for orders was from a house to which the bankrupts owed more than twelve thousand dollars an account that had been dragging by the ears for months.

"The sales manager of that concern," commented the young man, "is a high-priced ginger artist who believes in delivering the goods—into the other fellow's hands! I'll bet he pulls down a salary equal to that of the third vice-president of our bank; but if he and the head credit man of his establishment could just walk in this door and take a look at this rat's nest of a joint, they would begin to revise their methods of dumping goods in a hurry. Why, if I can scrape up two thousand dollars' worth of junk here I'll eat it!"

He thought he was expressing his poor opinion of sales managers and credit men to the shriveled little man who was sitting by the stove when he had entered; but as he put down his letters and glanced about the room he saw that his audience had vanished. A hurried survey of the stock showed him that it would invoice not more than a few hundred dollars. And this concern had failed for about thirty-five thousand dollars—and here was a letter from each of the four principal creditors urging another order by return mail from the advance style sheets!

"I'd like to send the head of each one of those houses a photograph of this dump, just as it looks when I am taking possession. I wonder whether they'd still keep on whooping it up for further orders after seeing a picture of this old shell! Probably ——"

His grumblings were suddenly interrupted by the fact that he noticed a large quantity of heavy express paper lying on the floor. Evidently it had just been removed from a large bundle of goods. He picked it up, turned it over, and grinned as he saw that the sticker on the face of it bore the name of the New York house which the bankrupts had stuck for twelve thousand dollars, and which was still appealing for more orders.

On the floor of the next room he found quantities more of the same heavy paper, its creases showing that it had lately been removed from packages of goods. His practiced eye told him that the goods which had arrived in those wrappings were evidently not then in the place.

Sleuthing Down Vanished Assets

FOR a moment he sat on the corner of the desk, swung his feet, stared at the express paper and did a little lively thinking. Then his face lighted up suddenly. Hurriedly he looked at the dates penciled on the express labels. There was no doubt about it—every package which had arrived in those wrappings had been received that very day! He dashed down the stairs and then crossed the street to where three express wagons and their drivers were waiting for business.

"Which one of you boys hauled that stuff for us this morning?" he inquired. And then added: "I am with the suit company up there, you know."

"I did," promptly responded the oldest driver. "Got another load, sir?"

"Nope," responded the young custodian; "but the guy that showed you the way made a mistake. Those goods were to go to another place, and we've got to go and get them right away."

With this he handed the driver a cigar, lighted one himself, and climbed to the seat of the wagon. The expressman asked no questions, but drove to the place where he had delivered the goods in the morning. Their trip ended at a vacant store building with whitened windows some three miles away.

During that ride the receiver's agent had been busy figuring on how he could gain an entrance to the building after they reached it. Finally he reached the shrewd conclusion that the best way was to "Let George do it"; consequently he took a chance on the remark: "You know where the key is; I'll wait here in the wagon."

"Sure!" answered the expressman as he disappeared in the corner saloon; and a few minutes later he came out with the key, remarking:

"I had some job to get that Polack bartender to give it up; but I finally got it into his head that as I had brought the key there myself this morning, and as the boss was waiting outside for it, he wasn't taking any particular chances in giving it up."

They hustled the goods into the wagon, returned the key and drove back to the headquarters of the cloak company, over the corner saloon. Then the custodian took a careful invoice of the recovered goods. His clever and prompt action netted the creditors a little more than eleven hundred dollars.

"What sticks in my crop," he meditated, "is the fact that, though I'm sharp enough to turn this kind of trick, I'm probably drawing about one-fifth the salary of the sales manager and the credit man who shoved these goods on to crooked bankrupts and followed the shipment up with a pressing invitation to be allowed to hand them more.

"It's a wonder some of those jumbo general managers don't get wise to themselves and pick a couple of receiver's agents to help out a little! I'll bet that if they tried the experiment the sales department wouldn't be shoving goods on to a man already in the bankruptcy court a day or two after the credit department received notice of the appointment of a receiver."

Only a few months later this same receiver's agent found himself assigned to the handling of the affairs of four bankrupt retail drygoods stores located a little outside the central part of the city. They were separate concerns, having no connection with each other so far as their ownership was concerned; but they handled about the same class of goods. In these cases the trust company was acting as trustee instead of receiver.

One morning, as he opened the mail, he found four letters from the same wholesale house in New York—one for each of the bankrupt drygoods stores. Each letter was from the head of the sales department, pressing his valued customer to favor him with further and immediate orders. He promptly sent for the liability schedules of the four bankrupts and was not greatly surprised to find that the big wholesale house with the energetic sales manager and correspondence force was a creditor in each case, and had filed its claims in due form.

He was hot; and for once he forgot he was an employee of a conservative and dignified trust company that always conducted its correspondence according to the most formal code. Before he cooled off he wrote a letter to the president of the big wholesale house in the East; and after calling his attention to the fact that these four bankruptcy estates had already passed through the receivership stage and had become trusteeships, he called attention to the inclosed copies of claims filed and to the letters just received from the sales manager. He ended his letter with the tart remark:

"If I wanted to go into the goldbrick business I should certainly hunt up your house."

A little later he received an answer to his letter. It was not only grateful but humble in tone. After indicating that in the future there would be a much closer coördination between the credit and the sales departments of his house, the president closed his letter with the words:

"Your cut across my face will continue to sting for a long time to come."

Start a receiver talking on the subject of compositions and he will not suffer himself to be shaken loose from it. Next to the waiver, the composition appears to be the sorest feature of bankruptcy practice so far as the feelings of the professional receiver are concerned.

If the receiver is honest and conscientious—and it can scarcely be assumed that the judge of the United States court would repeatedly place such responsibility in the hands of a person not possessing those qualifications—he is as much interested in preventing the proceeds of the estate from being eaten up by lawyers' costs and other expenses as he is in preventing one creditor from obtaining an advantage over another. His standing with the court depends on his ability to get the most money out of the assets intrusted to his administration.

They Could Not Understand How They Had Made Such Figures

The composition in bankruptcy is not only a handy tool for the creditor who wishes to play the bankrupt as a personal favorite and let him down easy, but it is perhaps quite as frequently employed by the unscrupulous attorney as a means of obtaining delay, increasing his appearances in court and in conference, and piling up fees. The lawyer or bankrupt who wishes to delay settlement and multiply contentions finds the composition quite as convenient as does the designing creditor.

Shrewdly handled, the negotiations for a composition may be made quite helpful and nourishing to the lawyer who is looking for an enlargement of his fees. Of course the reputable attorney who has the interests of his clients at heart scorns any subterfuge of this kind; but unfortunately bankruptcy practice appears to have an attraction for a certain contingent of lawyers of instincts, who are mainly interested in doing a neat and tidy job of bone-picking—not that this order of legal talent finds its only activity in the bankruptcy courts, or that it is not in a decided minority there; but it is undeniable that the palpable presence of a business corpse makes a most tantalizing appeal to its predatory instincts.

How to Avoid Soft Compositions

THE indifference and comparative helplessness of the average creditor emphasize the appeal of bankruptcy practice to attorneys of this type. It is perhaps strange that they are not more numerous instead of fewer. Certainly their presence should not be construed as a reflection on the many reputable attorneys who make a specialty of bankruptcy practice.

The principal point of this consideration, so far as the creditor or the bankrupt is concerned, is that he should pick his lawyer with uncommon care and with particular reference to his integrity and personal character. And it is scarcely straining the courtesies to suggest that the bankruptcy lawyer who gives evidence of having acquired the composition habit will bear at least a little watching.

A passion for compositions is not generally regarded by the courts, referees or receivers as a wholesome symptom. This is not because many—perhaps most—compositions are not wholly justifiable, but because the composition lends itself too pliantly to manipulation and abuse.

A professional receiver who has a high standing with the courts has this to say on the score of the composition:

"Generally speaking I am against compositions. There are many cases in which the composition is the best thing for all concerned; but it is so highly susceptible of abuse that it should be used as little as possible. There are ways, however, by which the soft composition may be discouraged. For instance:

"I follow the practice of sending to all creditors—as soon as I have thoroughly examined the assets—a statement that the estate, properly administered, should pay a certain amount or a certain percentage of the liabilities. I fully realize that in one way this is a dangerous thing for a receiver to do; but I am willing to take this responsibility on myself for the reason that it is a very effective means of forewarning the creditors against having a soft composition put over on them.

"When this is done at the start and before the creditors—particularly the smaller and individual ones—have been whipped into line by scheming lawyers or led through the gaps by some big creditor acting as a bellwether, it carries weight with the majority of creditors, who recognize that the receiver is an officer appointed by the court and responsible to the court.

"I believe that if receivers generally could see their way to follow this practice, the soft composition and the composition negotiation brought for the purpose of fattening lawyers' fees would become fewer."

Another indictment brought against the composition by conscientious receivers, trustees and other officials connected with bankruptcy proceedings is that it has a tendency to produce repeaters in bankruptcy. Undoubtedly the majority of first bankrupts are honestly insolvent and have not caused their enterprises to be thrown on the business scrapheap for the purpose of defrauding creditors; but after once finding that their fall has been broken by the cushion of a soft composition, providentially interposed by the hands of the very men supposed to be the heaviest losers by the failure, it is impossible for them again to feel the same fear of bankruptcy that gripped them when they took the first plunge.

If the bankrupt is a man of strong moral fiber his future business course will not be changed by the mere

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MY ROOMY

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

NO—I AIN'T signed for next year; but there won't be no trouble about that. The dough part of it is all fixed up. John and me talked it over and I'll sign as soon as they send me a contract. All I told him was that he'd have to let me pick my own roommate after this and not sick no wild man on to me.

You know I didn't hit much the last two months o' the season. Some o' the boys, I notice, wrote some stuff about me gettin' old and losin' my battin' eye. That's all bunk! The reason I didn't hit was because I wasn't gettin' enough sleep. And the reason for that was Mr. Elliott.

He wasn't with us after the last part o' May, but I roomed with him long enough to get the insomny. I was the only guy in the club game enough to stand for him; but I was sorry afterward that I done it, because it sure did put a crimp in my little old average.

And do you know where he is now? I got a letter today and I'll read it to you. No—I guess I better tell you somethin' about him first. You fellers never got acquainted with him and you ought to hear the dope to understand the letter. I'll make it as short as I can.

He didn't play in no league last year. He was with some semi-pros over in Michigan and somebody writes John about him. So John sends Needham over to look at him. Tom stayed there Saturday and Sunday, and seen him work twice. He was playin' the outfield, but as luck would have it they wasn't a fly ball hit in his direction in both games. A base hit was made out his way and he booted it, and that's the only report Tom could get on his fieldin'. But he wallops two over the wall in one day and they catch two line drives off him. The next day he gets four blows and two o' them is triples.

So Tom comes back and tells John the guy is a whale of a hitter and fast as Cobb, but he don't know nothin' about his fieldin'. Then John signs him to a contract—twelve hundred or somethin' like that. We'd been in Tampa a week before he showed up. Then he comes to the hotel and just sits round all day, without tellin' nobody who he was. Finally the bellhops was going to chase him out and he says he's one o' the ballplayers. Then the clerk gets John to go over and talk to him. He tells John his name and says he hasn't had nothin' to eat for three days, because he was broke. John told me afterward that he'd drew about three hundred in advance—last winter sometime. Well, they took him in the dinin' room and they tell me he inhaled about four meals at once. That night they roomed him with Heine.

Next mornin' Heine and me walks out to the grounds together and Heine tells me about him. He says:

"Don't never call me a bug again. They got me roomin' with the champion o' the world."

"Who is he?" I says.

"I don't know and I don't want to know," says Heine; "but if they stick him in there with me again I'll jump to the Federals. To start with, he ain't got no baggage. I ast him where his trunk was and he says he didn't have none. Then I ast him if he didn't have no suitcase, and he says: 'No. What do you care?' I was goin' to lend him some pajamas, but he put on the shirt o' the uniform John give him last night and slept in that. He was asleep when I got up this mornin'. I seen his collar layin' on the dresser and it looked like he had wore it in Pittsburgh every day for a year. So I throwed it out the window and he comes down to breakfast with no collar. I ast him what size collar he wore and he says he didn't want none, because he wasn't goin' out nowheres. After breakfast he beat it up to the room again and put on his uniform. When I got up there he was lookin' in the glass at himself, and he done it all the time I was dressin'."

When we got out to the park I got my first look at him. Pretty good-lookin' guy, too, in his unie—big shoulders and well put together; built somethin' like Heine himself. He was talkin' to John when I come up.

"What position do you play?" John was askin' him.

"I play anywheres," says Elliott.

"You're the kind I'm lookin' for," says John. Then he says: "You was an outfielder up there in Michigan, wasn't you?"

"I don't care where I play," says Elliott.

John sends him to the outfield and forgets all about him for a while. Pretty soon Miller comes in and says:

"I ain't goin' to shag for no bush outfielder!"

John ast him what was the matter, and Miller tells him that Elliott ain't doin' nothin' but just standin' out there; that he ain't makin' no attemp' to catch the fungoes, and that he won't even chase 'em. Then John starts watchin' him, and it was just like Miller said. Larry hit one pretty near in his lap and he stepped out o' the way. John calls him in and ast him:

"Why don't you go after them fly balls?"

"Because I don't want 'em," says Elliott.

John gets sarcastic and says:

"What do you want? Of course we'll see that you get anythin' you want!"

"Give me a ticket back home," says Elliott.

"Don't you want to stick with the club?" says John, and the busher tells him, No, he certainly did not. Then John tells him he'll have to pay his own fare home and Elliott don't get sore at all. He just says:

"Well, I'll have to stick, then—because I'm broke."

We was havin' battin' practice and John tells him to go up and hit a few. And you ought to of seen him bust 'em!

Lavender was in there workin' and he'd been pitchin' a little all winter, so he was in pretty good shape. He lobbed one up to Elliott, and he hit it 'way up in some trees outside the fence—about a mile, I guess. Then John tells Jimmy to put somethin' on the ball. Jim comes through with one of his fast ones and the kid slams it agin the rightfield wall on a line.

"Give him your spitter!" yells John, and Jim handed him one. He pulled it over first base so fast that Bert, who was standin' down there, couldn't hardly duck in time. If it'd hit him it'd killed him.

Well, he kep' on hittin' everythin' Jim give him—and Jim had somethin' too. Finally John gets Pierce warmed up and sends him out to pitch, tellin' him to hand Elliott a flock o' curve balls. He wanted to see if lefthanders was goin' to bother him. But he slammed 'em right along, and I don't b'lieve he hit more'n two the whole mornin' that wouldn't of been base hits in a game.

They sent him out to the outfield again in the afternoon, and after a lot o' coaxin' Leach got him to go after fly balls; but that's all he did do—just go after 'em. One hit him on the bean and another on the shoulder. He run back after the short ones and 'way in after the ones that went over his head. He catched just one—a line drive that he couldn't get out o' the way of; and then he acted like it hurt his hands.

I come back to the hotel with John. He ast me what I thought of Elliott.

"Well," I says, "he'd be the greatest ballplayer in the world if he could just play ball. He sure can bust 'em."

I Knowed Somethin' Was Goin' to Happen Before He Finished—and Somethin' Did

John says he was afraid he couldn't never make an outfielder out o' him. He says:

"I'll try him on the infield tomorrow. They must be some place he can play. I never seen a lefthand hitter that looked so good agin lefthand pitchin'—and he's got a great arm; but he acts like he'd never saw a fly ball."

Well, he was just as bad on the infield. They put him at short and he was like a sieve. You could of drove a hearse between him and second base without him gettin' near it. He'd stoop over for a ground ball about the time it was bouncin' up agin the fence; and when he'd try to cover the bag on a peg he'd trip over it.

They tried him at first base and sometimes he'd run 'way over in the coachers' box and sometimes out in right field lookin' for the bag. Once Heine shot one acrost at him on a line and he never touched it with his hands. It went bum! right in the pit of his stomach—and the lunch he'd ate didn't do him no good.

Finally John just give up and says he'd have to keep him on the bench and let him earn his pay by bustin' 'em a couple o' times a week or so. We all agreed with John that this bird would be a whale of a pinch hitter—and we was right too. He was hittin' 'way over five hundred when the blowoff come along about the last o' May.

II

BEFORE the trainin' trip was over, Elliott had roomed with pretty near everybody in the club. Heine raised an awful holler after the second night down there and John put the bug in with Needham. Tom stood him for three nights. Then he doubled up with Archer, and Schulte, and Miller, and Leach, and Saier—and the whole bunch in turn, averagin' about two nights with each one before they put up a kick. Then John tried him with some o' the youngsters, but they wouldn't stand for him no more'n the others. They all said he was crazy and they was afraid he'd get violent some night and stick a knife in 'em.

He always insisted on havin' the water run in the bathtub all night, because he said it reminded him of the sound of the dam near his home. The fellers might get up four or five times a night and shut off the faucet, but he'd get right up after 'em and turn it on again. Carter, a big bush pitcher from Georgia, started a fight with him about it one night, and Elliott pretty near killed him. So the rest o' the bunch, when they'd saw Carter's map next mornin', didn't have the nerve to do nothin' when it come their turn.

Another o' his habits was the thing that scared 'em though. He'd brought a razor with him—in his pocket, I guess—and he used to do his shavin' in the middle o' the night. Instead o' doin' it in the bathroom he'd lather his face and then came out and stand in front o' the lookin'-glass on the dresser. Of course he'd have all the lights turned on, and that was bad enough when a feller wanted to sleep; but the worst of it was that he'd stop shavin' every little while and turn round and stare at the guy who was makin' a failure o' tryin' to sleep. Then he'd wave his razor round in the air and laugh, and begin shavin' agin. You can imagine how comf'table his roomies felt!

John had bought him a suitcase and some clothes and things, and charged 'em up to him. He'd drew so much dough in advance that he didn't have nothin' comin' till about June. He never thanked John and he'd wear one shirt and one collar till some one throwed 'em away.

Well, we finally gets to Indianapolis, and we was goin' from there to Cincy to open. The last day in Indianapolis John come and ast me how I'd like to change roomies. I says I was perfectly satisfied with Larry. Then John says:

"I wisht you'd try Elliott. The other boys all kicks on him, but he seems to hang round you a lot and I b'lieve you could get along all right."

"Why don't you room him alone?" I ast.

"The boss or the hotels won't stand for us roomin' alone," says John. "You go ahead and try it, and see how you make out. If he's too much for you let me know; but he likes you and I think he'll be diff'rent with a guy who can talk to him like you can."

So I says I'd tackle it, because I didn't want to throw John down. When we got to Cincy they stuck Elliott and me in one room, and we was together till he quit us.

III

I WENT to the room early that night, because we was goin' to open next day and I wanted to feel like somethin'. First thing I done when I got undressed was turn on both faucets in the bathtub. They was makin' an awful

racket when Elliott finally come in about midnight. I was layin' awake and I opened right up on him. I says:

"Don't shut off that water, because I like to hear it run."

Then I turned over and pretended to be asleep. The bug got his clothes off, and then what did he do but go in the bathroom and shut off the water! Then he come back in the room and says:

"I guess no one's goin' to tell me what to do in here."

But I kep' right on pretendin' to sleep and didn't pay no attention. When he'd got into his bed I jumped out o' mine and turned on all the lights and begun stroppin' my razor. He says:

"What's comin' off?"

"Some o' my whiskers," I says. "I always shave along about this time."

"No, you don't!" he says. "I was in your room one mornin' down in Louisville and I seen you shavin' then."

"Well," I says, "the boys tell me you shave in the middle o' the night; and I thought if I done all the things you do mebbe I'd get so's I could hit like you."

"You must be superstitious!" he says. And I told him I was. "I'm a good hitter," he says, "and I'd be a good hitter if I never shaved at all. That don't make no diff'rence."

"Yes, it does," I says. "You prob'ly hit good because you shave at night; but you'd be a better fielder if you shaved in the mornin'."

You see, I was tryin' to be just as crazy as him—though that wasn't hardly possible.

"If that's right," says he, "I'll do my shavin' in the mornin'—because I seen in the papers where the boys says that if I could play the outfield like I can hit I'd be as good as Cobb. They tell me Cobb gets twenty thousand a year."

"No," I says; "he don't get that much—but he gets about ten times as much as you do."

"Well," he says, "I'm goin' to be as good as him, because I need the money."

"What do you want with money?" I says.

He just laughed and didn't say nothin'; but from that time on the water didn't run in the bathtub nights and he done his shavin' after breakfast. I didn't notice, though, that he looked any better in fieldin' practice.

IV

IT RAINED one day in Cincy and they trimmed us two out o' the other three; but it wasn't Elliott's fault.

They had Larry beat four to one in the ninth innin' o' the first game. Archer gets on with two out, and John sends my roomy up to hit—though Benton, a lefthander, is workin' for them. The first thing Benton serves up there Elliott cracks it a mile over Hobby's head. It would of been good for three easy—only Archer—playin' safe, o' course—pulls up at third base. Tommy couldn't do nothin' and we was licked.

The next day he hits one out o' the park off the Indian; but we was 'way behind and they was nobody on at the time. We copped the last one without usin' no pinch hitters.

I didn't have no trouble with him nights durin' the whole series. He come to bed pretty late while we was there and I told him he'd better not let John catch him at it.

"What would he do?" he says.

"Fine you fifty," I says.

"He can't fine me a dime," he says, "because I ain't got it."

Then I told him he'd be fined all he had comin' if he didn't get in the hotel before midnight; but he just laughed and says he didn't think John had a kick comin' so long as he kep' bustin' the ball.

"Some day you'll go up there and you won't bust it," I says.

"That'll be an accident," he says.

That stopped me and I didn't say nothin'. What could you say to a guy who hated himself like that?

The "accident" happened in St. Louis the first day. We needed two runs in the eighth and Saier and Brid was on, with two out. John tells Elliott to go up in Pierce's place. The bug goes up and Griner gives him two bad balls—'way outside. I thought they was goin' to walk him—and it looked like good judgment, because they'd heard what he done in Cincy. But no! Griner comes back with a fast one right over and Elliott pulls it down the right foul line, about two foot foul. He hit it so hard you'd of thought they'd sure walk him then; but Griner gives him another fast one. He slammed it again just as hard, but foul. Then Griner gives him one 'way outside and it's two and three. John says, on the bench:

"If they don't walk him now he'll bust that fence down."

I thought the same and I was sure Griner wouldn't give him nothin' to hit; but he come with a curve and Rigler calls Elliott out. From where we sat the last one looked low, and I thought Elliott'd make a kick. He come back to the bench smilin'.

John starts for his position, but stopped and ast the bug what was the matter with that one. Any busher I ever knowed would of said, "It was too low," or "It was outside," or "It was inside." Elliott says:

"Nothin' at all. It was right over the middle."

"Why didn't you bust it, then?" says John.

"I was afraid I'd kill somebody," says Elliott, and laughed like a big boob.

John was pretty near chokin'.

"What are you laughin' at?" he says.

"I was thinkin' of a nickel show I seen in Cincinnati," says the bug.

"Well," says John, so mad he couldn't hardly see, "that show and that laugh'll cost you fifty."

We got beat, and I wouldn't of blamed John if he'd fined him his whole season's pay.

Up 'n the room that night I told him he'd better cut out that laughin' stuff when we was gettin' trimmed or he never would have no payday. Then he got confidential.

"Payday wouldn't do me no good," he says. "When I'm all squared up with the club and begin to have a payday I'll only get a hundred bucks at a time, and I'll owe that to some o' you fellers. I wisht we could win the pennant and get in on that World's Series dough. Then I'd get a bunch at once."

Don't Never Ask Me How Many Times We Went Up and Down!

"What would you do with a bunch o' dough?" I ast him.

"Don't tell nobody, sport," he says; "but if I ever get five hundred at once I'm goin' to get married."

"Oh!" I says. "And who's the lucky girl?"

"She's a girl up in Muskegon," says Elliott; "and you're right when you call her lucky."

"You don't like yourself much, do you?" I says.

"I got reason to like myself," says he. "You'd like yourself, too, if you could hit 'em like me."

"Well," I says, "you didn't show me no hittin' today."

"I couldn't hit because I was laughin' too hard," says Elliott.

"What was it you was laughin' at?" I says.

"I was laughin' at that pitcher," he says. "He thought he had somethin' and he didn't have nothin'."

"He had enough to whiff you with," I says.

"He didn't have nothin'!" says he again. "I was afraid if I busted one off him they'd can him, and then I couldn't never hit agin him no more."

Naturally I didn't have no comeback to that. I just sort o' gasped and got ready to go to sleep; but he wasn't through.

"I wisht you could see this bird!" he says.

"What bird?" I says.

"This dame that's nuts about me," he says.

"Good-looker?" I ast.

"No," he says; "she ain't no bear for looks. They ain't nothin' about her for a guy to rave over till you hear her sing. She sure can holler some."

"What kind o' voice has she got?" I ast.

"A bear," says he.

"No," I says; "I mean is she a barytone or an air?"

"I don't know," he says; "but she's got the loudest voice I ever hear on a woman. She's pretty near got me beat."

"Can you sing?" I says; and I was sorry right afterward that I ast him that question.

I guess it must of been bad enough to have the water runnin' night after night and to have him wavin' that razor round; but that couldn't of been nothin' to his singin'. Just as soon as I'd pulled that boner he says, "Listen to me!" and starts in on Silver Threads Among the Gold. Mind you, it was after midnight and they was guests all round us tryin' to sleep!

They used to be noise enough in our club when we had Hofman and Sheckard and Richie harmonizin'; but this bug's voice was louder'n all o' theirn combined. We once had a pitcher named Martin Walsh—brother o' Big Ed's—and I thought he could drownd out the Subway; but this guy made a boiler factory sound like Dummy Taylor. If the whole hotel wasn't awake when he'd howled the first line it's a pipe they was when he cut loose, which he done when he come to "Always young and fair to me." Them words could of been heard easy in East St. Louis.

He didn't get no encore from me, but he goes right through it again—or starts to. I knowed somethin' was goin' to happen before he finished—and somethin' did. The night clerk and the house detective come bangin' at the door. I let 'em in and they had plenty to say. If we made another sound the whole club'd be canned out o' the hotel. I tried to salve 'em, and I says:

"He won't sing no more."

But Elliott swelled up like a poisoned pup.

"Won't I?" he says. "I'll sing all I want to."

"You won't sing in here," says the clerk.

"They ain't room for my voice in here anyways," he says. "I'll go outdoors and sing."

And he puts his clothes on and ducks out. I didn't make no attemp' to stop him. I heard him bellowin' Silver Threads down the corridor and down the stairs, with the clerk and the dick chasin' him all the way and tellin' him to shut up.

Well, the guests make a holler the next mornin'; and the hotel people tells Charlie Williams that he'll either have to let Elliott stay somewheres else or the whole club'll have to move. Charlie tells John, and John was thinkin' o' settlin' the question by releasin' Elliott.

I guess he'd about made up his mind to do it; but that afternoon they had us three to one in the ninth, and we got the bases full, with two down and Larry's turn to hit. Elliott had been sittin' on the bench sayin' nothin'.

"Do you think you can hit one today?" says John.

"I can hit one any day," says Elliott.

"Go up and hit that lefthander, then," says John, "and remember there's nothin' to laugh at."

Sallee was workin'—and workin' good; but that didn't bother the bug. He cut into one, and it went between Oakes and Whitted like a shot. He come into third standin' up and we was a run to the good. Sallee was so sore he kind o' forgot himself and took pretty near his full wind-up pitchin' to Tommy. And what did Elliott do but steal home and get away with it clean!

Well, you couldn't can him after that, could you? Charlie gets him a room somewheres and I was relieved of his company that night. The next evenin' we beat it for Chi to play about two weeks at home. He didn't tell nobody where he roomed there and I didn't see nothin' of him, 'cep' out to the park. I ast him what he did with himself nights and he says:

"Same as I do on the road—borrow some dough some place and go to the nickel shows."

"You must be stuck on 'em," I says.

"Yes," he says; "I like the ones where they kill people—because I want to learn how to do it. I may have that job some day."

"Don't pick on me," I says.

"Oh," says the bug, "you never can tell who I'll pick on."

It seemed as if he just couldn't learn nothin' about fieldin', and finally John told him to keep out o' the practice.

"A ball might hit him in the temple and croak him," says John.

But he busted up a couple o' games for us at home, beatin' Pittsburgh once and Cincy once.

V

THEY give me a great big room at the hotel in Pittsburgh; so the fellers picked it out for the poker game. We was playin' along about ten o'clock one night when in come Elliott—the earliest he'd showed up since we'd been roomin' together. They was only five of us playin' and Tom ast him to sit in.

"I'm busted," he says.

"Can you play poker?" I ast him.

"They's nothin' I can't do!" he says. "Slip me a couple o' bucks and I'll show you."

So I slipped him a couple o' bucks and honestly hoped he'd win, because I knowed he never had no dough. Well, Tom dealt him a hand and he picks it up and says:

"I only got five cards."

"How many do you want?" I says.

"Oh," he says, "if that's all I get I'll try to make 'em do."

The pot was cracked and raised, and he stood the raise. I says to myself: "There goes my two bucks!" But no—he comes out with three queens and won the dough. It was only about seven bucks; but you'd of thought it was a million to see him grab it. He laughed like a kid.

"Guess I can't play this game!" he says; and he had me fooled for a minute—I thought he must of been kiddin' when he complained of only havin' five cards.

He copped another pot right afterward and was sittin' there with about eleven bucks in front of him when Jim opens a roodle pot for a buck. I stays and so does Elliott. Him and Jim both drawed one card and I took three. I had kings or queens—I forget which. I didn't help 'em none; so when Jim bets a buck I throws my hand away.

"How much can I bet?" says the bug.

"You can raise Jim a buck if you want to," I says.

So he bets two dollars. Jim comes back at him. He comes right back at Jim. Jim raises him again and he tilts Jim right back. Well, when he'd boosted Jim with the last buck he had, Jim says:

"I'm ready to call. I guess you got me beat. What have you got?"

"I know what I've got, all right," says Elliott. "I've got a straight." And he throws his hand down. Sure enough, it was a straight, eight high. Jim pretty near fainted and so did I.

The bug had started pullin' in the dough when Jim stops him.

"Here! Wait a minute!" says Jim. "I thought you had somethin'. I filled up." Then Jim lays down his nine full.

"You beat me, I guess," says Elliott, and he looked like he'd lost his last friend.

"Beat you?" says Jim. "Of course I beat you! What did you think I had?"

"Well," says the bug, "I thought you might have a small flush or somethin'."

When I regained consciousness he was beggin' for two more bucks.

"What for?" I says. "To play poker with? You're barred from the game for life!"

"Well," he says, "if I can't play no more I want to go to sleep, and you fellers will have to get out o' this room."

Did you ever hear o' nerve like that? This was the first night he'd came in before twelve and he orders the bunch out so's he can sleep! We politely suggested to him to go to Brooklyn.

Without sayin' a word he starts in on his Silver Threads; and it wasn't two minutes till the game was busted up and the bunch—all but me—was out o' there. I'd of beat it too, only he stopped yellin' as soon as they'd went.

"You're some buster!" I says. "You bust up ball games in the afternoon and poker games at night."

"Yes," he says; "that's my business—bustin' things."

And before I knowed what he was about he picked up the pitcher of ice-water that was on the floor and throwed it out the window—through the glass and all.

You Can Imagine How Comf'table His Roomies Felt!

Right then I give him a plain talkin' to. I tells him how near he come to gettin' canned down in St. Louis because he raised so much Cain singin' in the hotel.

"But I had to keep my voice in shape," he says. "If I ever get dough enough to get married the girl and me'll go out singin' together."

"Out where?" I ast.

"Out on the vaudeville circuit," says Elliott.

"Well," I says, "if her voice is like yours you'll be wastin' money if you travel round. Just stay up in Muskegon and we'll hear you, all right!"

I told him he wouldn't never get no dough if he didn't behave himself. That, even if we got in the World's Series, he wouldn't be with us—unless he cut out the foolishness.

"We ain't goin' to get in no World's Series," he says, "and I won't never get a bunch o' money at once; so it looks like I couldn't get married this fall."

Then I told him we played a city series every fall. He'd never thought o' that and it tickled him to death. I told him the losers always got about five hundred apiece and that we were about due to win it and get about eight hundred. "But," I says, "we still got a good chance for the old pennant; and if I was you I wouldn't give up hope o' that yet—not where John can hear you anyway."

"No," he says, "we won't win no pennant, because he won't let me play reg'lar; but I don't care so long as we're sure o' that city-series dough."

"You ain't sure of it if you don't behave," I says.

"Well," says he, very serious, "I guess I'll behave." And he did—till we made our first Eastern trip.

VI

WE WENT to Boston first, and that crazy bunch goes out and piles up a three-run lead on us in seven innin's the first day. It was the pitcher's turn to lead off in the eighth, so up goes Elliott to bat for him. He kisses the first thing they hands him for three bases; and we says, on the bench: "Now we'll get 'em!"—because, you know, a three-run lead wasn't nothin' in Boston.

"Stay right on that bag!" John hollers to Elliott.

Mebbe if John hadn't said nothin' to him everythin' would of been all right; but when Perdue starts to pitch the first ball to Tommy, Elliott starts to steal home. He's out as far as from here to Seattle.

If I'd been carryin' a gun I'd of shot him right through the heart. As it was, I thought John'd kill him with a bat, because he was standin' there with a couple of 'em, waitin' for his turn; but I guess John was too stunned to move. He didn't even seem to see Elliott when he went to the bench. After I'd cooled off a little I says:

"Beat it and get into your clothes before John comes in. Then go to the hotel and keep out o' sight."

When I got up in the room afterward, there was Elliott, lookin' as innocent and happy as though he'd won fifty bucks with a pair o' treys.

"I thought you might of killed yourself," I says.

"What for?" he says.

"For that swell play you made," says I.

"What was the matter with the play?" ast Elliott, surprised. "It was all right when I done it in St. Louis."

"Yes," I says; "but they was two out in St. Louis and we wasn't no three runs behind."

"Well," he says, "if it was all right in St. Louis I don't see why it was wrong here."

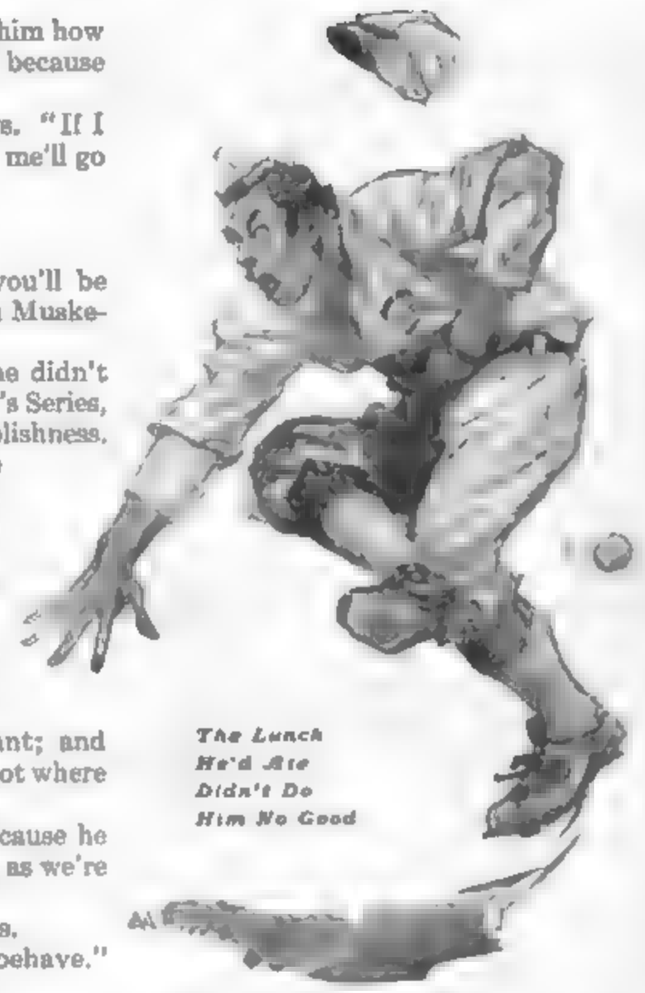
"It's a diff'rent climate here," I says, too disgusted to argue with him.

"I wonder if they'd let me sing in this climate?" says Elliott.

"No," I says. "Don't sing in this hotel, because we don't want to get fired out o' here—the eats is too good."

"All right," he says. "I won't sing." But when I starts down to supper he says: "I'm li'ble to do somethin' worse'n sing."

He didn't show up in the dinin' room and John went to the boxin' show after supper; so it looked like him and Elliott wouldn't run into each other till the murder had left John's heart. I was glad o' that—because a Mass'chusetts jury might not consider it justifiable hommercide if one guy croaked another for givin' the Boston club a game.



The Lunch He'd Ate Didn't Do Him No Good

I went down to the corner and had a couple o' beers; and then I come straight back, intendin' to hit the hay. The elevator boy had went for a drink or somethin', and they was two old ladies already waitin' in the car when I stepped in. Right along after me comes Elliott.

"Where's the boy that's supposed to run this car?" he says. I told him the boy'd be right back; but he says: "I can't wait. I'm much too sleepy."

And before I could stop him he'd slammed the door and him and I and the poor old ladies was shootin' up.

"Let us off at the third floor, please!" says one o' the ladies, her voice kind o' shakin'.

"Sorry, madam," says the bug; "but this is a express and we don't stop at no third floor."

I grabbed his arm and tried to get him away from the machinery; but he was as strong as a ox and he throwed me agin the side o' the car like I was a baby. We went to the top faster'n I ever rode in an elevator before. And then we shot down to the bottom, hittin' the bumper down there so hard I thought we'd be smashed to splinters.

The ladies was too scared to make a sound durin' the first trip; but while we was goin' up and down the second time—even faster'n the first—they begun to scream. I was hollerin' my head off at him to quit and he was makin' more noise than the three of us—pretendin' he was the locomotive and the whole crew o' the train.

Don't never ask me how many times we went up and down! The women fainted on the third trip and I guess I was about as near it as I'll ever get. The elevator boy and the bellhops and the waiters and the night clerk and everybody was jumpin' round the lobby screamin'; but no one seemed to know how to stop us.

Finally—on about the tenth trip, I guess—he slowed down and stopped at the fifth floor, where we was roomin'. He opened the door and beat it for the room, while I, though I was tremblin' like a leaf, run the car down to the bottom.

The night clerk knowed me pretty well and knowed I wouldn't do nothin' like that; so him and I didn't argue, but just got to work together to bring the old women to. While we was doin' that Elliott must of run down the stairs and slipped out o' the hotel, because when they sent the officers up to the room after him he'd blowed.

They was goin' to fire the club out; but Charlie had a good stand-in with Amos, the proprietor, and he fixed it up to let us stay—providin' Elliott kep' away. The bug didn't show up at the ball park next day and we didn't see no more of him till we got on the rattler for New York. Charlie and John both bawled him, but they give him a berth—an upper—and we pulled into the Grand Central Station without him havin' made no effort to wreck the train.

VII

I'D STUDIED the thing pretty careful, but hadn't come to no conclusion. I was sure he wasn't no stew, because none o' the boys had ever saw him even take a glass o' beer, and I couldn't never detect the odor o' booze on him. And if he'd been a dope I'd of knew about it—roomin' with him.

There wouldn't of been no mystery about it if he'd been a lefthand pitcher—but he wasn't. He wasn't nothin' but a whale of a hitter and he throwed with his right arm. He hit lefthanded, o' course; but so did Saier and Brid and Schulte and me, and John himself; and none of us was violent. I guessed he must of been just a plain nut and li'ble to break out any time.

They was a letter waitin' for him at New York, and I took it, intendin' to give it to him at the park, because I didn't think they'd let him room at the hotel; but after breakfast he come up to the room, with his suitcase. It seems he'd promised John and Charlie to be good, and made it so strong they b'lieved him.

I give him his letter, which was addressed in a girl's writin' and come from Muskegon.

"From the girl?" I says.

(Continued on Page 61)

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Night Life, With the Life Part Missing—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

IN OUR consideration of this topic we come first to the night life of the English. They have none.

Passing along to the next subject under the same heading, which is the night life of Paris, we find here so much night life, of such a delightfully transparent and counterfeit character; so much of made-to-measure devilry; so many members of the Madcaps' Union engaged on piece-work; so much of delicious, hoydenish derring-do, all carefully stage-managed and expertly timed for the benefit of North and South American spenders, to the end that the deliriousness shall abate automatically in exact proportion as the spenders quit spending—in short, so much of what is typically Parisian that really Paris, on its merits in this regard, is entitled to a chapter of its own.

All of which naturally brings us to the two remaining great cities of Mid-Europe—Berlin and Vienna—and leads us to the inevitable conclusion that the Europeans, in common with all other peoples on the earth, only succeed—when they try to be desperately wicked—in being desperately dull; whereas when they are seeking their pleasures in a natural manner they begin to present racial slants and angles that are very interesting to observe and very pleasant to have a hand in.

Take the Germans now: No less astute a world traveler than Sam Blythe is sponsor for the assertion that the Berliners follow the night-life route because the Kaiser found his capital did not attract the tourist types to the extent he had hoped, and so decreed that his faithful and devoted subjects, leaving their cozy hearths and inglenooks, should go forth at the hour when graveyards yawn—and who could blame them?—to spend the dragging time until dawn in being merry and bright. So saying His Majesty went to bed, leaving them to work while he slept.

After viewing the situation at first hand the present writer is of the opinion that Mr. Blythe is right in his statements. Certainly nothing is more soothing to the eye of the onlooker, nothing more restful to his soul, than to behold a group of Germans enjoying themselves in a normal manner. And absolutely nothing is quite so ghastly sad as the sight of those same well-flushed, well-fleshed Germans cavorting about between the hours of two and four-thirty A. M., trying, with all the pachydermic ponderosity of Barnum's Elephant Quadrille, to be professionally gay and cutuppish. These Prussians must love their Kaiser dearly. We sit up with our friends when they are dead; they stay up for him until they are ready to die of sleepiness themselves.

The Time to See a German Enjoying Himself is When He is Following His Own Bent

Vaudeville on Skates

AS IS well known Berlin abounds in pleasure palaces, so called. Enormous places these are, where under one widespreading roof are three or four separate restaurants of augmented size, not to mention winecellars and beer-caves below-stairs, and a dancehall or so, and a Turkish bath, and a bar, and a skating rink, and a concert hall—and any number of private dining rooms. The German mind invariably associates size with enjoyment.

To these establishments, after his regular dinner, the Berliner repairs with his family, his friend or his guest. There is one especially popular resort, a combination of restaurant and vaudeville theater, at which one eats an excellent dinner excellently served, and between courses witnesses the turns of a first-rate variety bill, always with the inevitable team of American coon shouters, either in fast colors or of the burnt-cork variety, sandwiched into the program somewhere.

In the Friedrichstrasse there is another place, called the Admiralspalast, which is even more attractive. Here, inclosing a big, oval-shaped ice arena, balcony after balcony rises circling to the roof. On one of these balconies you sit, and while you dine and after you have dined you look down on a most marvelous series of skating stunts. In rapid and bewildering succession there are ballets on skates, solo skating numbers, skating carnivals and skating races.

Finally scenery is slid in on runners and the whole company, in costumes grotesque and beautiful, go through a burlesque that keeps you laughing when you are not applauding, and admiring when you are doing neither; while alternating lightwaves from overhead electric devices flood the picture with shifting, shimmering tides of color. It is like seeing a Christmas pantomime under an aurora borealis. In America we could not do these things—at least we never have done them. Either the performance would be poor or the provender would be highly expensive, or both. But here the show is wonderful, and the victuals are good and not extravagantly priced, and everybody has a bully time.

At eleven-thirty or thereabout the show at the ice palace is over—concluding with a pushball match between teams of husky maidens who were apparently born on skates and raised on skates, and would not feel natural unless they were curveting about on skates. Their skates seem as much a part of them as tails to mermaids. It is bedtime now for sane folks, but at this moment a certain madness which does not at all fit in with the true German temperament descends on the crowd. Some go upstairs to another part of the building, where there is a dancehall called the Admiralskasino; but, to be truly swagger, one should hasten to the Palais du Danse on the second floor of the big Metropolpalast in the Behrenstrasse. This place opens promptly at midnight and closes promptly at two o'clock in the morning.

Inasmuch as the Palais du Danse is an institution borrowed outright from the French they have adopted the French custom there.

As the visitor enters—if he be a stranger—a flunky in gorgeous livery intercepts him and demands an entrance fee amounting to about a dollar and a quarter in our money, as I recall. This tariff the American or the Englishman pays, but the practiced Berliner merely suggests to the doorkeeper the expediency of his taking a long running start and jumping off into space, and stalks defiantly in without forking over a single pfennig to any person whatsoever.

A Learned Lecture on the Tango

THE Palais du Danse is incomparably the most beautiful ballroom in the world—so people who have been all over the world agree—and it is spotlessly clean and free from brackish smells, which is more than can be said of any French establishment of similar character I have seen. At the Palais du Danse the patron sits at a table—a table with something on it besides a cloth being an essential adjunct to complete enjoyment of an evening of German revelry; and as he sits and drinks he listens to the playing of a splendid band and looks on the dancing.

Nothing is drunk except wine—and by wine I mainly mean champagne of the most sweetish and sickish brand obtainable. Elsewhere, for one-twentieth the cost, the German could have the best and purest beer that is made; but he is out now for the big night. Accordingly he saturates his tissues with the sugary bubble-water of France. He does not join in the dancing himself. The men dancers are nearly all paid dancers, I think, and the beautifully clad women who dance are either professionals, too, or else belong to a profession that is older even than dancing is. They all dance with a profound German gravity and precision. Here is music to set a wooden leg a-jigging; but these couples circle and glide and dip with an incomprehensible decorum and slowness.

Of course they are dancing the tango or one of its manifold variations. All Europe, like all America, is at the moment tango mad. It was so when we were there and if one may judge by the cable dispatches it is still so. While we were in Paris, M. Jean Richepin lectured before the Forty Immortals of the Five Academies assembled in solemn conclave at the Institute of France. They are called the Forty Immortals because nobody can remember the names of more than five of them. He took for his subject the tango—his motto, in short, being one borrowed from the conductors in the New York subway—"Mind your step!"

While he spoke, which was for an hour or more, the bebadged and beribboned bosoms of his illustrious compatriots heaved with emotion; their faces—or such parts of their faces as were visible above the whiskerline—flushed with enthusiasm, and most vociferously they applauded his masterly phrasing

Berlin Abounds in Pleasure Palaces, So Called

and his tracing-out of the evolution of the tango, all the way from its Genesis, as it were, to its Revelation. I judge the revelation particularly appealed to them—that part of it appeals to so many.

After that the tango seemed literally to trail us. We could not escape it. While we were in Berlin the emperor saw fit officially to forbid the dancing of the tango by officers of his navy and army; and when we reached England the vogue for tango teas had started.

Naturally we went to one of these affairs. It took place at a theater. Such is the English way of interpreting the poetry of motion—to hire some one else to do it for you, and—in order to get the worth of your money—sit and swizzle tea while the paid performer is doing it. At the tango tea we patronized the tea was up to standard, but the dancing of the box-ankled professionals was a disappointment. Beforehand I had been told that the scene on the stage would be a veritable picture. And so it was—Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair.

As a matter of fact the best dancer I saw in Europe was a performing trick pony in a winter circus in Berlin. I also remember with distinctness of detail a chorusman who took part in a new Lehár opera, there in Berlin. I do not remember him for his dancing, because he was no clumsier of foot than his compatriots in the chorus rank and file; or for his singing, since I could not pick his voice out from the combined voices of the others. I remember him because he wore spectacles—not a monocle nor yet a pair of nose-glasses, but heavy-rimmed, double-lensed German spectacles with gold bows extending up behind his ears like the roots of an old-fashioned wisdom tooth.

Come to think about it I know of no reason why a chorusman should not wear spectacles if he needs them in his business or if he thinks they will add to his native beauty; but the spectacle of that bolster-built youth, dressed now as a Spanish cavalier and now as a Venetian gondolier, prancing about, with his spectacles goggling owlishly out at the audience, and once in a while, when a gleam from the footlights caught on them, turning to two red-hot disks set in the middle of his face, was a thing that is going to linger in my memory when a lot of more important matters are entirely forgotten.

Not even in Paris did the tango experts compare with the tango experts one sees in America. At this juncture I pause a moment, giving opportunity for some carping critic to rise and call my attention to the fact that perhaps the most distinguished of the early school of turkey-trotters bears a French name and came to us from Paris.

New York to New York Via Montmartre

TO WHICH I reply that so he does and so he did; but I add then the counter-argument that he came to us by way of Paris, at the conclusion of a round trip that started in the old Fourth Ward of the Borough of Manhattan, city of Greater New York; for he was born and bred on the East Side—and, moreover, was born bearing the name of a race of kings famous in the south of Ireland and along the Bowery. And he learned his art—not only the rudiments of it but the final finished polish of it—in the dancehalls of Third Avenue, where the best slow-time dancers on earth come from. It was after he had acquired a French accent and had Gallicized his name, thereby causing a general turning-over of old settlers in the graveyards of the County Clare, that he returned to us, a conspicuous figure in the world of art and fashion, and was able to get twenty-five dollars an hour for teaching the sons and daughters of our richest families to trip the light tanfastic go.

We Stayed Twenty Minutes, But It Must Have Been an Off-Night for Stabbings

At the same time, be it understood, I am not here to muckrake the past of one so prominent and affluent in the most honored and lucrative of modern professions; but facts are facts, and these particular facts are quoted here to bind and buttress my claim that the best dancers are the American dancers.

After this digression let us hurry right back to that loyal Berliner whom we left seated in the Palais du Danse on the Behrenstrasse, waiting for the hour of two in the morning to come. The hour of two in the morning does come; the lights die down; the dancers pick up their heavy feet—it takes an effort to pick up those Continental feet—and quit the waxen floor; the Oberkellner comes round with his gold chain of office dangling on his breast and collects for the wine, and our German friend, politely inhaling his yawns, gets up and goes elsewhere to finish his good time. And, goldarn it, how he does dread it! Yet he goes, faithful soul that he is.

He goes, let us say, to the Pavillon Mascotte—no dancing, but plenty of drinking and music and food—which opens at two and stays open until four, when it shuts up shop in order that another place in the nature of a cabaret may open. And so, between five and six o'clock in the morning of the new day, when the lady garbagemen and the gentlemen chambermaids of the German capital are abroad on their several duties, he journeys homeward, and so, as Mr. Pepys says, to bed, with nothing disagreeable to look forward to except repeating the same dose all over again the coming night. This sort of thing would kill anybody except a Prussian—for, mark you, between intervals of drinking he has been eating all night; but then a Prussian has no digestion. He merely has a capacity in the place where his digestive apparatus ought to be.

I William, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, hereby decree that night life in Berlin must be livelier in order to attract Tourists. Therefore, I command all loyal Subjects to go out each night & be merry and bright.

These Prussians Must Love Their Kaiser; They Stay Up for Him Until They are Ready to Die of Sleepiness

I Am Given to Understand That Vienna Night Life Is the Wildest of All Night Life

The time to see a German enjoying himself is when he is following his own bent and not obeying the implied edict of his gracious sovereign. I had a most excellent opportunity of observing him while engaged in his own private pursuits of pleasure when by chance one evening, in the course of a solitary prowl, I bumped into a sort of Berlinesque version of Coney Island, with the island part missing. It was not out in the suburbs where one would naturally expect to find such a resort. It was in the very middle of the city, just round the corner from the café district, not more than half a mile, as the *Blutwurst* flies, from Unter den Linden, that I happened on this little, noisy park.

Even at this distance and after a considerable lapse of time I can still appreciate that place, though I cannot pronounce it; for it had a name consisting of one of those long German compound words that run all the way round a fellow's face and lap over at the back, like a clergyman's collar, and it had also a subname that no living person could hope to utter unless he had a thorough German education and throat trouble. You meet such nouns frequently in Germany. They are not meant to be spoken; you gargle them.

To speak the full name of this park would require two able-bodied persons—one to start it off and carry it along until his larynx gave out, and the other to take it up at that point and finish it.

Sunday at the Zoo

FOR all the nine-jointed impressiveness of its title this park was a live, brisk little park full of side-show tents sheltering mildly amusing, faked-up attractions, with painted banners flapping in the air and barkers spieling before the entrances and all the ballyhoos going at full blast—altogether a creditable imitation of a street fair as witnessed in any American town that has a good live Elks' Lodge in it.

Plainly the place was popular. Germans of all conditions and all ages and all sizes—but mainly the broader lasts—were winding about in thick streams in the narrow, crooked alleys formed by the various tents. They packed themselves in front of each booth where a free exhibition was going on, and when the free part was over and the regular performance began each struggled good-naturedly to be the first to pay the admission fee and enter in at the door.

And, for a price, there were freaks to be seen who properly belonged on our side of the water, it seemed to me. I had always supposed them to be exclusively domestic articles until I encountered them here. There was a regular Boscoe—a genuine Herr He Alive Them Eats—sitting in his canvas den entirely surrounded by a choice and tasty selection of eating snakes. The orthodox tattooed man was there, too, first standing up to display the text and accompanying illustrations on his front cover, and then turning round so the crowd might read what he said on the other side. And there was many another familiar freak introduced to our fathers by Old Dan Rice and to us, their children, through the good offices of Daniel's long and noble line of successors.

A seasonable Sunday is a fine time; and the big Zoölogical Garden, which is a favorite outdoor resort in fair weather, is a fine place for studying the Berlin populace at the diversions they prefer when left to their own devices. At one table will be a cluster of students, with their queer little pill-box caps of all colors, their close-cropped heads and well-shaved necks, and their saber-scarred faces.

At the next table half a dozen spectacled, long-coated men, who look as though they might be university professors, are confabbing earnestly. And at the next table and the next and the next—and so on, until the aggregate runs into big figures—are family groups—grandsires, fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles and children, on down to the babies in arms.

By the uncountable thousands they spend the afternoon here, munching sausages and sipping lager, and enjoying the excellent music that is invariably provided. At each plate there is a beer mug, for everybody is forever drinking and nobody is ever drunk.

You see a lot of this sort of thing, not only in the parks and gardens so numerous in and near any German city but everywhere on the Continent. Seeing it helps an American

to understand a main difference between the American Sabbath and the European Sunday. We keep it and they spend it.

I am given to understand that Vienna night life is the most alluring, the most abandoned, the most wicked and the wildest of all night life. Probably this is so—certainly it is the most cloistered and the most inaccessible. The Viennese does not deliberately exploit his night life to prove to all the world that he is a gay dog and will not go home until morning though it kill him—as the German does. Neither does he maintain it for the sake of the coin to be extracted from the pockets of the tourist, as do the Parisians. With him his night life is a thing he has created and which he supports for his own enjoyment.

And so it goes on—not out in the open; not press-agented; not advertised; but behind closed doors. He does not care for the stranger's presence, nor does he suffer it either—unless the stranger is properly vouched for. The best theaters in Vienna are small, exclusive affairs, privately supported, and with seating capacity for a few chosen patrons.

Once he has quit the public café with its fine music and its bad waiters the uninitiated traveler has a pretty lonesome time of it in Vienna. Until all hours he may roam the principal streets seeking that fillip of wickedness which will give zest to life and provide him with something to brag about when he gets back among the homefolks again. He does not find it. Charades would provide a much more exciting means of spending the long winter evening; and, in comparison with the sights he witnesses, anagrams and acrostics are positively thrilling.

He is tantalized by the knowledge that all about him there are big doings, but, so far as he is concerned, he might just as well be attending a Sunday-school cantata. Unless he be suitably introduced he will have never a chance to shake a foot with anybody or buy a drink for somebody in the inner circles of Viennese night life. He is emphatically on the outside, denied even the poor satisfaction of looking in. At that I have a suspicion, born of casual observation among other races, that the Viennese really has a better time when he is not trying than when he is trying.

No taste of the night life in Paris is regarded as complete without a visit to an Apache resort at the fag-end of it. For orderly and law-abiding people the disorderly and lawbreaking people always have an immense fascination anyhow. The average person, though inclined to blink at whatever prevalence of the criminal classes may exist in his own community, desires above all things to know at firsthand about the criminals of other communities. In these matters charity begins at home.

In the Cave of the Innocents

EVERY New Yorker who journeys to the West wants to see a few roadagents; conversely the Westerner sojourning in New York pesters his New York friends to lead him to the haunts of the gangsters. It makes no difference that in a Western town the prize hold-up man is more apt than not to be a real-estate dealer; that in New York the average run of citizens know no more of the gangs than they know of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—which is to say, nothing at all. Human nature comes to the surface just the same.

In Paris they order this thing differently; they exhibit the same spirit of enterprise that in a lesser degree characterized certain promoters of rubberneck tours who some years ago fitted up make-believe opium dens in New York's Chinatown for the awed delectation of out-of-town spectators. Knowing from experience that every other American who lands in Paris will crave to observe the Apache while the Apache is in the act of Apaching round regardless, the canny Parisians have provided a line of up-to-date Apache dens within easy walking distance of Montmartre; and thither the guides lead the round-eyed tourist and there introduce him to well-drilled, carefully made-up Apaches and Apacheses engaged in their customary sports and pastimes as long as he is willing to pay out money for the privilege.

Being forewarned of this I naturally desired to see the genuine article. I took steps to achieve that end. Suitably chaperoned by a trio of transplanted Americans who knew a good bit about the Paris underworld I rode over miles of bumpy cobblestones until, along about four o'clock in the morning, our taxicab turned into a dim back street opening off one of the big public markets and drew up in front of a grimy establishment rejoicing in the happy and well-chosen name of the Cave of the Innocents.

Alighting we passed through a small boozing ken, where a frowzy woman presided over a bar, serving drinks to smocked marketmen, and at the rear descended a steep flight of stone steps. At the foot of the stairs we came on two gendarmes who sat side by side on a wooden bench, having apparently nothing else to do except to caress their goatees and finger their swords. Whether the gendarmes were stationed here to keep the Apaches from preying on the marketmen or the marketmen from preying on the Apaches I know not; but having subsequently purchased some fresh fruit in that selfsame market I should say now that if anybody about the premises needed police protection it was the Apaches. My money would be on the marketmen every time.

Beyond the couchant gendarmes we traversed a low, winding passage cut out of stone and so came at length to what seemingly had originally been a winevault, hollowed out far down beneath the foundations of the building. The ceiling was so low that a tall man must stoop to avoid knocking his head off. The place was full of smells that had crawled in a couple of hundred years before and had died without benefit of clergy—and had remained there ever since. For its chief item of furniture the cavern had a wicked old piano, with its lid missing, so that its yellowed teeth showed in a perpetual snarl. I judged some of its most important vital organs were missing too—after I heard it played.

On the walls were scored such words as naughty little boys write on schoolhouse fences in this country, and more examples of this pleasing brand of literature were carved on the whittled oak benches and the rickety wooden stools. So much for the physical furbishings.

By rights—by all the hallowed rules and precedents of the American vaudeville stage!—the denizens of this cozy retreat in the bowels of the earth should have been wearing high-waisted, baggy velvet trousers and drinking absinthe out of large flagons, and stabbing one another between the shoulderblades, and ever and anon, in the mystic mazes of the dance, playing crack-the-whip with the necks and heels of their adoring lady friends; but such was not found to be the case. In all these essential and traditional regards the assembled Innocents were as poignantly disappointing as the costers of London had proved themselves.

According to all the printed information on the subject the London coster should have been wearing clothes covered up with pearl buttons and swapping ready repartee with his Donah or his Dinah. The costers I saw were barren of pearl buttons and silent of speech; and almost invariably they had left their Donahs at home. Similarly these gentlemen habitués of the Cave of the Innocents wore few or no velvet pants, and guzzled little or none of the absinthe. Their favorite tipple appeared to be beer; and their female companions snuggled closely beside them. We stayed among them fully twenty minutes, but not a single person was stabbed while we were there. It must have been an off-night for stabbings.

Still, I judged them to have been genuine exhibits because here, for the first, last and only time in Paris, I found a shop where a stranger ready to spend a little money was not welcomed with vociferous enthusiasm. The paired-off cave-dwellers merely scowled on us as we scrouged past them to a vacant bench in a far corner. The waiter, though, bowed before us—a shockheaded personage in the ruins of a dress suit, he was—at the same time saying words which I took to be complimentary until one of my friends explained that he had called us something that might be freely translated as a certain kind of female lobster.

Circumscribed by our own inflexible and unyielding language we in America must content ourselves with calling a man a plain lobster; but the limber-tongued Gaul goes further than that he calls you a female lobster, which seems somehow or other to make it more binding.

However, I do not really think the waiter meant to be deliberately offensive; for presently, having first served us with beer which for obvious reasons we did not drink, he stationed himself alongside the infirm piano and rendered a little ballad to the effect that all men were spiders and all women were snakes, and all the world was a green poison; so, right off, I knew what his trouble was, for I had seen many persons just as morbidly affected as himself down in the malaria belt of the United States, where everybody has liver for breakfast every morning. The waiter was bilious—that was what ailed him.

For the sake of the conventions I tried to feel apprehensive of grave peril. It was no go. I felt safe—not exactly comfortable, but perfectly safe. I could not even muster up a spasm of the spine when a member of our party leaned over and whispered in my ear that any one of these gentry roundabout us would cheerfully cut a man's throat for twenty-five cents.

I was surprised, though, at the moderation of the cost; this was the only cheap thing I had struck in Paris. It was cheaper even than the same job is supposed to be in the district round Chatham Square, on the East Side of New York, where the credulous stranger is so frequently told that he can have a plain murder done for five dollars—or a fancy murder, with trimmings, for ten; rate card covering other jobs on application.

In America, however, it has ever been my misfortune that I did not have the right amount handy; and here in Paris I was handicapped by my inability to make change correctly. By now I would not have trusted any one in Paris to make change for me—not even an Apache. I was sorry for this, for at a quarter a head I should have been very glad to engage Apaches to kill me about two dollars' worth of cabdrivers and waiters. For one of the waiters at our hotel I would have been willing to pay as much as fifty cents, provided they killed him very slowly. Because of the reasons named, however, I had to come away without making any deal—and I have always regretted it.

Evening Sport in European Capitals

AT THE outset of this article I said the English had no night life. This was a slight but a pardonable misstatement of the actual facts. The Englishman has not so much night life as the Parisian, the Berliner, the Viennese or the Buda Pest; but he has more night life in his town of London than the Roman has in his town of Rome.

In Rome night life for the foreigner consists of going indoors at eventide and until bedtime figuring up how much money he has been skinned out of during the course of the day just done—and for the native in going indoors and counting up how much money he has skinned the foreigner out of during the day aforesaid. London has its night life, but it ends early—in the very shank of the evening, so to speak.

This is due in a measure to the operation of the early-closing law, which, however, does not apply if you are a bona-fide traveler stopping at your own inn. There the ancient tavern law protects you. You may sit at ease and, if so minded, may drink and eat until daylight doth appear or doth not appear, as is generally the case in the foggy season. There is another law, of newer origin, to prohibit the taking of children under a certain age into a public house.

On the passage of this act there at once sprang up a congenial and lucrative employment for those horrible old-women drunkards who are so distressingly numerous in the poorer quarters of the town. Regardless of the weather one of these bedrabbled creatures stations herself just outside the door of a pub. Along comes a mother with a thirst and a child. Surrendering her offspring to the temporary care of the hag the mother goes within and has her refreshment at the bar. When, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand, she comes forth to reclaim the youngster she gives the other woman a ha'penny for her trouble, and eventually the other woman harvests enough ha'penny bits to buy a dram of gin for herself. On a rainy day I have seen a draggled, Sairey-Gamp-looking female caring for as many as four damp infants under the drippy portico of an East End groggery.

It is to the cafés that the early-closing law chiefly applies. The cafés are due to close for business within half an hour after midnight. When the time for shutting up draws nigh the managers do not put their lingering patrons out physically. The individual's body is a sacred thing, personal liberty being most dear to

(Continued on Page 65)

I Have Seen a Draggled Female Caring for as Many as Four Damp Infants Under the Drippy Portico of an East End Groggery

CHEAP AT A MILLION

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IV

THE telephone operator in E. H. Merriwether's office manipulated the plugs in the switchboard and answered in advance:

"Mr. Merriwether's office!"

From the other end of the wire came:

"This is the Rivulet Club. Mr. Waters wishes to speak to Mr. E. H. Merriwether. Personal matter."

"He's engaged just now. Will any one else do?"

"No. Say it is Mr. Waters—about Mr. Tom Merriwether."

People resorted to all manner of tricks and subterfuges to speak to Mr. E. H. Merriwether—deluded people who thought they could get what they wished if only they could speak to Mr. Merriwether himself. They never succeeded. He was too well guarded by highly paid experts who prevented the waste of his precious time. But the telephone operator knew her business. She switched the would-be conversationalist on to the private secretary's line, saying:

"Mr. Waters, Rivulet Club, wishes to speak to Mr. E. H. in regard to Mr. Tom Merriwether."

"I'll talk to him," hastily said the private secretary.

"Hello, Mr. Waters! This is McWayne, Mr. Merriwether's private secretary. Has anything happened to Tom that —— Oh! Yes—of course! At once, Mr. Waters."

McWayne then had the operator put Mr. Waters on Mr. E. H.'s wire.

"Who?" said the czar of the Pacific & Southwestern. "Waters? Oh, yes. Go ahead!" And Mr. E. H. Merriwether heard, in a young man's voice:

"Say, Mr. Merriwether, some of the fellows here thought I'd better speak to you about Tom. He's been acting kind of queer; of course I don't mean crazy or—er—alarming; but—don't you know?—unusual. . . . Yes, sir! A little unusual for him, Mr. Merriwether. Today it was about the opera. Says he's got to get a certain seat, no matter what it costs. Of course it isn't our business. . . . Oh, no; he never drinks too much. No; never! We don't think we are called on to follow him to the Metropolitan, where he has just gone; but we thought you ought to know it. Please don't bring us into any—— You know we are very fond of Tom; and we were a little worried, he's been so unlike himself lately. We teased him about being in love, and he—er—he seemed to get quite angry. . . . Yes, Mr. Merriwether; we'll keep you posted; and please don't give me away. It was a very delicate matter and—— Don't mention it, Mr. Merriwether. We'd all do anything for Tom, sir. Good by."

E. H. Merriwether, the greatest little cuss in the world, as his admirers called him, hung up the telephone. His face, that impassive gambler's face which never told anything, now showed as plainly as could be that he was wounded in a vital spot.

His son Tom was all this great millionaire had! His railroad became so much junk and his vast plans just so much waste paper as he thought of Tom. Was the boy going insane? Was it drugs? Was it one of those mysterious maladies that break millionaires' hearts by baffling the greatest physicians of the entire world and being beyond the reach of gold? Or was it a joke? Young Evert Waters was a friend of Tom's; but might not he exaggerate? He rang the bell for his private secretary.

"McWayne, send somebody with brains to the Metropolitan Opera House to find out whether my son Tom has been up there—box office—and what he is up to. I want to know how he acts. I want to know where the boy goes and what he does, whom he sees and where. Get some specialist on—er"—he could not bring himself to say mental diseases—"on nervous troubles, and make an appointment with him to come to my house tomorrow morning. He will have breakfast with us—say, at eight-thirty. I don't want Tom to know.

"Be ready to notify the papers to suppress any and all stories about Tom. I fear nothing and expect nothing, because I know nothing. Drop everything else and attend to these matters at once. I have heard that Tom is acting a little queer. It may be a lie or a joke—or a trick. I want to find out—that's all."

He Was the Man Who Had Made Ordway Blake Give Up Making Six Millions a Year

He would learn before he acted decisively. He stared at a pigeonhole in his desk marked T. T. M. There he kept all letters Tom had written him from boarding school and from college. Presently he raised his head and drew a deep breath. There was no need to worry until he knew. It would be a waste of energy and of time; and, for all his millions, he could not afford the waste. He rang a bell; and when a clerk appeared he said in his calm voice:

"I'll see Governor Bolton the moment he comes in."

There was a big battle on between capital and labor. He was in the thick of it. He put Tom out of his mind for the time being. He could do that at will; but he could not put Tom out of his heart—this little chap that people called ruthless.

V

TOM MERRIWETHER went to the box office at the Metropolitan and said pleasantly, as men do when they ask for what they know will be given to them:

"I want the seat just back of G 77—orchestra—for tonight. I suppose it will be H 77."

The clerk, who knew the heir of the Merriwether millions, said:

"I'll see whether we have it, Mr. Merriwether." He saw. Then he said, with sincere regret: "I'm very sorry. It's gone."

"I must have it," said Tom determinedly.

"I don't quite see how I can help you, Mr. Merriwether. I can give you another just as ——"

"I don't want any other seat. Who bought it?"

"I don't know. It may be a subscription seat, sold months ago."

"It's the double seven on the seventh row that I am concerned about. I want the seat just back of it."

"I'll call up the ticket agencies. There's a bare chance they may have it." After a few minutes he said: "I'm very sorry, Mr. Merriwether, but they haven't it."

"I'm willing to pay any price for H 77. I'll give you a hundred dollars if you ——"

"Mr. Merriwether, I couldn't do it if you offered me a thousand! If I could do it at all I'd be only too glad to do it for you—for nothing," the clerk said, and blushed. Everybody liked Tom.

The sincerity in the clerk's voice impressed young Mr. Merriwether, who thanked him warmly and withdrew. The baffled feeling that he took away with him from the ticket window grew in intensity until he was ready to fight.

It was a natural-enough impulse that led him back to 777 Blank Avenue; but he was not quite sure whether he was angry at the man for telling him to do what was obviously impossible or at himself for determining to find her!

He rang the bell of the house of mystery. The footman that answered was one of the intelligent four; but his face was impassive, as though he had never before seen Tom.

"Your master?" asked Tom abruptly.

"Your card, please," said the footman impassively. Tom gave it to him. The man disappeared, presently to return. "This way, sir." And at the door in the rear he paused and announced: "Mr. Merriwether!"

The master of the house was in his usual place. He bowed his head gravely and waited.

"I couldn't get the seat," said Tom with a frown.

"It is written: Vain are man's efforts!"

"That's all very well, my friend. But the next time ——"

"Fate deals with time—not with next time! There is no certainty of any time but one. If you can do nothing I can do nothing. I still say: The seat back of G 77 tonight."

Tom Merriwether looked searchingly into the calm eyes before him. The baffled feeling returned; also, a great curiosity. What would the end be? At length he said: "Good day, sir." He half hoped the man would volunteer some helpful remark.

"Good day, sir," said the man with cold politeness.

Tom went back to the opera house and asked for somebody in authority to whom he might talk. They ushered him into Mr. Kirsch's presence. Mr. Kirsch, amiable by birth, temperament and training, listened to him with much gravity; also, with a concern he tried to conceal, for it was too sad—a bright, clean-living, intensely likable chap like Tom, only heir to the Merriwether millions!

Fearing a scene he told Tom that he would speak to the ticket-takers in the lobby to be on the lookout for ticket H 77. Then he conferred with the emissary McWayne had sent, who thereupon was able to send in a most alarming report.

The private secretary softened it as much as he could and even dared to suggest to the chief that it might be a bet; but the little czar of the Pacific & Southwestern, who had never flinched under any strain or stress, grew visibly older as he heard that his son was offering thousands for an opera seat—for the seat back of the double seven, seventh row. It could mean but one thing!

Tom was so fortunate as to be standing beside the ticket-collector at the middle door of the main entrance when the owner of H 77 appeared. He was a fat man with a pink and shiny face, a close-cropped mustache and huge pearl studs. The fat man was fortunately alone.

"Sir," said Tom, "I should like to speak with you."

The man looked apprehensive. Then he said:

"What is it about?"

"For very strong personal reasons I should like to exchange tickets with you. I can give you G 120—every bit as good—on the other side of the aisle."

"Why should I change?" queried the shiny-faced man suspiciously.

"To oblige a very nice young lady and myself. Of course if you prefer to be paid ——"

"I don't need money."

"Well, I'll pay you a hundred dollars for your ticket," said Tom coldly.

The man shook his head from force of habit, in order that Tom might see he was offering too little. Then he said recklessly:

"It's yours, my friend. I have a pet charity. I'll give your money to it. Where's the hundred?"

Tom took out a small roll of yellow bills, pulled off one and handed it to the man with the pet charity, who took it, looked at it, nodded, put it in his pocket, gave the coupon to Tom, and then held out his right hand.

"Where is the ticket for G 120 that you'll give me in place of mine?"

Tom gave it to him and walked into the house, not knowing that McWayne's emissary had listened and reported. He sat in H 77 and tried to laugh at his own absurd behavior; but somewhere within him—away in, very deep—something was thrillingly alert, tantalizingly expectant.

The seat before him was empty. It remained empty during the first act. It angered Tom that the climax should be so long in coming. The three seats in front of him remained vacant until just before the curtain went up on the last act. Somebody came in just as the lights were lowered and occupied seat G 77.

Tom sat up and braced himself. He leaned over, vaguely desiring to be near her. Unconscious that he was under a strain, he nevertheless drew a deep breath.

Nothing Had Happened—Except That He Again Had Made an Ass of Himself!

Instantly there came to him the odor of sweet peas, and with it thoughts of summer, of a beautiful girl, of a soul mate, of a wife. Love filled his being. He wished to love and be loved. He wished to be somebody's husband, so that he might begin to live the life he was to live until the day of his death!

He leaned back in his chair and again inhaled the fragrance of sweet peas—the odor that must mean kisses in the open; the inarticulate lovemaking of breezes and blossoms; the multitudinous whispers of midsummer nights heard by love-hungry ears. And then the music! There came the breaking of a heart about to cease beating and the sobbing crash of the brasses in the finale. It was almost more than Tom could bear.

Then the curtain fell and light flooded the house. People streamed out. Tom twisted and turned to see the face of the lady who made him think of the sweet peas, which made him think of love and marriage and children—but she was wrapped to the cheeks in a fur-edged opera cloak and her head was covered with a black lace wrap. He could not see her face; and after rivulets of people reached the main stream in the middle aisle he found himself hopelessly separated from her. He tried to jostle his way through. McWayne, his father's private secretary, suddenly happened to be there.

"Hello, Tom!" he said. "What's your rush?"

Tom saw that it was useless to pursue the phantom of sweet peas and dreams of love unless he vaulted over the stalls. McWayne's presence made him realize how his friends would be shocked by such actions.

"No hurry at all," said Tom, who, after all, was a Merriwether. "Just wanted to see whether I knew that girl."

"I'll bet she's a pippin!" said McWayne with a friendly smile. It irritated Tom.

"I don't know any of your friends," said Tom coldly; "lady friends and pippins, fellows like you call them, I believe."

That was what convinced McWayne that the worst was to be feared about poor Tom, who was so considerate and amiable when normal. Poor Tom! McWayne telephoned to the waiting E. H. Merriwether, whose only reply was to ask the private secretary to arrange to have Doctor Frauenthal, the great specialist, at breakfast in the Merriwether house the next morning, without fail.

It was quite a common occurrence for Doctor Frauenthal to meet—under false pretenses, as it were—persons whose sanity was suspected by fond relatives who dared not openly acknowledge their suspicions. He was a man whose eyes had been compared to psychic corkscrews, with which he brought the patient's secret thoughts to the light of day. Some one said of him that, by inducing a feeling of guilt and detection among the predatory rich, he was able to exact colossal fees from them. He was the man who had made Ordway Blake give up making six millions a year in Wall Street by quitting. Mr. Blake was still alive.

Frauenthal was introduced to Tom as a gentleman whose advice "E. H." desired. The men conversed on various topics apparently haphazard; but in reality Tom, without knowing it, was answering test questions. The answers could not conclusively prove insanity, but they would certainly show whether a more thorough examination was necessary.

Mr. Merriwether and Frauenthal left the house together. They entered the waiting brougham. The great little railroad magnate gave the address of the doctor's office to the footman, then turned to Frauenthal and said calmly:

"Well, what do you think of him?"

His voice was steady and cold, his face imperturbable; his eyes were fixed with intelligent scrutiny on the specialist's, but his fingers tightly clutched a rolled morning newspaper.

Frauenthal turned his clinical stare on E. H. Merriwether, as though the financier were really the patient. He swept the little man's face—the eyes, the mouth and the poise—and then let his eyes linger on the clenched fingers about the newspaper.

The iron-nerved, glacial-blooded, flint-hearted Merriwether could not control himself after forty-five seconds of this. He flung the newspaper on the floor violently.

"Go ahead!" he said harshly.

The doctor did not smile outwardly; but you felt that within himself he had found an answer to one of his own unspoken questions about the father of the suspect.

"There are, Mr. E. H. Merriwether," he began in the measured tones and overcareful enunciation of a lecturer at a clinic, "various forms of—let us say—madness; and your son Tom, a fine young man of twenty-eight, is quite unmistakably suffering from ——"

He paused to give the fine young man's emotionless father an opportunity to show human feelings. Frauenthal was always interested in the struggle between the emotional and the physical in his millionaire patients.

"Go on!" said E. H. Merriwether, so very coldly as to irritate.

His eyes never left the alienist's own secret-draggers; but he was drumming on his thigh with the tips of his uncontrollable fingers. Ordinarily his desk would have screened from sight this betrayal of human feeling.

"Your son, sir, is suffering, beyond any question, from the oldest madness of all—Love!"

"What?"

"Your son Tom is in love. That is what ails him."

"Are you serious?" Mr. Merriwether was frowning fiercely now.

"You'll think so," retorted Frauenthal coldly, "when you get my bill."

"My boy Tom in love?" repeated the czar blankly.

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"I don't know. I'm a neurologist—not a soothsayer."

"Well, suppose he is in love—what of it?"

"Nothing—to me."

"Then what is serious about it?"

"I can't tell you, for its seriousness to you depends on your point of view toward society at large. There are, of course, the obvious disquieting circumstances."

"For instance?"

"He is a fine chap—healthy, bright, honest. What is the reason he has said nothing to you? Is he ashamed or afraid? If he is ashamed it is very serious to both of you. If he is afraid—well, then the seriousness depends on how intelligent a father you have been to him."

"Don't talk like a fool! I've been a good father to him; of course ——"

"Wait! Wait! First tell me why you do what you ask me not to do?" In the specialist's eyes was a professional curiosity.

"What do you mean?" said E. H. Merriwether impatiently. It exasperated him to be puzzled.

"Why do you talk like a fool?" said Frauenthal.

Nobody ever talked that way to Mr. E. H. Merriwether, overlord of the greatest railroad empire in history. He flushed and was about to retort angrily, but controlled himself in time. The brougham had reached Frauenthal's office. Mr. Merriwether spoke too calmly—you could feel the tense restraint:

"Doctor Frauenthal, I've heard a great deal of your wonderful ability."

He paused. It came hard to him to be ingratiating. This difficulty is the revenge which Nature takes on people who acquire the habit of paying money for everything in this world. Such men cannot talk except with a checkbook, and the checkbook loses the power of speech before happiness—and before death.

"What very difficult thing is it you wish me to do for you?" asked Frauenthal coldly.

"You are sure Tom is not ——" He hesitated.

"Crazy?" prompted the specialist.

"Yes."

"Yes; I'm sure he is not. Therefore he is saner than you."

Mr. Merriwether let this remark pass. He was anxious to save Tom. This man was uncannily sharp. He said:

"And can't you do something, so that Tom will not ——"

"I am not God!" interrupted Frauenthal.

"Then, what can I do? What do you suggest might be done?"

"As a neurologist?"

"Yes."

"Nothing."

"Then as a man of the world—as one who knows human nature. You see, this—this—er—sort of thing is not in my line. What shall I do?" It was a terrible thing for the great Merriwether to confess inefficiency in anything.

"Pray!"

The little magnate flushed.

"Doctor Frauenthal," he began with chilling dignity. "I asked ——"

"And I answered. Have your millions deafened you? Pray! Pray to whatever other God you may have that the lady prove to be neither a prima donna nor a novelist. A temperamental daughter-in-law is really worse than you deserve, for all the money they say you have made. There are checkbook gods and stock-ticker gods; and there is also God. I'd pray to Him if I were you. Good day, sir!"

The footman had opened the door, and the great specialist, without another look at the railroad man, got out and walked into his house.

"Where to, sir?" asked the footman.

Mr. Merriwether, however, was vexed to think that in relieving his anxiety over Tom's sanity Frauenthal had replaced it with a dread question—Why had not Tom told his father about her? The boy must be either crazy or in love. If he was not crazy, who in blazes was she? What was she? Why was she? All this angered him. He muttered aloud:

"Hell!"

"Yes, sir—very good, sir," said the footman from force of habit. Then he trembled; but his master had not heard him. The footman breathed deeply and said tremulously: "B-beg p-pardon, sir?"

"Nearest Subway station!" said E. H. Merriwether.

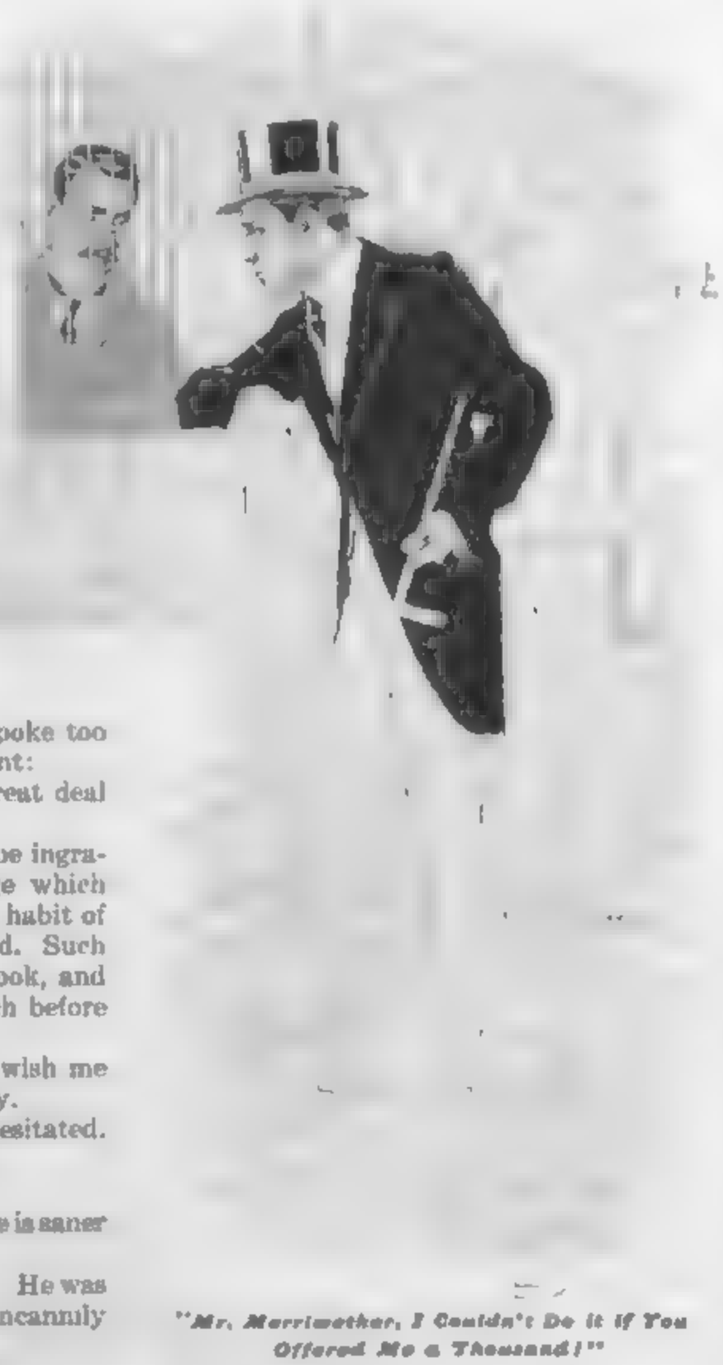
He was in a hurry to reach his office, not because he had important business to transact there, but because somehow he always thought best in his own chair before his own desk in his own office. There he was an autocrat, and there he could think autocratically and issue commands that were obeyed. He had much thinking to do—Tom was concerned, his son Tom; and Tom's future. And it was now clear that T. T. Merriwether's future was also the future of E. H. Merriwether!

Why had this thing come on him? Talk about your thunderbolts out of a clear sky—this love affair was a million times worse! It was mysterious—and it is well known in Wall Street that a mystery is worse than nitroglycerin—infinitely more dangerous. Ignorance is always fatal.

What was this love affair? How far had it gone? Just where was the dynamite stored? Whowasshe? Why did not Tom say something? Why could not Tom have fallen in love safely? Why could he not have married a good girl who would help him and help E. H. Merriwether; help both by minding her own business—to wit, a few little male Merriwethers?

It was time Tom became his father's successor-to-be. E. H. Merriwether had loved to do his own work his own way all his life. It was his pleasure. But the work suddenly took on an aspect of far greater importance than the worker. The work was the work of the Merriwethers—not of one Merriwether; not even of the great E. H., but of all the Merriwethers, living and to be.

Tom must be trained to be not only the son of a



"Mr. Merriwether, I Couldn't Do It if You Offered Me a Thousand!"

Merriwether, but to be himself a Merriwether. And therefore E. H. must cease to be a railroad expert toward Tom; he must become Tom's father, the trainer of a successor—flesh and blood the same; the fortune the same.

And, as a sense of impending loss always heightens values, E. H. Merriwether suddenly realized how important to him and to his happiness Tom was. He loved Tom, who was not only his only son but the only Merriwether. That told everything: He loved Tom.

VI

AFTER his father and Doctor Frauenthal left the house Tom tried to feel that he had finished his breakfast—that is to say, he attempted to read the newspapers. But the printed letters failed to combine themselves into intelligible forms, and even when he read a word here and there his mind did not record it. Obeying an unexplained impulse he rose.

Then he sat down merely because he had been standing. Then he tried to reason why he was sitting and what sitting there thinking of himself in that particular position meant. But the sky was too blue! It called to him in an azure voice that made him long for the sunshine and the open air, and the rooflessness of outdoors that permits ten million fancies to soar unchecked.

Also, he longed for something; and, though he knew that he longed, he did not know exactly what it was he longed for, because it was not his mind that desired it, but all of him; and all of him did not think with precision. Young men are apt to feel like that in the springtime—also young women. Also, widowers and canaries and heifers and burros—and even bankers!

Therefore Tom swore at that nothing which is always something and gave up trying to make himself think that he wanted to read the morning papers. His nervous system coined a proverb for him: "When in doubt, walk out!" So he walked out of the house and crossed the avenue.

He found himself in Central Park—the remedy which the very rich do not and the very poor cannot use to cure the spring in the blood. And as he walked the soul-fidgets left him, so that after a mile or two he quite cold-bloodedly began to think of his most pressing duties. He went about them systematically.

The first thing he had to do was some shopping: shopping on Blank Avenue—on Blank Avenue where the jewelry shops were; in the jewelry shops where the wedding presents were. There! He was off again. Everybody was getting married! What business had people to make people think of wives; yes, wives—plural; lots of wives; all beautiful, all desirable and worthy; all lovely and loving and lovable; and all fit to be rolled into one—Tom's?

It was not polygamy. It was merely composite photography. The one he desired had a little of each of the girls he admired. She was the amorous crazy-quilt that youth is so apt to dazzle itself with in the springtime—a nose from a friend; two lips from a stranger; a complexion from a distant relative; a pair of eyes from the sky; a heart from the heart of the sun—and lo! the wife-to-be!

And so the wedding presents—a silver service, to be used by two sitting on opposite sides of a table, looking into each other's eyes; a glittering string, to be admired on a wonderful throat—were heavy enough to keep Tom's soul from soaring. And because his feet were on the pavement he soon found himself—of course!—before 777 Blank Avenue.

Why should he not go to that house? And why should he not ring the bell? Why not?

His intentions were above suspicion, though marriage is a serious thing; but, really, now was the time for the adventure to appear—even if the adventure turned out to be merely the adventuress.

Therefore, with the inexorable logic of the most illogical state of mind known, he rang the bell and waited with an eagerness—half hope, half curiosity—most unusual among people who, like Tom, early acquire the habit of asking, checkbook in hand, for whatever they wish.

The footman who answered was one of the men with the over-intelligent faces.

"I am Mr. Merriwether. I wish to see your master."

Tom's voice rang a trifle more commandingly than the occasion appeared to call for. There was a physiological reason for it. The man hesitated so that Tom wondered; but presently all expression vanished from the nonmenial face and the footman said:

"This way, if you please, sir."

He preceded Tom to the door of his master's library. He rapped twice smartly and waited in an attitude of listening. Tom also listened intently; he could not have told why he did it—though it was, of course, inevitable.

Not a sound was heard. The over-intelligent footman's lips moved for all the world as though he were counting, and presently he opened the door and announced: "Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether—7-7-77."

"Do You Feel That You Must Meet Her Soon or Die?"

Tom entered. The master of this strange house was seated at the over-elaborate library table, writing. He looked up; but before Tom could speak the man said coldly:

"I cannot do anything for you, sir."

It was so much like a refusal to give alms to a beggar that Tom flushed angrily. He managed to check a sharp retort on the very brink and, instead, began in a mildly ironical tone:

"Of course you know what I ——"

"Of course!" interrupted the man rudely; and he began impatiently to drum on the edge of the table with his penholder. "Do you imagine for a minute that you are the only mateless male in New York looking for his destined bride? And do you really think that the fruitlessness—until now—of your search is a world-tragedy? Because your name happens to be Thomas—which is a descriptive title when applied to marriageable felines of your own sex—do you fancy I am concerned with your affairs? Young man, you are the only son and heir of a very rich man; but there are some things that money cannot buy. Love is one of them."

He frowned at Tom, but something in the young millionaire's face made him relent. He went on, more kindly, more encouragingly:

"My boy, she is seeking you, even as you are seeking her. She is very beautiful! You will meet her at the appointed hour—have no doubt of it. After your perfectly stupid failure at the opera —— Wait!" He held up a hand as Tom was about to speak in self-defense. "The very futility of your maneuvers shows that youth, brains, money, persistence and desire are all powerless to hurry fate. As you, who have never seen her, love her, she loves you though she has never seen you. She will know you as you will know her; but she is gone!"

"Where?" Tom spoke before he knew it.

"Be patient! After you meet her you will live with her until death parts you."

He said this, without theatrical emphasis, in a most matter-of-fact way. Tom's suspicions, always present in this house of mystification rather than of mystery, were not made livelier by the man's words; but neither were they allayed by the tone of his voice. He hesitated and then, adventure whispering, he said:

"To be perfectly frank, I am interested in this ——"

"Young man, I told you before that I ask nothing of you—no favor, no money, no service; not even your interest. When I asked you to do a certain thing you did it. I am not particularly grateful. You could not have refused! Possibly you can explain to your own satisfaction your own inexplicable acquiescence; you doubtless have evolved a dozen most ingenious theories to account for your doings and mine. The shortest and easiest explanation is the true one—fate. After you marry you will compare notes with her—and yet you will not understand why I concerned myself with your lives. You will perplex yourselves so unnecessarily; all because of your unwillingness to say: fate!

"Men hate fate as a hypothesis. It is not flattering to admit that we are but puppets—the strongest of us no stronger than an autumn leaf in the wind. And because you do not see fate you do not believe in it. And, for fear of being considered an ass by a lot of asses who also do not believe in fate, you will never tell any one your romantic story. And yet, of the scores you call friends, there are only seven men who are happily married. And those seven I helped, as I have helped you and as I shall help those I am ordered to help. Even now the Dispeller of Darkness is out, making one heart send a message in the dark to another heart waiting for it!"

"Do you mean to say you cannot or will not arrange for my meeting the mysterious person you tell me I am going to marry?"

"I mean to say that your coming to this house with such a hope merely means a waste of your time, young sir, and of mine. You will meet your love, but you cannot find her. No man finds happiness by means of a systematic search. It comes or it does not come—as God wills."

The man rose. Tom also rose and said:

"But at least tell me where this—this alleged fate of mine is."

The man shook his head with a smile that was in the nature of a mild sneer.

"Doubting Thomas! He won't admit it, but he can't deny it! Ah, so wise! So clever in his suspicions! So intelligently skeptical! Ah, yes!"

Still nodding in ironical admiration he approached the filing cabinet.

"Let me see—you are 7-7-77." He pulled out Drawer Seven in Section Seven and took out an envelope from which he drew a lot of papers. He read a typewritten sheet. He replaced the papers, turned and stared doubtfully at Tom, muttering half to himself: "I don't know! I don't know!"

"What?" asked Tom.

"Do you really want her? Do you feel that you must meet her soon or die?"

(Continued on Page 56)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1914

Dimming a Bright Record

THE Interstate Commerce Commission should have decided the application for higher freight rates some months ago, and the decision should have been in favor of the railroads.

Time out of mind the unconscionable dilatoriness of our courts has been condemned by the legal profession, as well as by laymen, on the sound ground that justice delayed is often justice denied. Any judicial body that cannot act with reasonable promptness is quite likely to do as much harm as good, however pure its intentions and righteous its tardy judgments may be.

Reasonable dispatch is peculiarly important in a body like the Interstate Commerce Commission, the jurisdiction of which over common carriers is constantly increasing. Submitting all future issues of railroad securities, for example, to a tribunal constitutionally unable to make up its mind, except by a sort of glacial movement, would be rather appalling.

Heretofore the commission, on the whole, has acted with reasonable promptness. Its unreasonable delay in this case is all the more regrettable because it gives ground for suspicion that the commission is afraid to act. The commission is perhaps our best governmental agency. Its responsibilities are great and it has discharged them with high credit, which is precisely why we protest against its comparative failure in this case.

The Mexican Problem

PROBABLY a majority of the inhabitants of Mexico are of pure, or mixed, Indian blood. An English traveler reports that in going over the country some years ago he frequently remarked on the poor estate and bad treatment of the Indian or near-Indian natives; and his remark often brought the half-impatient response: "They are animals, señor; they are not people."

That is the real problem in Mexico. That the United States, by intervention or otherwise, can solve it or contribute very materially to its solution seems improbable. A large part of the population of Cuba is still pretty frankly treated on the animalistic theory.

The Banner Dependency

ENGLAND'S rule in India is often pointed to as the world's most successful example of the government of a people of inferior culture by an alien race far advanced in civilization. From an article on the state of India in a most respectable and responsible British journal—The Statist—we condense the following:

In size the dependency is about equal to Europe outside of Russia. Its population is between one-sixth and one-fifth that of the entire globe. It is so dependent on agriculture that its twenty-seven largest cities contain only two per cent of the country's inhabitants. The state of agriculture is so low that going wages are only eight cents a day. The monsoon rains, on which crops depend, are so uncertain that there is an extensive crop failure every few years, while interior transportation is so imperfectly developed—the railway mileage being little over one-tenth that of the United States, though India has three times that country's population—that crop failure in one district means hunger there, though there may be grain to spare in another district. The ignorance and superstition of the people are so extreme that the chief difficulty of British officers in fighting plague arises from the opposition of the natives, who think the foreigners are trying to poison them.

Undoubtedly England has done much in India; but the state of the great mass of the people of that country is still probably somewhat inferior to the state of the inhabitants of France when the first Capet was crowned. The white man's burden contains very few Christmas presents for the colored brother.

Poor Business

THE nine largest American cities contain over twelve and a half million people, or one out of eight of the entire population. The small land area which they occupy, together with the buildings on it, is assessed for taxation at nearly fourteen billion dollars, which is probably somewhere from seventy-five to ninety per cent of its market value. More than half of this value attaches to the land alone.

The gross revenue receipts of these cities amount to four hundred and forty millions, two-thirds of which is derived from the general property tax, mostly a tax on real estate. They undertake the education of all children of school age within their borders, and a little more than a million and a half children daily attend their public schools. Nine-tenths of these children are in the elementary schools, and on the education of each elementary pupil the cities spend forty-two and a half dollars a year. All these cities taken together have only one hundred thousand pupils in the secondary public schools.

We do not consider that a creditable showing. That the nine largest communities in the country, containing an eighth of the population and actually much more than an eighth of the total wealth, spend only seventy million dollars a year on public education strikes us, on the whole, as discreditable.

They are undoubtedly creating land values at the rate of three or four hundred million dollars a year. They grant many special and monopolistic privileges from which they ought to get more revenue. They are capacious mines of wealth for certain individuals. We should like to see them mine some of the wealth for the public schools.

Government and Business

ENGLAND and Germany are the commercial rivals with whom this country has seriously to reckon. Both those nations have adopted many so-called radical policies. In both the government is constantly intervening in private business affairs, by way of exacting rather stiff taxes, of requiring safeguards to life and limb in factories and sanitary conditions generally wherever a large number of people are employed. England fixes a minimum wage for certain trades and makes employers contribute to a fund for old-age pensions. Both nations enforce a system of compensation to employees who are hurt in industrial accidents.

In this country, however, we have something quite different from all that. We have a Government at war with business, not merely taxing and regulating but enforcing its own ideas as to how business should be organized. These ideas are mostly mere theory and are diametrically opposed to the tendency in business organization that springs from experience. The records of the Department of Justice show the extent of the Government's war on business during the last six years and the antitrust bills now before Congress will provide new and sharper weapons.

True, the Government says the business it is fighting is bad business; but when two great German steamship lines proposed to set up competitive rates the German Government said that was bad business and stopped it. In fine, it has never been proved that restraint of competition is necessarily bad in any other sense than that it conflicts with our Government's theory; and the records above referred to show how considerable a part of the actual business organization of the country comes under the Government's ban.

Every civilized government taxes and regulates; but the attempt to change the very structure of business is practically confined to the United States.

Under the new antitrust laws the attempt promises to be more far-reaching and drastic than ever. The fact strikes us as of considerable importance.

First Aid for Anarchy

THE police in the United States perform the same beneficial function for anarchy that the press agent performs for musical comedy, and they do it gratis. Without the extensive advertising and the implication of importance that the police so generously supply, anarchy in this country would be in the position of a variety show without a poster, an electric sign or a line of reading matter. Whatever harm it did would be done merely to itself, and no one else would know of it.

If the police wished to discourage anarchy and acted with the intelligence that ought to characterize a corner peanut stand, they would exert themselves to get the largest possible crowd at every anarchist meeting and see that the acoustic arrangements were perfect.

For complete insurance against the spread of anarchy nothing could be better than a copious dose of anarchist oratory; in fact nothing else could be so good. Every suppression of an anarchist speaker amounts to an official and monstrously false statement that the speakers had something important to say. Every police raid is worth more to the cause than all its literature.

The right way to deal with anarchy is to get it out in the open and let it have its say. An almost universal sense of humor will do the rest. Any man who ever listened for an hour to anarchistic rhetoric, and thereafter took anarchy seriously, ought to be appointed a police censor of speaking for life, on the ground that he is a hopeless blockhead.

Easy Arguing

IN THE pages of the Congressional Record we find this—and, with some variation of details, much the same stuff is repeated there several times:

The railroads of the United States are capitalized at twenty billion dollars, on which they earn five per cent a year; but they are capitalized at twice their true value. The Government can buy them at their true value, borrowing the money for that purpose at three per cent, and make a sure, immediate profit of the difference between twenty billions at five per cent and ten billions at three per cent, which would come to seven hundred million dollars a year, or nearly enough to pay its running expenses.

Except that the railroads do not earn five per cent on twenty billions, are not capitalized at twice their value, and the United States could not borrow ten billions, or anything like that sum, at three per cent interest, this argument is unanswerable.

What Washington Can Do

SAID President Wilson a little while ago: "When I think of the number of men who are looking to me, as the representative of a party, with hopes for all varieties of salvation from the things in the midst of which they are struggling, it makes me tremble."

A conscientious man in the President's position can hardly avoid that feeling, yet it is partly mistaken. The capital is always aswarm with men who think or pretend that the fate of the nation hangs on the particular project in which they are interested. The editorial office of every big publication is showered with appeals to benefit mankind by commending or condemning this or that bill; but of only about one measure out of a hundred can it be said, with anything like certainty, that in terms of concrete human experience it would do any particular good or any particular harm.

Even of so great a measure as the Tariff Act a candid man might well hesitate to affirm that any human life would be freer or happier or more open to opportunity on account of it. He thinks it will help, but his eye cannot follow the curve of its benefits.

To protect a man from dangerous machinery, to give him a dwelling free from tubercular germs, to tax him only ten dollars instead of twenty—in some humble matters of that kind, we can say positively: This makes life easier.

That is why the Mexican affair is probably the most important with which this Administration will have to deal. Getting men shot in that connection positively does not make people freer or happier, or more open to opportunity.

Our Lily-Robed Martyr

WHEN Walter Bagehot was editor of the leading financial journal of England he wrote a rather famous book called Lombard Street, the chief purpose of which was to demonstrate that the banking situation in London, from the Bank of England down, was tolerably rotten. To this day the sharpest criticisms of British finance are found—where they ought to be—in the leading financial journals.

We need more of that over here. With few exceptions our financial journals devote their editorial energies to utterly futile attacks on the Government; a sheer waste of white paper and black ink, since the criticisms are never read outside a limited circle that is already of the editor's opinion. More free, pointed, intelligent criticism from the inside would be the best thing that could happen to Wall Street.

There is no lack of outside criticism, usually prejudiced and often grossly misinformed. It carries no weight among people who know, because it is prejudiced and misinformed. Criticism by a man who knows is what counts. Financial journals ought to supply it, but seldom do. With the very few exceptions referred to, they regard American finance as a lily-robed and meek-eyed martyr at the stake.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO, BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Successful Specialist in Being Hated

I SUPPOSE," said Henry Clay Hall when he retired as mayor of Colorado Springs, "that I have left office the worst-hated mayor who ever lived."

Probably Henry Clay Hall was too egotistic about it. One of the inevitable little drawbacks about being mayor anywhere is the retirement accompanied by a large consignment of hate delivered f. o. b. by former admiring constituents for whom nothing was done or to whom something was done. When Henry Clay Hall said he quit in closer personal conjunction with more hatred, detestation, abhorrence, not to say, aversion and dislike, it was quite likely he was pinning a bigger medal on himself than he really deserved.

I do not mean, of course, that Henry Clay Hall was not exceedingly well supplied with the antipathy of his neighbors when he returned to the more peaceful paths of private life, for my advices are to that general effect; but a great many mayors have retired, one way and another, since we began to have those adjuncts to our boasted civilization. And, looking at the matter judicially, it must be said that Henry Clay was boasting a bit. He was too personal, too much impressed with the ego of his execration. Well hated we admit; but worst hated—oh, fie! fie! Did he ever hear of—but why call the roll of mayors when discussing the latest addition to the Interstate Commerce Commission?

Mr. Hall has been placed on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The President picked him and he meandered past those stern censors in the Senate. So now he is sitting in on the rate cases and by this time has undoubtedly come to the conclusion that the only thing of importance in this universe is "per ton per mile." On the one hand, there are the railroads. On the other hand, there are the railroads. Also, on the neck, the midriff, the chest, the feet and the diaphragm. In short, there are the railroads.

But where are they? That, dear children, is what the railroads, the railroaders and the railroaded would like to know. So, along with the other gentlemen who are endeavoring to discover this, Mr. Hall has begun his explorations. Life being short and time being fleeting, they impose limitations; but it may be predicted safely that by the time he has finished his term Mr. Hall will be adequately seized of the information concerning the difference between a preferential and a differential—and that will help some.

To return to the distressed period when he considered himself hated to such an extreme degree. They rather put that mayoralty over on Hall. He was away somewhere on a trip. Colorado Springs was in need of a mayor. The Henry Clay Hall set decided that, inasmuch as Colorado Springs felt it necessary to have a mayor, Henry Clay Hall would be the exact sort of a mayor Colorado Springs felt it necessary to have. They did not go to the trouble of asking Hall anything about his desires in the matter. Instead they elected him to the job and wired him: "Come back and begin mayoring immediately!"

He came back and began. The first thing that happened to him was the usual first thing that happens to mayors everywhere. He had a row over the chief of police. It is a well-known fact, proved by tons of municipal research and investigation, that almost any man could be successful as mayor if it were not for the police question, and that very few mayors are successful because of the questionable police. Eliminate the police problem and mayoring would be one grand, sweet song.

A Roundabout Route to the I. C. C.

AS THEY tell the story in Colorado Springs, a powerful person who was a client of Hall's law firm was interested in the chief of police then pertaining to Colorado Springs. As powerful persons who are clients will, he considered the new mayor an asset of his; so he strolled round one day and demanded—not requested, but demanded—that the new mayor reappoint the old chief of police. To make it good he brought along Hall's law partner, who proffered the same demand.

"Now, Hank," they chanted in close harmony, "get busy and reappoint our man."

Whereupon Henry Clay Hall, rising, said:

"When Pike's Peak, towering majestical yonder, becomes a hole in the ground, then, and not until then, shall I do this thing."

"You refuse us?"

"I refuse you, I confuse you, I diffuse you, I suffuse you! There is positively nothing doing along those lines."

Well, that was where Henry Clay Hall began to get the idea he would leave office rather well hated, as such things go; for the chief of police he did appoint was not much of a success, and H. C. Hall woke up to the fact that it takes more than a straight mayor to run a straight city—as, indeed, it takes less than a crooked one to run a crooked city. Hall had his hands abundantly full.

He is a serene person. Aside from his tidy accumulation of hate he has a large assortment of aplomb. Few persons exist who can fuss H. Clay Hall. He is an exact, painstaking and correct citizen. He is neat and particular and precise. When he makes a statement he makes said statement with a full supply of reënforcements in the way of authority, with abutments of references, pergolas of fact and cupolas of information. He has a habit of knowing what he is talking about. Moreover he is a good speaker, an orator, a fine campaigner. He is as fastidious with his atture as he is with his facts; and it can be said without fear of successful contradiction that he is the best dresser on the commission, and somewhat exclusive.

He was born in the city of New York and was graduated from Amherst and the Columbia Law School. He practiced in the metropolis for a time and then went to Paris, where he remained from 1885 to 1892, acting as counsel to the American legation part of the time and engaging in the law in that gay capital also. His health failed and he returned to this country. His idea was to go to California, but he dropped off at Colorado Springs to see a brother who lived there and decided to remain. This was late in 1892.

Likewise he announced himself as a Democrat. Now in those days Democrats were not good form among the social leaders in Colorado Springs, but Henry Clay Hall got away with it. He and Representative Seldomridge were about the only members of the select circles who had the temerity to stand by the varying principles of the Democracy, and both have their rewards. Hall did not become a politician. He was not so insensible to his social obligations as all that; but he preserved his Democracy, and was of party service as an orator and an adviser.

So there came vacancies on the Interstate Commerce Commission and the name of Hall was presented to the President by the Colorado contingent at Washington, including Senator Thomas. Naturally and immediately there was opposition. No person can be presented for office to the president without opposition arising from some point. If there was an office for every man in the United States, and every man were presented for office, you would see a lot of folks scooting in from Porto Rico and Guam to oppose them.

"He's a dude!" said one.

"Well," replied the President, glancing admiringly at a new gray suit, "I've a rather advanced taste in dress myself."

And so it went until an opponent came to the White House, eager with the news, and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. President, this man is a theorist!"

"How about that, senator?" said the President to Senator Thomas. "They tell me Mr. Hall is a theorist."

"No more than you are, Mr. President," replied the ever-ready Thomas.

And, as I have remarked, Henry Clay Hall is now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which may give proponents of other candidates for other offices a line of procedure—or may not.

Suffice it to say, however, that Commissioner Hall's mustache is always in proper alignment, his language ever precise, and his manner always punctilious. If those railroad lawyers try any of their rough stuff on him he will rebuke them fittingly.

Swat the Fly!

THE CONTRACT

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

She Wavered, Dared Not Believe What She Read There

"IN ABOUT two minutes," said Dicky Varnham resolutely, "there'll be one more dead dago; this concrete's setting already."

"For heaven's sake!" Peter replied helpfully, "can't we yell at 'em or something?"

"You can yell," his host agreed, with some bitterness; "but unless you can yell in Sicilian there's nothing doing. Hi, there, Angelo! Get busy, can't you? This damned stuff's gettin' hard!"

A swarthy group midway down the hill waved, bowed and smiled; their teeth flashed in the sun. Dicky beckoned furiously.

"Come on! Come on!" he called.

The laborers smiled again and bent to their mysterious mixing; they appeared to be stirring and flavoring a huge witches' brew.

"There! What'd I tell you?" Dick snorted. "It would take Caruso to budge 'em! By George, I believe I'll hire some of that opera squad for the summer! Nancy, for the love of Mike, hop down and kick 'em up here, will you?"

Nancy Varnham unfolded her long legs amiably and dropped her book.

"If my hair was down I would kick them, pater," she said seriously; "but you don't kick men with your hair done up. In songs you say: *'O vièni! Vièni!'*"

"Well, try it on, then—only hurry! What's hurry in dago?"

"*Allegretto*, I suppose," she answered thoughtfully. "Oh, Andy! Andy!"

"Hello!" came back in a rich barytone, and all the laborers lifted their caps politely.

"*Vièni! Vièni!*"

They laughed delightedly.

"*Sì! sì!*" they called, and started up the hill.

"And do it *allegretto*, please!" she shrilled excitedly, dropping the singing voice of a young lady for the frank yell of a sixteen-year-old tomboy. "*Allegretto! Allegretto!*"

"That's the stuff! *Allegretto! Allegretto!*" her father bellowed; and Peter joined in happily, with a bass that had made his college glee club famous: "*Allegretto! Allegretto!*"

"Sounds like some kind of candy to me," said Dick, mopping his dripping forehead, "but it seems to do the job. Know any more, Nance? You'll pay for your board yet."

The Italians fell on a pile of great cobblestones and began to fit them deftly into the stiffening concrete. Dick regarded them critically, fanning himself with a linen tennis hat.

"It's a queer thing," he observed, "but when they slam those rocks in they look as if they'd grown there; when I try it you'd think it was a German aquarium! I wonder why?"

"Used to it, I s'pose," said Peter, lighting his pipe and stretching himself lazily under a big box clump.

"Romans always had baths," Nancy suggested instructively; "so I suppose Italians know how to make swimming pools. Shall you really make it deep enough for a dive, pater?"

"Twelve feet," said Dick. "You can dive in that if you can dive in anything."

"This'll be bigger than the Girards', won't it, Dick?" Peter inquired idly.

"Gracious, yes! Won't it, father? Theirs is only forty feet—ours is sixty. But theirs is more even and square, and they have a sort of marble wall all round it and bay trees for every corner. Can't we have bay trees, father?"

"Oh, Lord, no! This is a different style altogether—more rustic. It's a full third bigger and I'll bet you it costs a third less. That's a regular molded edge of theirs. Betty offered me the molds, but I refused 'em."

"Aren't they spending a lot this season? Girard said something about a shower—off the tennis court."

"*She's* spending a lot," Dick corrected.

"Aunt Bet made that pool," said Nancy promptly. "Lucia Stanchon says it's her alimony pool."

"For heaven's sake, what do you—are you crazy, Pussy? Don't talk that way!"

"I am only repeating what Lucia remarked," said Nancy icily.

"Well don't, then," her father returned very shortly. "Hop along to the house and ask when is lunch-time—I want a bath before. Clear out, now!"

"I was going anyway," she assured him, "and luncheon is always at half-past one, as you know."

"What does the child mean—alimony pool?"

"I tell you what, Peter Forsythe," his host returned, with some heat, "if you expect me to explain to you what a filly of that age means every time she opens her silly mouth you'll have to raise my salary!"

"I suppose so," Peter grunted; "ours is only nine, you see. Lord, how the time goes! To think she was only six when Mat and I had her in the cave! That was a great old summer, Dicky!"

"It certainly worked out all right for you; but you couldn't do it with all of 'em—Betty Girard, for instance. Think so?"

"I didn't marry Betty," said Peter simply.

"She's a clever woman, all right—Betty."

"None cleverer, I imagine," Peter agreed promptly.

"And, of course, you have to give 'em their head."

Peter stuffed his pipe busily.

"Hang it all, Peter, you never liked Betty; but you must admit that you can't treat a woman like that as if she were the ordinary sort—you simply can't!"

"I don't see why you have decided suddenly that I don't like her—don't be an ass, Dicky!"

"Oh, well, all right; but alimony pool, you know, sounds like a game, don't it? Like coon-can. Say, Forsythe, that's one thing Betty can do well: she certainly can play auction!"

"She does everything well," said Peter Forsythe placidly—"that I ever saw her do, anyhow. Among other things she's brought up her son well," and he glanced significantly at his host's boy, who was just then engaged in teasing the Italian workmen by kicking out the stones from the farther end of the swimming pool as fast as they could put them in.

Dicky grinned.

"Hi, there, Stafford! Get out of that!" he called. "Go up for your luncheon. His mother spoils him, you know, in vacations," he added. "You can't be as strict as Celestine is and not fall down somewhere."

Dicky whistled cheerily under his shower; but Peter, waiting patiently in his third-floor bath for a sufficient head of water, pursed his lips as he mused.

"Alimony pool!" he pondered, testing the water with his toe. "Now what does Lucia Stanchon mean by that?"

The trickle of stream collapsed, gurgled, blew a few bubbles and suspended operations entirely.

"I always told Dicky that reservoir was three feet too low!"

Dicky's blithe ragtime melody ceased abruptly and a stream of cold water struck his guest's tub.

"Thank the Lord! There's the luncheon gong now."

Peter Forsythe dashed at his toilet, for his hostess had paid the penalty that lurks for every worshiper of efficiency; and though the guests might delay in her house, the entrées never did.

"Oh! Glad to see you, Betty!" Peter steered his course to her side. "Walter with you? Hello! It's the doctor. How are you, Stanchon?"

"Timeclock's on the wall by the door," Dicky hailed him genially. "Punch your time, old man! You're docked your grapefruit anyhow."

They chattered through the Varnhams' broilers and praised the Varnhams' incubator; they laughed through the Varnhams' coldframe lettuce hearts and teased Celestine for failing to grow the salad oil; they devoured the Varnhams' rhubarb tart, dripping in Varnham cream, in appreciative silence.

Nancy, her braids bound demurely about her sleek head, whispered momentous confidences to Cynthia Girard, who had signally failed to inherit her gifted mother's brains or good looks, but presented at fifteen a very charming reflection of her father's quiet tact and good nature.

Betty's eyes, unlike her hostess', scarcely rested on her daughter. Celestine's quick, nervous glance fluttered from the clock to Nancy's table manners—to the service of the luncheon—to the gardener, eternally mowing the rich green outside—to the silver tablets by her plate; but Betty Girard, though she had personally administered a country estate from the day when Celestine lay under the heel of a tyrannous superintendent, listened to her friend's economic pronouncements with the polite detachment of a Washington Square cockney.

Though her daughter's training had been the pattern for many a mother with less excuse than a busy artist might claim for neglecting such domestic ties, she seemed as far from Celestine's adolescent problems as any slightly bored maiden aunt. Perfectly dressed, in the latest mode of French Revolution collars, Turkish seraglio skirts, a hat that subtly hinted at the latest European war shadow, and buckled shoes of marquise flavor, her charm of personality and ripe physical beauty actually made of this sartorial mixture an esthetic whole.

"Artists almost always wear kimono sort of clothes and do strange things with their hair," said Marie Fitch, of the sharp tongue and kindly deed; "but Betty pays her *corsetière* more than I will!"

She was forty-one; but only in his chisel, as he softened and dulled the padding surfaces of her cheeks, had the remorseless sculptor, Time, betrayed a fellow artist. The long line from cheekbone to chin had blurred and sunken here and there; and from her fine nostrils to the upturning corners of her flexible mouth a fold of flesh that had once been intermittent had come perilously near to settling. But her throat was the envy of her friends; and in a season of bizarre jewels and imitation pearls the melting curves of

her shoulder and upper arm, bare as any débutante's and incalculably more alluring, turned her neighbors' gems to gewgaws.

"Betty makes a bank president's wife look as if she had strings of coupons round her neck," said Marie.

And the bank president to whom the *mot* had been repeated had bitten his lips and replied:

"And little Fitch is right—dash it!"

Her eyes, which were large and heavy-lidded, were always expected—because her hair and skin were richly brown—to follow their natural type; and her husband has been quoted as admitting that he supposed them to be brown when he married her. But as a matter of fact they were grayish hazel, with a golden-flecked iris, though most of her sitters will deny this and assure you that they stared straight at her for hours, while she was painting them.

Her extraordinary detachment from people and things that might be supposed to hold her interest was the continual marvel of her friends, who had become convinced, after many years of skepticism, that it was not a pose.

"If Betty poses at all," said Marie Fitch, "which I'm beginning to doubt, it's when she practices the ordinary relationships—not when she forgets them!"

Today she seemed to have forgotten most of them. Even for her favorite, Doctor Stanchon, she had only a perfunctory smile; and the flippant replies she vouchsafed to the adoring young art student by her side, who had been awake half the night with the excitement of meeting her today, reduced the poor young man to dumb confusion.

"And she did the Girl With the Green Parrot," thought Bobby Du Long in amazement, "and the Portrait of Little Miss Abercrombie!"

"Mrs. Girard doesn't look well today," said Peter to Doctor Stanchon.

"You've noticed it? I doubt if the rest do. She's working too hard, I'm afraid."

"Oh—women!" said Peter.

"That's it. Still, she has a magnificent physique."

"Nice-looking girl she has—growing up, aren't they?"

"Wait until you marry 'em off, my young friend," returned the doctor ruefully; "then you begin to get some idea! Yes, Cynthia's a nice child. She's no more like her mother than as if they'd picked each other up on the street, though."

He walked over to Betty, coffee cup in hand. She stood by the piano, one elbow on a blue Chinese robe that covered it, her eyes drifting over its lovely surface, lifting occasionally to meet the tall boy's, which never left her mobile face.

"How could I have thought her flippant? She's wonderful!" shone in his adoring glance; and her own face lighted as she basked in him.

"Now go and play with the children!" she told him as Stanchon approached. With a little shrug, he obeyed her, and she faced her physician defiantly.

"Well?" she said.

"Not very well, I'm afraid, my dear—is it?"

"Only tired—that's all."

"You haven't been to see me of late, though."

"No time—and, anyway, there must be a limit to even your patience!"

"None, my dear child, where you are concerned."

"You're sweet," she said gratefully, but she did not meet his eyes.

"You've been working hard?" he asked.

"On the contrary, I haven't touched a canvas for two months."

"Any plans for the summer?"

"Oh, no; we'll stay in this country, I suppose. Walter has the whole Leydendecker estate to settle and expects to work all summer at it, I believe."

"Ah—he's very busy these days, isn't he?"

She shrugged one shoulder—a curious little foreign gesture that became her wonderfully.

"That's the Law, isn't it? Either you're worried because you haven't enough to do or because you have too much!"

"It's any profession, my dear girl. As a young man, I used to shudder if my office bell didn't ring, and now I shudder if it does."

"I suppose so." Her voice dropped wearily. "But then, Doctor Stanchon, how very much all over it will all be in a hundred years, won't it? I wonder what one would most want to do then!"

"Do it now!" he said promptly.

She started violently.

"What a thing to say!"

"I repeat it: Do it now!" he said gravely.

"You're like those mottoes they frame in mission oak and hang over desks," she began, a little unsteadily; but he refused to smile.

"Look at me, Betty!" said he, and she raised her eyes simply to his and met them through a bright film of tears.

"Take a year, my dear, and then come back!" he said quietly. "I'll see you through."

"Are you mad, Dick Stanchon?" She spoke through closed teeth and laid one hand on his arm. With him, as with the boy just now, the years between them faded out and they were of one age, though he was nearly sixty.

"What are you advising me to do, exactly?" she asked, waving her hand lightly to Nancy, who adored her.

"I am advising you to go abroad," he replied. "Go to France and paint; go to Italy for the summer, after the tourists have left; go to—oh, wherever you went ten years ago; it doesn't matter."

"Alone?"

"Not unless you wish. Take the children and drop them in Switzerland for languages. Send the boy with Max Fettauer: he'll put him with his father in Neustadt, and Lutie will bring him home when they come. It's a wedding trip, to show Lucia to his father and all the other German in-laws, you know."

"Lucia's very daring, isn't she?"

"To marry a foreigner, you mean? I don't know; as a matter of fact the international marriages that I know about personally have all turned out very well. About duchesses—I don't pretend to say; but Max is of my own trade, and Lutie hasn't enough to tempt a fortune hunter."

"I know. Still ——"

"You think she's daring? For that matter——"

"Yes, of course. Any marriage is daring, Dick."

"Either You're Worried Because You Haven't Enough to Do or Because You Have Too Much!"

Why it was that she, of all the women of her age and social circle, called him—when alone with him—by his first name, neither of them knew; it was one of the many things that set her apart from others.

"You're making it daring, Betty—you self-supporting ladies!"

"Do you think that's it? Really, Dick?" Her light voice and her troubled eyes touched him strangely.

"I'm beginning to think so," he said slowly. "The old rules are breaking up and we haven't the new ones formulated yet."

"And yet there have always been self-supporting ladies."

"Yes, my dear; but with a difference—with a difference. There have always been actresses and dancers and opera singers, for instance. If they are at all successful it has always paid their husbands to become their business managers—or is it that their business managers always become their husbands? They are frankly meteoric. They go out to dinner these days more than they used to; but that's not because they've changed so much—the change is in their hosts and hostesses!"

"I believe that's so," she agreed.

"Then there are the ladies whose husbands are ill or lazy or vicious or absent; they've always been self-supporting—they've always had to be."

"Of course."

"Then there is the working wife of the laboring class; she's always worked and her children have always worked—there's nothing new about her. And she's always—or almost always—the actual head of the house. So is the lady with the sickly or neglectful husband I mentioned before; but does either of them admit it? Never! Their dearest fiction is that he is the real lord of the manor, though temporarily obscured by circumstances—that is to say, their attitude would satisfy the caveman himself and there's no trouble.

"As to the opera singer, either her agent-husband is proud of her temperament and follows meekly in her wake, or he has a temperament of his own and it becomes a simple endurance test. The working woman and the stage woman have existed practically since the Flood—and probably before. And neither of them is of the class that makes history, though one underlies it and the other shoots across it."

"She certainly shoots across," said Betty. "You've heard about Ranny Fitch, I suppose?"

"He's an ass!" returned the doctor briefly. "And yet, my dear, Ranny—as you call him—is a perfectly typical male to this extent: If you should say to him, 'Look! There goes the woman that dug the Panama Canal!' he'd only grunt. But if you said, 'Look! There's Sarah Bernhardt!' he'd turn round on the Subway steps to see her!"

"Oh, dear!" she cried, half laughing, half angry. "How can you all be so silly?—for I suppose you'd turn round too."

"I suppose I should," he admitted.

"But why? In heaven's name, why?"

"The glamour, my dear," he said; "only the glamour of the footlights. So long as man has a foot and the stage has lights, you will find us gaping at them as birds beat against a lighthouse."

"But you don't feel so about the other arts."

"Not at all. They are gulfs apart. A writing woman or a painting woman is no more like an acting woman than she is like a school-teacher or a housekeeper. That is the mistake most people make. The actress has no more influence now than she ever had; in fact Melba and Caruso together will probably bulk lighter than Patti fifty years from now. But you professional women—who have gained a public without becoming public property, who are at once independent and domestic, who can send your works to represent you—you come nearer to eating your cake and having it, too, than any class of women has ever come. And you are growing every day—you are growing more conscious of it every day; but"—he paused and looked meaningly at her—"no one in this world, my dear—or in any other, I believe—ever quite ate his cake and had it too!"

"Or her cake, either?"

"Or her cake, most assuredly. More assuredly, if that were possible!"

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"So it seems," said Betty Girard slowly; "so it seems, philosopher and friend!"

They looked at each other and then away. To the curious roomful, watching them more or less covertly, their relationship was unguessable.

"Is Betty consulting him or enchanting him?" said Celestine Varnham impertinently. "I wonder!"

"Both, maybe," suggested her husband interestedly; "she's up to anything—Betty."

"Doctor Stanchon's crazy about Betty," remarked Nancy; "always was."

"Hush your nonsense, Nance!" Dicky cried impatiently. "You talk like a phonograph!"

"We're going for a tramp," said Betty shortly; "you stare at us so it makes us nervous. Wait for me, Doctor Stanchon, until I change these things."

Stanchon smiled good-humoredly at them and punched Dicky as he passed by him.

"How does it feel when they begin to grow up, Dicky? Wait until she begins to march in parades, and writes to the papers, and tells you she's a Socialist!"

"Yes, I'll wait, all right," Dicky assured him grimly. "You watch me!"

"Or it may be worse yet," the doctor pursued instructively. "The daughter of one of my patients insisted on doing barefoot dances all last winter for charity in all the hotel ballrooms of New York; and just as her father decided that he'd lock her in her room if she did it any more, she took to Anglican Catholic lectures and early services—masses, she called 'em—and founded a sisterhood where they all promised never to marry!"

"For the love of Mike!" Dick gasped, glancing involuntarily and fearfully at his daughter, pacing, entwined and giggling, with the sedate Cynthia along the tiled veranda. "Aren't there any asylums you can put 'em in while they're growing?"

"There are," Doctor Stanchon answered promptly; "there are, indeed, Dicky, my boy; plenty of them."

"Could you give a poor devil the addresses of a few?"

"With pleasure. But one will do your job pretty thoroughly; write it down."

Dicky stared at him quite seriously.

"It's called Hawkfield, situated on a fine, healthful ridge in the heart of Westchester County," Doctor Stanchon went on easily; "the country residence of Richard D. Varnham, Esquire. I recommend it heartily for your daughter, Mr. Varnham, and I assure you that there are as many asylums for the rising generation today as there are—homes. Precisely."

With this last sentence his eyes met Betty Girard's, who stood silently in the door, staring at him fixedly.

"Got you there, Dicky! Old Doctor Stanchon got you there!" cried Peter Forsythe, who admired the doctor beyond words.

They all laughed, but Betty still stood staring. She looked even younger than before in her trim tailored skirt, high-laced boots and jaunty open-throated blouse, with a flowing scarlet scarf, knotted loosely. A little rough cloth hat, with a scarlet quill thrust through the side, framed her dark hair with a charmingly school-girlish effect; a big collie thrust his heavy jowl under her hand, where the sapphire-and-emerald ring shot peacock flames.

She addressed him across the room, utterly unconscious of the others.

"My dear man, that's a beautiful idea, but will it really bear analysis? I got a hundred day-old chicks—incubator-bred of course—last month; and from the day they came to us they've outclassed those we raise ourselves—born the same day—in weight, height and strength! And as for cleverness—there's no comparison. After a week of training they tumble into their boxes and cuddle down among the old newspapers and burlap, and are off to sleep before the old mother hen in the corner of the chicken yard has got her dozen together under the maternal wing!"

"There you are! Go it, Betty!" Dicky cried delightedly. "Hand him another! What've you got to say to that, Stanchon?"

"Merely that it's very interesting and I don't doubt it for a minute; I don't know anything about chickens," said the doctor.

"Ah, that's a scientist!" Betty complained scornfully. "Every time! Tell them anything about yourself and they begin to explain that it can't be so, because they did something to a guinea-pig! But take a leaf out of their book, and confide to them your own discoveries in the chicken yard, and they tell you scornfully that they're not interested in animals! Pooh!"

"That's it," Dicky agreed, rubbing his hands; "that's it exactly. Pooh! That's just what I say: pooh!"

"You're an idiot," said Stanchon, laughing, "if there ever was one! Don't let me keep you, Madam Betty." And he joined her at the door.

"To think that she's forty years old!" Nancy breathed adoringly. She had followed her divinity across the broad hall, eying her scarlet tie in ecstasies that Betty patiently endured.

"By George! She certainly gets away with it!" Dicky agreed. "Come back here, Nance, will you? You're not asked to that party, you little monkey!"

"Father! She said I might walk to the cottage with them; truly she did!"

"Well, you won't, that's all. Now trot along."

"She told me herself she was forty-one," Bobby Du Long murmured. "It doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"Oh, nobody looks forty-one nowadays," said Celestine carelessly. "It isn't done. And dark women always look well in sporting things, if they have any figure at all. Are you driving down for Martha, Peter, or shall I send? It's the three-forty-six."

"I'll drive, thanks. Is Girard to be on that?"

"Walter? I doubt if he's coming at all. Betty hardly expects him. He says if he's to go into the country at all he'd rather be on his own place. You know what Walter is! You can't do a thing with him; he just wants to fuss round by himself nowadays. It's terribly hard for Betty. He'll walk out if he decides to come."

"I see." And Peter took out his watch.

"I thought we were going to get in some golf, Peter," said Dicky a little discontentedly. "Couldn't somebody else go for your missis?"

"They could, but they won't, thanks, Dicky," Peter replied placidly. "I'll get over to the club later, all right. I told her I'd meet her."

"I know; but ——"

"You're worse than Stafford Varnham, Dicky," Celestine interposed, turning disgusted eyes on her husband. "Let Peter alone, can't you? You'd better get after those Italians and then go over to the club together. There'll be plenty of time—we won't dine until eight."

Dicky retired, murmuring something indistinguishable about honeymoons and tin weddings, and Peter strolled imperturbably to the stable. His hostess, relieved at once of her guests and family, bustled into the famous office of Hawkfield Farm, and applied herself to a mysterious system of spindles and vouchers, understood by nobody but herself—but reverentially admired by all. Nancy Varnham and Cynthia Girard started a desultory game of tennis with young Du Long, which soon relapsed into a comfortable pretense of activity in training a collie puppy to retrieve tennis balls.

Later, the puppy having pursued his course of instruction not wisely but too well, which method led him through some very undesirable heaps of fertilizing material, his young mistress decided it was high time all the dogs had a good wash and that they had better get at it directly. An unsuspecting and correspondingly indignant young stable hand was routed out of the harness room, a tin of strong-smelling soap procured, the unhappy animal tied to a tree and lathered violently.

After Cynthia and Bobby Du Long had been more or less thoroughly soused with rinsing water and the stable boy well smeared with the liquid soap, the harassed beast, smarting from the thorough washing of his eyes, earnestly recommended by Miss Varnham, slipped his glistening head out of the collar and, with a convulsive shudder that sprayed her from head to foot, dashed furiously for the woods, dripping like a seal.

They pursued him, shrieking, for a moment, but, on the advice of the soapy stable boy, returned and lay panting in the sun to dry.

"He's gone after his mother, I'll bet you," said the boy sulkily. "You'd never ketch him in a week! She went off over that way with the lady and gen'l'man."

And he was quite right; for the insulted puppy, damp and determined, cannoned into Betty and the doctor, and all but knocked them over, to his mother's polite regret, as she paced gravely at the lady's left.

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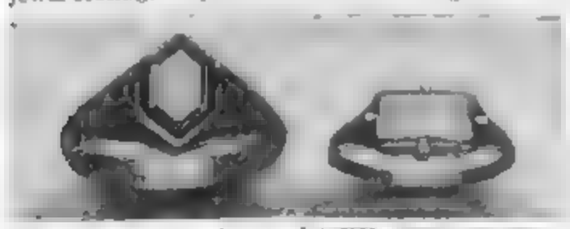

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"Ugh! You're wet! Get out!" Betty cried, laughing. "See, doctor, they've been washing him and he escaped! Fricka, teach your son better manners, why don't you?"

"That's odd," said Stanchon reflectively. "Do you know, I was just thinking of dog washing, child?"

"Thought transference," she returned lightly. "Why were you? What dog?"

"Yours," he said. "The first time I ever saw you, Betty, you were washing your dogs; do you remember?"

"No. Really? How amusing!"

"When was it?" he went on thoughtfully. "Fifteen years ago? About that, I imagine. You were Miss Naldreth then. You were just engaged. Peter Forsythe was just married, and he and Mattie had dropped in to take me off in their motor—motors were new toys then, you know, and it was a treat to get off in one.

"'Let's go up to Miss Naldreth's farm—wouldn't you like to meet her, doctor?' Mattie said. 'She's the most interesting girl I ever met. You know who she is, don't you?'

"'The girl who does those clever double-page things in Life?' said I. 'Yes, I'd like to. She has tremendous talent. Draws like a man. Cleverer than Gibson, I think.'

"'She's engaged to Walter Girard, you know,' says Mattie, 'a sort of second-cousin of mine; though what she sees in him I don't know, I'm sure. He's the last person I should suppose a girl like that would marry.'"

"I know. Everybody thought that," said Betty quietly.

They walked on a soft, pine-needled path, close and friendly, and all alone in the world but for the two dogs.

"And so we got to that little farmhouse up among the Connecticut hills," he went on, musing. "I fell in love with it on sight. I can see it now—long and low and latticed; all rag rugs and quaint old furniture, and blue china and camel's-hair shawls. And your garden—sweet peas and cabbages all jumbled together! You used to say that you thought pink and purple was the most beautiful combination in Nature. Do you remember?"

"Yes," she said briefly. "I remember, Dick."

"I thought you'd have been more what we call artistic," he said, smiling—"queer clothes, you know, and lanky. A 'greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery' young woman. And when we saw you—I wish I'd had a camera with me, Betty. I shall never forget you as you were that day—never!"

She laughed now.

"Oh, yes; I remember," she said, "how you all roared at me!"

"And why shouldn't we?" he demanded. "If you saw a handsome gypsy of a girl, with a kitchen apron round her waist, a blue-and-white check sunbonnet on her head, silk stockings and high-heeled, buckled, bright red slippers on her feet, washing two dogs, and singing hymns at the top of her voice—wouldn't you roar?"

"I always sing hymns when I'm busy," she explained defensively; "and high heels are much more comfortable for me, as a matter of fact—at least they used to be. Like everything else, my feet are giving way with years."

"Nonsense!" said he. "You look younger than you did two years ago."

"Well, go on!" she said hastily. "What happened then?"

"Why, we stayed to luncheon," he replied reflectively; "and you made your famous mixed vegetable salad, and sang Paris street songs to the guitar, and showed us your prize-competition sketches—and were very clever and amusing generally. When we went away dear little Mattie said she'd rather be you than any woman she knew—and Peter and I looked at each other."

"Oh! Peter and you looked at each other, did you? Meaning ——"

"Meaning that we were glad she wasn't you, my dear," he said quietly.

"I should think so!"

"Peter meaning that you struck him as a rather dangerous young woman to marry, and I meaning that I had encountered your type of woman before and thought you a little too clever to be happy. Whereas Martha ——"

"Was a little too happy to be clever, eh?"

"Just so," he answered thoughtfully. "Just so, my dear. And if you're fond of a woman you want her to be happy—naturally."

"Naturally," she repeated. "And you want me to be happy, don't you, Dick?"

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We get that flavor and we preserve it. We discard all the grains which lack it, so the flavor is never diluted.

If you enjoy it, you can always get it by simply saying "Quaker." And without any extra price.

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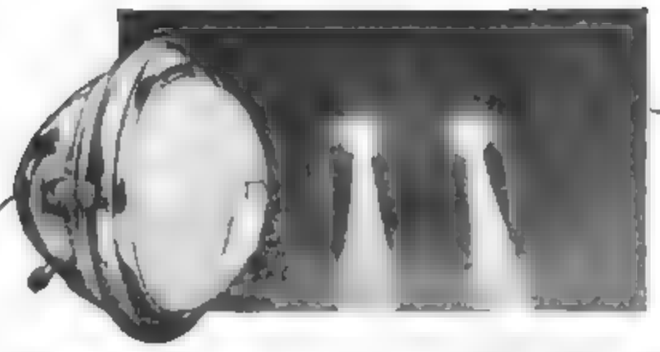

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Requires no special attachments and is easily fitted to any lamp in place of the old-style front glasses.

Made in sizes to fit all standard lamps.

PRICE—$5.00 per pair

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"So much so, dear Betty," he said, "that I would do anything in my power to bring it about."

The sun struck through the great flat masses of the pines, and the balsam odor sent out puffs and clouds of incense round them.

"Why, Dick Stanchon, I believe you're in love with me?" she cried softly. "Are you, by any chance?"

"I think I am, my dear, in a harmless, friendly way," he said. "Didn't you know it?"

"Sometimes I thought so—and then I decided it was nonsense," she answered, breathing quicker. "Oh, Dick, why weren't you when you came out to the farm that day?"

"Perhaps I was," he said, "and didn't quite realize it. You interested me enormously; but I thought it was because you looked like the first woman I ever loved, and because your voice was like hers. We fall victims to the same type, you know—we men. Blondes, for example, always look like dolls to me."

She stopped and, facing him, put her hand on his arm.

"Why didn't you, Dick? Why didn't you?" she repeated.

"Because I was twenty years older than you, my dear," he answered; "because you were a restless, brilliant young woman, and I was a settled, middle-aged man; because you were engaged to be married to a handsome, successful lawyer, of your own artistic tastes and interests, and hardly likely to be attracted to a widower with a daughter ten years younger than yourself."

"You always seemed young to me," she said thoughtfully. "I always liked older men, you know. You are younger today than Walter essentially."

"My dear girl!"

"I mean," she explained, "your mind is younger—more flexible. Walter hasn't changed since we were married, and ——"

"Then he's fifteen years younger than the average man of his age, you silly Betty!"

"No—you don't see what I mean. You've changed, I've changed, Mattie's changed—why, even poor old Dicky Varnham's changed; but Walter, never!"

"He looks younger than Dicky by five years," said Stanchon.

"I should hope so," she returned quickly. "He's a temperate, sensible man, who has always had a steady income; Dicky Varnham's a reformed drunkard and was a plunging stockbroker for years."

Stanchon winced slightly.

"You don't mince your words, do you, Betty?" he asked.

"Why should I?" she said indifferently. "You know all about all of us. What's the use?"

"Your sex 'speaks out in meeting' more plainly than formerly, I know," he went on reflectively.

"Bosh, Dick!" she said rudely. "All bosh! My sex has always spoken out—when it has an income of its own! Take your actress, or take that poor working woman you were telling me about: haven't they always spoken out—from Dickens to D'Annunzio?"

"Why, yes, I believe they have," he admitted.

"More of them speak out now because more of them can afford to," she added, "that's all."

"You mean women never were really shy?"

"Shy?" she repeated, and stopped and stared at him. "Shy! Heavens above, Dick Stanchon! You see us bumped first-hand into every reality of life, from birth to death inclusive, and you ask me if we're shy! Disgusted, as we must be; reserved, if we can afford to be; timid, when you want us to be—but shy! And you a doctor!"

He took her hand.

"You're very clever, child," he said sadly. "What is it you want to do? Can I help you?"

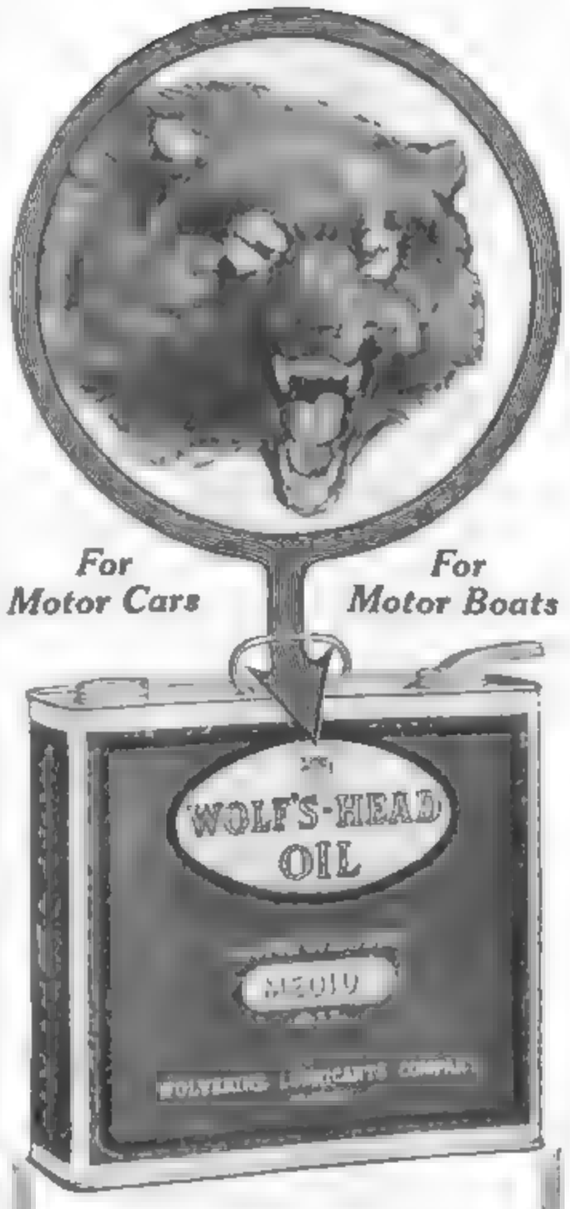
"I believe you could have held me," said Betty Girard, "in spite of those twenty years. I believe you could have, Dick, if any one could!"

"Ah, that's it," he caught her up quickly: "if any one could! Don't you see that's the difficulty, child?"

"I know. I know—that's why I've kept quiet so long," she said softly. "I suppose if I wait a few years more it'll be all over anyway, and I'll be sorry to have made the fuss?"

She searched his face pathetically.

"Betty, dear child," he replied after a long moment, "I wish I dared tell you so!



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Also makers of "Queed"—the big 2½ oz. 10c. tin—a little stronger than "Whip."

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She smiled with the scorn of forty years; but her eyes had no age at all and he shook his head.

"You see you're the sort of woman that never grows old," he said slowly. "The real constructive artist doesn't, in my experience. You're good for any amount of life yet."

"Then, is any amount of life good for me?" She laughed at her *mot*, but he barely spared her a smile.

"Now you've hit it!" he cried. "Now we're at the core of the thing, Betty. Good for you—how? In what capacity? As an artist—as a woman—or as a member of civilized society?"

"Do you mean ——" she began, but he interrupted her eagerly.

"Because—I'll tell you," he said: "As a productive artist you cannot have too much of life. That seems certain. As a woman it is doubtful whether you can have too much of life, but I think you can. That's modern psychology. As a member of civilized society we all know you can have too much of life. That's history and art and religion and horse-sense, and the Law and the Prophets. Now make up your mind."

"You mean which I'll be?"

"I mean which you'll be," he said firmly. "And make it up thoroughly, my girl, for your art and your sex and the society you live in will take it out of you if you wabble! Take either of those lines—and Art will support you, or Nature will support you, or Society will support you. We all understand; we're not so stupid as you think. A price for everything and everything at its price. But slip between the three—and it's thumbs down all round, Betty!"

"I know," she said bitterly. "I know."

"You've got just so much vitality, my dear; where will you put it? Which is your best investment? Pick out your bank and deposit—that's all."

"But ——"

"Ah, yes; George Eliot! What has that to do with you, pray? Are you prepared to pay her price? Whenever a woman becomes the property of the public, if she has sufficient genius the public pays her well and gladly; she gives herself to it; it gives her plenty of sugarplums. But the public owns her, you know; and nothing will ever persuade it that it doesn't. It never has owned Strauss or Sargent or Meredith, and never pretended to. There's where you win—and there's where you lose, my dear!"

"You know I can't work any more," she said abruptly.

"Then don't try."

"But I must try!"

"Why?"

"Because I'm restless and nervous if I go too long without it—and because I need money."

"But surely, Betty ——"

"Oh, that's all very well," she broke in bluntly; "but if I take Walter's money I must do as Walter wants!"

"Dear me," he said, "you business women are astonishing! You really feel that?"

"I really feel that—yes."

"Then why doesn't the fact that you practically support yourself leave you free to do as you want?"

She stopped abruptly and met his eyes.

"That's just what I don't know, Dick," she said frankly; "but it doesn't. If it did I'd be in Italy today."

"You wouldn't miss him?"

She smiled gently and shook her head.

"You miss what you depend on and what depends on you," she said. "I never depended on Walter and I could never have cared for a man who depended on me. So when I ceased to care ——"

"The average husband, you know," said Stanchon, "is his wife's oldest child. That keeps her going when the springs slacken."

"I know. One reads about it," she answered indifferently. "It always seemed rather grotesque to me."

"That's because you never grow up," he said quickly.

"And yet I shall grow old."

"Ah, yes, that's different, dear."

"A sort of old baby, in short?"

"An artist, Betty."

"See here, Dick, do you really believe that they oughtn't to marry—that sort—and all the rest of the old stuff?"

"I didn't use to, Betty, so long as you kept above water," he said slowly. "I always said you'd driven a nail into that

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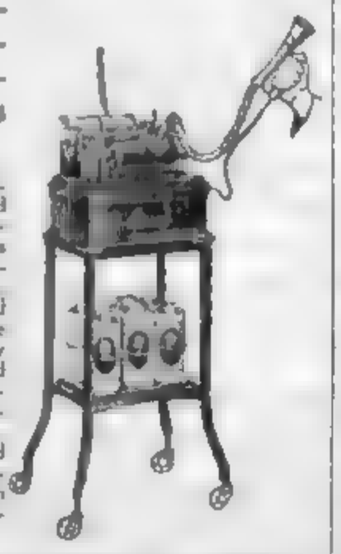

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theory; but if you haven't—why, it's only one more, that's all."

"Only one more!" she echoed listlessly. "Let's sit down—will you, Dick?"

She dropped lightly down on a flat, warm rock; he sat crosslegged, like a college boy, beside her.

"You sit like a girl," he said, "and you look like one for the matter of that. Do you really know what you want, my poor Betty? Of course I know; but do you?"

She met his eyes unflinchingly.

"Of course I do," she said.

"Oh, well, if you know," and his eyes narrowed thoughtfully, "then that's all."

"I want the old thrill, Dick," she began suddenly, her voice quite soft and colorless.

"I know—I know," he murmured.

"I don't want to hurt anybody," she went on monotonously. "I don't want to make any great row; but I don't believe it *would* hurt anybody, Dick. "I despise a bolting woman," she concluded abruptly.

He nodded.

"Of course you would," he agreed.

"I never could see why the whole fabric of a family—an establishment, land, a position, children, the whole roots of the future generation—should be torn up and scattered to the winds because the one emotion that led us into it has died away."

"The trouble is," he corrected gently, "it doesn't die away; it only dies away in one direction!"

"Then why doesn't the capacity die, Dick?"

"Aha! That's the question. A lot of trouble would be saved in this old world if it did, my dear!"

"Then it's badly managed!"

"Very badly, my child, for the individual; but Nature has never been interested in the individual. He emerges almost in spite of her. What she has terribly on her inexorable old mind is the type, the human species—and, sooner than lose that, she practically overdoes the business. She is the first of the anarchists, that old lady; and if she *overcharges* every bomb, and you complain that less dynamite would have answered her purpose in any specific case, she will only tell you that in her laboratory dynamite is cheap, and that she can't afford to take any chances."

"But that's using a steam hammer to crush an eggshell."

"Precisely; but the old lady works in greatest common denominators, Betty. She is too large to potter about with details, though it is a favorite fiction of scientists that she is always busy with them. She knows that her own big hammer will crush everything; her own big card will win every game; her own big language will pass every frontier; her own big currency will cancel every account. And, with that great tool—the desire to live and create life—she has shaped the race out of the primeval slime and loosed a force so terrible that the greatest work of civilization has been to harness and standardize it."

"But I can't work harnessed, Dick!"

Her lower lip pouted unreasonably, like a child's; her eyes, almost black with resentment and troubled as he had never seen them, met his full and melted into his as only Betty's could.

"My dear," he said unsteadily, "when you married I said that no man on earth could hold you for ten years. Walter has done so much better than that that I began to believe in miracles. You know, of course, that I'm always your friend. If you are one of those who must beat the open sea in order to appreciate the harbor—well! But, Betty, whatever you do, remember the price! You're a grown woman and you know that everything in the world is listed—it's all written down in the book."

"If you mean the children ——" she began stormily; but he patted her against his shoulder firmly.

"I don't mean the children, stupid," he said. "As a matter of fact, there's no connection. I believe you to be quite capable of carrying on your excellent development of your little family, however widely you might diverge from the conventional domestic code—just as I believe you would allow no such divergence to interfere for a moment with your relations to your children or your art or your establishment in life generally—if you could help it! Am I right?"

"Quite right," she said briefly.

"Just so. Your life is one of many sections, Madam Betty, and no one emotion can flood them all, I believe. Artists and ocean steamers are equipped with watertight compartments, and ——"

"And they don't always work in either case?" she interrupted maliciously.

He laughed in spite of himself.

"But this is what I mean, my child," he said, "and be sure you understand it: The cleverer the juggler, the greater the number of balls he can keep in the air at once, and the greater the crash when his eye relaxes and his wrist slips, and they all come down. He defies gravity and you may defy conventionality—in either case the world watches the feat with interest; but when he fails his audience is more or less indulgent. It is only a matter of picking up the balls and trying again. When you fail ——"

"Oh, I know—I know," she finished wearily.

"You see, dear," he went on, "you made a contract."

"But, great heavens and earth! how did I know? How could I judge? How can anybody promise ——"

"Lie still, child; lie still. I don't speak of your contract with your husband. That seems to have been the best sailing chart we have at present, and insures the least number of obvious shipwrecks in humanity's queer voyage across space and time."

Betty leaned back on his arm and watched his face closely. He had always interested her intensely; wherever she thought, he had gone before.

"And here's another thing that's true," he said, looking keenly at her: "You made a certain contract with society, with civilization at its present stage. You agreed to become one of the body that holds it up—that strengthens the stockade between it and the howling wilderness outside. You were one of the inside coral-workers to enlarge the reef—not one of the waves that beat against it and eat it away from without. And for that the reef protected you and your children.

"Does the reef—society—care tuppence whom you married? Not a bit of it; that's romance, fate, a sacred bond, a sentimental bait—whichever your special temperament and nationality and generation incline you to. It only cares *that* you marry. And it cares for stable courts of justice and good roads and adequate sanitation and standardized education for youth. These things have always gone with at least a theoretical monogamy. There are many exceptions to every rule; but when the exceptions outnumber the rule, then the rule changes."

"And you think it won't change—ever?"

"Well, this special rule has never changed yet. Though some of the greatest natures in the world have broken it, the world has consistently declared that they were great in spite of their defections, not because of them. And, with women, society has been necessarily superstrict. The race supply, like the water supply, must be beyond suspicion. It isn't what you promised Walter that we care about, my dear; it's what you promised us!"

"But you made me promise too much!"

"Well, well—we did the best we could, my dear. You were a sort of necessary luxury—one of those of which Doctor Holmes said that if we could have enough we could dispense with the necessities—and we protected you and paid for you; and without us where and what would you have been? Now you are beginning to deal directly with the world and not necessarily with the world through us; and it is probable that we shan't be able to make you promise quite so much or hold you quite so stiffly to it."

"Ah!" she murmured. "I believe you!"

"But, Betty"—he caught her wrists firmly "mind that you stand ready to pay! You're a proud woman and you've always met conventional people squarely, though contemptuously. 'I can play your silly Philistine game, and better than most of you!' you've always boasted; so that you've roused jealousy on every side. Don't expect any grace from either camp, my dear'"

She winced.

"I know—I know'" she whispered.

"You are one of the frankest women I ever knew; you can't keep your pride and your frankness both—and both are very dear to you, my child!"

"I know," she repeated.

"Intrigue in itself is far from appealing to you; but such standards as you have set up for yourself cannot be upheld without subterfuge somewhere."

"I know," and this time her voice was barely audible.

"I am not speaking sentimentally, my child. God knows I'm not throwing old

(Concluded on Page 37)

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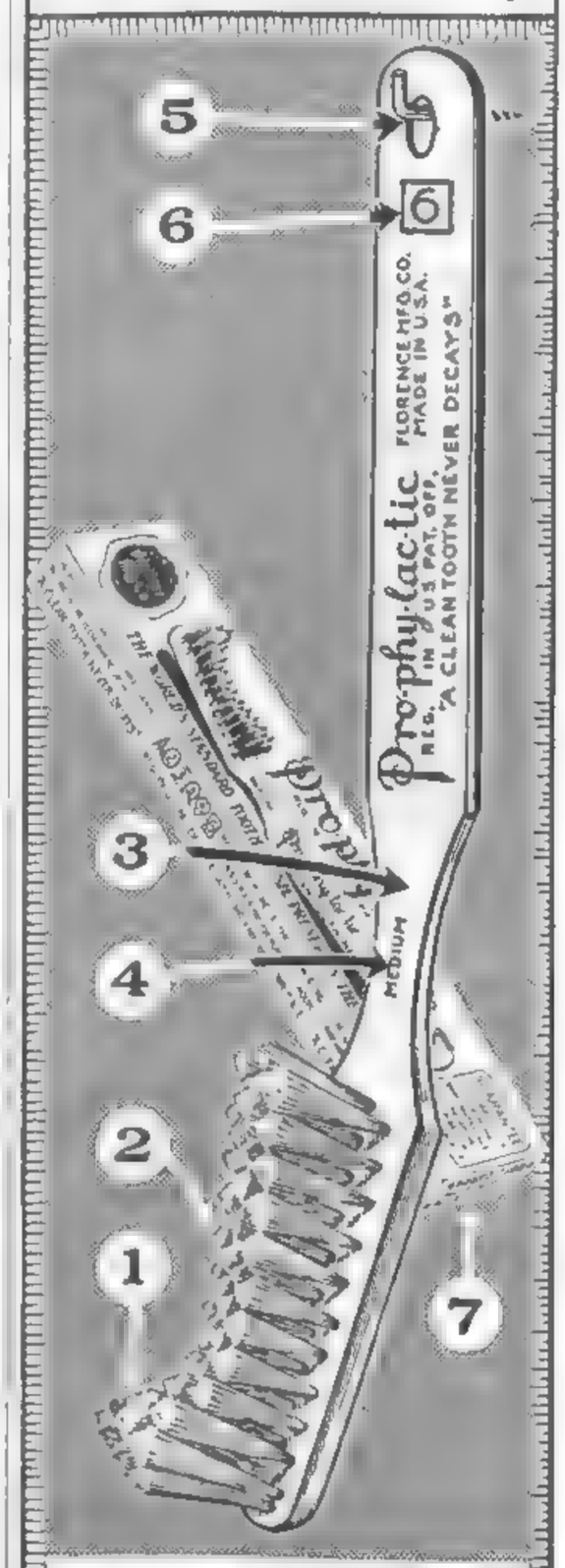
"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"



Why the Pro-phy-lac-tic is Known as the World's Standard Tooth Brush

Because the seven features illustrated above were originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic. And the attempt of imitators to copy them proves that no tooth brush can *claim* really to clean the teeth unless it *appears* to be made like the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

1 The big end tuft—that goes where a tooth brush ought to go—even to the backs of the back teeth.

2 Serrated bristle tufts arranged to fit the shape of the jaw—known as the Pro-phy-lac-tic shape—the big step in advance in tooth brush manufacture.

3 The curved handle with beveled and tapered head which enables the brush to get behind all the teeth.

4 Dependable markings of bristles as hard, medium, soft—so you may absolutely rely on the kind you like.

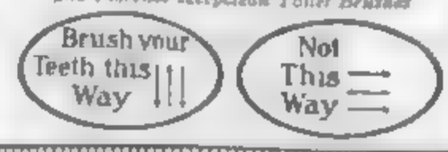
5 The hole in the handle and the hook on which to hang the brush.

6 The use of symbols to mark individual brushes so that each person may always recognize his own brush.

7 The sanitary yellow box that brings your tooth brush clean, untouched by any hand since it left our sanitary factory. This big step in advance, like the others, was originated by the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Send for Free Booklet on the Care of the Teeth

FLORENCE MFG. COMPANY
32 Pine St Florence (Northampton) Mass., U.S.A.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes



Maxwell "25"

The Maxwell "25" is a powerful automobile—a real, full-grown automobile—a handsome stream-line automobile, and it looks and acts like an automobile of three times the price.

The Maxwell "25" has absolutely every essential quality, and absolutely every necessary feature found in the very highest priced cars.

In actual economy of operation, in real ability to keep out of the repair shop, it not only equals, but surpasses most cars which cost five times its price.

The Maxwell "25" weighs 1685 pounds. A wonderful "tire economy car." Has 30" x 3½" tires, *front* and *rear*, permitting rear tires to be shifted to front wheels to give extra long service.

The motor is cast enbloc; 3⅝" bore; 4½" stroke; adjustable valves completely inclosed. Extra large crank shaft; bearings of bronze with babbit lining.

Motor water cooled, will not overheat.

More Power for Its Weight Than Higher Priced Cars

The Maxwell "25" has a real 25 horsepower motor—which develops more power in proportion to the weight of the car than the engines of most $5,000 automobiles.

The Maxwell "25" can pass most any car on hills "in high."—It is a phenomenal hill climber.

Costly High Tension Magneto—Like Highest Priced Cars

The Maxwell "25" has a Simms high-tension magneto, which always delivers the spark direct to the spark plugs in correct time. This means no coils—*no master vibrators*—no mechanism that requires frequent delicate adjustments. The magneto works right, and stays right.

Transmission—4 Speed Selective Sliding Gear, Center Control

The Maxwell "25" has a 4 speed selective type transmission, 3 speeds forward and 1 reverse. The main shaft has *Hyatt Roller Bearings* at front end—bronze bushing babbit lined at rear. Adjustable cone clutch is lined with motobestos. It takes hold firmly without sudden gripping, and without undue noise.

Control—Brakes of Extra Strength

The Maxwell "25" has left-side, 16" steering wheel. There is plenty of room for a big man to drive without being cramped. Spark and throttle control rods are inclosed in steering column. There is a foot throttle or accelerator pedal with foot rest. Transmission Control Lever is in *center of car* and is *operated by the right hand*

The *service brake is contracting* and the *emergency brake expanding*. They act on 12½" brake drums bolted to rear wheels.

Unfailing, Economical, Springless Atomizer Type Carburetor

The Maxwell "25" has a Zephyr Carburetor—Atomizer Type. This gives unusual high mileage per gallon of gasoline without constant carburetor trouble. Starts and runs right in any weather, and controlled from the dash.

Lubrication—Improved Splash System With Oil Saving Pump

The Maxwell "25" has splash lubrication with a sturdy, slow-moving plunger pump. This saves oil.

Capacity—A Real 5 Passenger Car of Comfort

The Maxwell "25" is a real 5-passenger car. It carries 5 grown people comfortably. There is plenty of leg room.

Phenomenal Easy Riding Qualities

The Maxwell "25" has 4 *semi-elliptic type springs*. The front springs are 32" long. The rear springs are 40" long, fixed at front, shackled at rear, and mounted on a rocking seat. *Absolutely no expensive shock absorbers or auxiliary springs are needed.*

Fullest Equipment—Complete and of Unusual Quality

The Maxwell "25" has a perfectly fitted top with envelope. The top has the famous "Jiffy Curtains," which fold back in the top and can be let down in an instant without getting out of car.

Full equipment of handsome lamps, Prest-o-lite tank, full set of tools, jack, pump, Stewart speedometer, etc. A strong, good-looking tire carrier comes on the back of the car.

You have no extras to buy. Everything comes with the car.

See the Maxwell dealer in your town at once, and look at this wonderful, complete car. *If there is no Maxwell dealer near you, write for interesting, illustrated, descriptive catalogue.*

Address Dept. B

Maxwell Motor Company, Inc.

Detroit, Michigan

FULL $750 EQUIPMENT

TIMKEN AXLES & BEARINGS

How Motor Cars Are Planned and Engineered

Designing and engineering a Timken-Detroit Axle into a particular motor car is a matter of many conferences of many men. Men who view the proposed car from widely different angles.

All have the *ideal* of the finished car and each contributes superior skill and experience on some particular part of the problem—a problem too big to be settled in one conference or by one mind.

All the diversity of highly specialized ability requisite to the designing and engineering of all the parts of a complete motor car has never yet been gathered in the organization of any one car-builder.

Every motor car builder—without a single exception—buys several of the fundamental component parts of his car from parts-making specialists.

Not one car-builder makes *all* the essential parts such as frame, wheels, springs, axles, bearings, radiator, motor, magneto, carburetor, starting and lighting system, steering gear, universal joints, transmission, body.

The Law of Limitations is the Cause

Human Limitations.—No one car-building organization has mastered all the intricacies of all the essential parts of the car. Every one of them relies upon the specialized knowledge, ability and experience of some parts-making organizations.

Capital Limitations.—If a single car-builder should attempt to design and manufacture every one of the component parts of the car by his own organization his investment in brains, buildings, land, machinery, tools, jigs, patterns, etc., would have to be so colossal as to be unwieldy and unprofitable.

Cost Limitations.—If it were granted that a single car-builder could get and retain the engineering skill needed to thoroughly cover each of the parts and could so divide his organization and concentrate the attention of individuals on the designing and manufacturing problems of each component part—the cost of that single car-builder's output of such parts as axles would, if those axles were as good as Timkens, be prohibitive.

Experience Limitations.—And there would still be lacking one of the greatest sources of progress toward the perfection of each part—broad, universal experience. For the part-specialist works in close relations with the builders of *several* cars, he constantly gains by *their* wide experience, *their* ideas and discoveries. Each, in his desire for the perfection of his car, helps in the perfection of every detail of the integral part.

Progressive car-builders realize that the designing of the complete unit car is work worthy of master engineering minds—a task severe enough even with the help of other minds that have specialized on unit parts and their inter-relations with the other unit parts of the car.

Though car-builders vary in their decisions as to what parts they shall buy, yet all do buy several of the fundamental parts of their cars from component parts-makers. But not all avail themselves of that specialized engineering ability—nor are all parts-makers capable of giving it.

Some builders merely "shop" for parts, buying wherever they can buy cheapest. A few builders specify every detail of the parts they buy. Thus, while utilizing the physical investment and manufacturing ability of the parts-maker, they utterly ignore his broad experience which would help them co-ordinate that part with the rest of the car.

Engineering the Part Into the Car

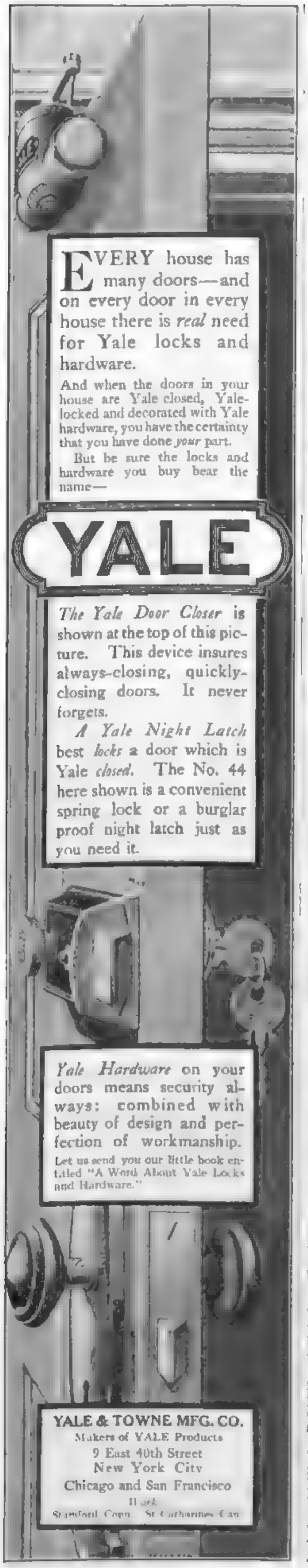
The great majority of car-designers concede that the car's foundations—axles and bearings—can best be inter-designed with the car and manufactured by organizations that devote all their brains, energy, experience and capital to the production of axles and of bearings only.

And most of those designers whose aim is to produce cars that will give the greatest amount of satisfactory use-service depend on the makers of Timken-Detroit Axles and Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for co-operation in designing and making the right axles and bearings for their particular cars.

The names of those cars are printed in a booklet, "The Companies Timken Keeps," which states specifically where, in each model, the Timken Bearings and Axles are used.

This booklet and the two Timken Primers "On Axles" and "On Bearings" will be mailed free, postpaid on request to Department A-9, either Timken Company.

The Timken-Detroit Axle Co., Detroit, Mich.
The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, O.


EVERY house has many doors—and on every door in every house there is *real* need for Yale locks and hardware.
And when the doors in your house are Yale closed, Yale-locked and decorated with Yale hardware, you have the certainty that you have done *your* part.
But be sure the locks and hardware you buy bear the name—
YALE
The Yale Door Closer is shown at the top of this picture. This device insures always-closing, quickly-closing doors. It never forgets.
A Yale Night Latch best *locks* a door which is Yale *closed*. The No. 44 here shown is a convenient spring lock or a burglar proof night latch just as you need it.
Yale Hardware on your doors means security always: combined with beauty of design and perfection of workmanship.
Let us send you our little book entitled "A Word About Yale Locks and Hardware."
YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
Makers of YALE Products
9 East 40th Street
New York City
Chicago and San Francisco

(Concluded from Page 34)

maxims at you. You're too big a woman to settle with a few copybook phrases. It's very easy to tell other people what not to do; and it's infinitely simpler to keep the social order balanced with a few ironclad rules than to try to trace out the real system of weights and counterweights between the single soul and society.

"Saint Theresa's case was simple compared to her modern sisters'; but, utterly aside from conventional prejudices, remember that even in the widest interpretation of individualism there is no such thing as a bargain on life's counter! My sex has had free hands much longer than yours, and we've nearly learned that lesson—I sometimes think it's the last illusion you'll consent to lose!"

"I didn't want so very much," she whispered childishly, clinging to his arm.

He bit his lip, hardening himself to the soft pressure.

"Are you sure," he asked quietly; "quite sure, Betty child?" She shook her head obstinately. "Is there any one you're in love with?" he shot at her suddenly.

"No."

Prompt and frank, she satisfied him with her very careless simplicity.

"But you want to be a free lance again; that's all?"

"Every bit, Dick. I shouldn't have married."

"Perhaps not," he agreed; "but you would have!"

She gasped at this simple sentence, laughed uncertainly; then sighed.

"Really?" she breathed.

"Really," he assured her. "You're the kind that does. Anyway, you did. And so doing you built up that extraordinary thing, a family, which is not merely you, plus your children, but a definite entity, a something beyond its parts, with a foundation and a personality all its own. And you built yourself with it. And now you can't get away from it."

He felt her sobbing in his arms.

"Why, my dear," he went on evenly, as though her shaken body had not moved him, "that is the one thing which convinces me of the essential necessity of the family—it is the one thing men make, besides their laws and their religions, that they can't get away from! They invest in all these for comfort and security—and they find themselves in a trap!" She stared at him, her head thrown back on his arm. "And yet," he mused, "within this triangular trap of religion, law and the family, civilization grows, and history watches, and art is born!"

She watched him wonderingly.

"You say you don't want much," he said abruptly. "What do you want? To love again? Have you any guarantee that it will last? If not, then do you really wish to pay such a price as freedom entails for a flash in the pan? Or to repeat the experiment indefinitely?"

"Oh, Dick!"

"Very well, then—to trust yourself again to realize the same disillusionment, the same trap?"

She shook her head.

"Whatever happens, child, will be a definite thing—with you, very definite. I can't let you deceive yourself with the idea that all this is a vague theory, a series of eternal possibilities. Freedom with you merely means freedom to do what you want. What are you going to want?"

"Nothing—for a while," she added, low but honestly.

"Ah! For a while!" he repeated, forcing her to meet his eyes. "And then, Betty? And then?"

She flushed, but braved those piercing eyes.

"At any rate ——" she began definitely.

"At any rate," he interrupted shortly, "you will begin again to build up precisely the fabric you are now loosening. Remember, you are not a Bohemian, Betty. You will begin to build up again!"

She rose lightly and brushed the pine-needles from her skirt, slipped a tiny powderpuff from its looking-glass case and carefully dusted her hot cheeks—her whole soul apparently in the process.

"Of course you know," she remarked, "that you've disturbed me a hundred times more than by being properly shocked. If I could possibly be more miserable than I was ——"

"Some day you'll begin to believe that we weren't entirely selfish—we men—when we tried so hard to keep you from the Arts!" he said, smiling to meet her change of mood and watching her deft movements as she smoothed her hair and shook her skirts. "It's hard enough, Betty dear, to be a successful woman and a successful member of society; to combine these achievements with those of a successful artist is more than one has a right to expect of any of you—not that you don't manage it now and then, of course."

"You think I could?"

"I think you could do anything on God's earth, Betty—if you wanted to!"

She held out her hands to him.

"Get up," she said, "and come back! As there's no one here to make me think otherwise, of course I see you're right. If there were ——"

"Here they are! Here, Fricka! Here, Fricka!"

Up from the ground, apparently, rose Nancy Varnham and Bobby Du Long, the girl's face all frank pleasure at this successful game of hide-and-seek—the young man's eyes half audacious, half timid, as they met Betty's.

"I—we couldn't get along without you, so we came," he said.

"How perfectly jolly!" A quick flush brightened her eyes and her teeth flashed white. She had a dimple like a girl's. "Take me home, Bobby—the doctor's been scolding me," she said gayly. "Let's lose him!"

He had seized her offered hand, they were all but away, when a quick glance at Richard Stanchon's strong, convulsed face caught and held Betty. She wavered, dared not believe what she read there—then dared not doubt.

"Run along, children! Run along!" she said gently; and at the sound of her voice they scampered off like two frightened rabbits.

She took his clenched hands in her own and forced them gently to her shoulders, so that she stood like a boy before him.

"Dick!" she said softly. "Dear Dick! You don't mean ——"

"God knows I do!" he groaned. "I—I'm jealous, Betty! If—if you're really going to do it—if you're really going to make Walter set you free—oh, Betty, take me! Take me!"

Her face grew steadily crimson, until it seemed that the delicate skin could contain no more of that quick, shamed blood.

"You think I'm too old—no man any younger could manage you, Betty! Do you suppose that boy —— I've understood you for fifteen years! Don't you suppose I've always known that no man of Girard's type ——"

"Hush!" she said quietly. "Hush, dear Dick—my dear friend, Dick! You make me so ashamed—and so proud! What is that boy to me? And if he were anything, do you think I would spoil his life? He's just beginning—I've had my first love! And do you think I would confuse your life? You have made it so fine and simple! I should only excite and complicate it. It is quite true that you could manage me; but, Dick, I must manage myself—mustn't I?"

He could not speak. His hands gripped her shoulders until she winced.

"How strange it is," she went on, still in that quiet, even voice, her cheeks suddenly cool again; "how strange it is, Dick, that all those wise things you said left me so—so unreconciled—and the one foolish thing made me see how it must be!"

"Do you see?" he asked thickly.

"Oh, yes; I see," she said. "I see now, Dick. Nothing would succeed that was based on such selfishness, would it?" He sighed heavily. His hands relaxed. "But it was only when you were selfish that I saw!" she marveled. "Tell me, Dick, how can a man be so wise—and at the same time so foolish?"

"God knows!" he said bitterly. "You must forget ——"

"Never!" she cried, and smiled through her quick tears. "Never while I live! When I'm holding the fort in my triangle-trap, Dick, I shall always remember that the man I admire most in the world would have stood between me and that world if I had run away out of that triangle-trap!"

"Always! Always!" he said deeply; and then: "So you are going to hold the fort, Betty?"

"You said I could do anything on God's earth!" she reminded him. "Didn't you mean it?"

He looked at her—his old whimsical look.

"I thought it then—I know it now," he said. "Let me take you home, my dear."

Their path lay clear through the sunset.

ALADDIN
Home Owners Will Welcome A Visit From YOU

Pride of Ownership
Aladdin customers are proud of their modern, attractive homes—proud of the material—proud of the construction and best of all, proud of their judgment in freeing themselves of old, expensive, time-consuming building methods.
ALADDIN Readi-Cut Houses
Bring you a better home at a price proven many times less than one of cheap material.

ALADDIN —The Original Readi-Cut
The North American Construction Company *Originated, Perfected* and *Established* the Readi-Cut System of building. Aladdin superiority is acknowledged the country over.
5-Room ALADDIN House $298

This snug and cozy, five-room Aladdin Readi-Cut House, complete $298.
THE FIRST STEP TOWARD YOUR OWN HOME
Aladdin Price includes all framing material, sheathing, siding, shingles, windows, interior finish, hardware, nails, paints and varnishes—in short, complete material for the erection of your home.
Tear Here
North American Construction Company
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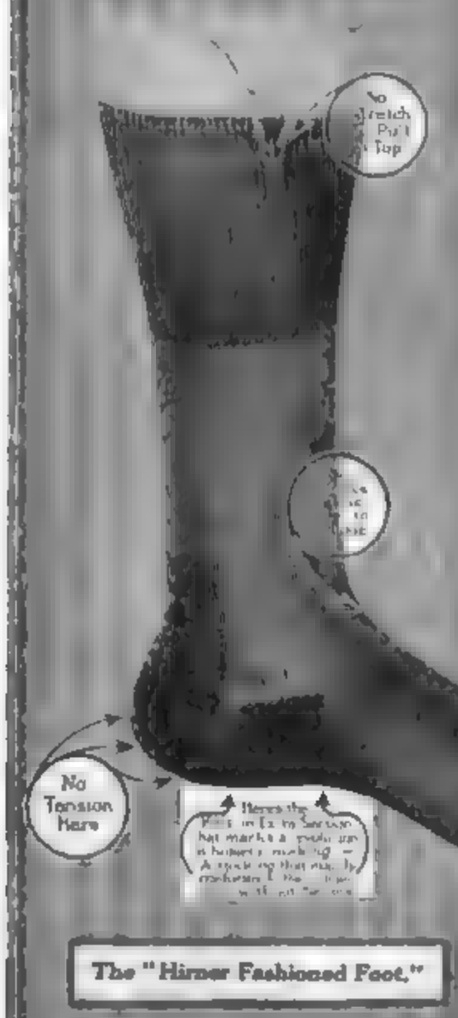
Ask About Our Dollar-A-Knot Guarantee

Measure your own foot.

As ordinary hosiery comes from the machine.



The "Hirner Fashioned Foot."

This ticket is at the top of all Hosiery made with the "Hirner Fashioned Foot"

HIRNER FASHIONED FOOT

Look for the stamp on the toe.

BY a new method of knitting it is now possible to make stylish Hosiery that will wear *much* longer than formerly, and also fit over the instep without wrinkling.

The chief reason that Hosiery doesn't wear, is, because it is not made according to the dimensions of the human foot. Most of it is knit as a narrow bag with a fullness at the heel.

Now measure your foot around heel and instep. You will find it is about 13 inches, while your stocking is 8 to 9 inches. From A to B there is a shortage of fabric in the stocking of 2 inches; and from B to C there are 2 inches too much. The shortage in the fabric must be overcome by stretching over your foot, while the surplus gathers in wrinkles over the instep.

To take out these wrinkles and make your hose look well, you pull your garter up hard and put more strain on the fabric.

With the new

HIRNER FASHIONED FOOT

an additional section is knit into the lower instep, without seams, to make the foot conform to the actual dimensions of the human foot.

The result is that, when you put on Hosiery with the "Hirner Fashioned Foot," it fits without wrinkles over the instep, without tension over the heel, sole or toe, and without garter pull, and *wears because there is no undue strain at any point.*

This most important improvement has been adopted by a number of manufacturers under license, and is being added to their regular brands at no increase in price—various grades sell from 25c to $1.00 per pair.

If you want Hosiery to wear longer, and look better, don't accept anything but the "Hirner Foot." Write to us, giving us your dealer's name, and we will tell you where you can obtain it; at the same time we'll send you our illustrated book "Making Hosiery Wear." Address:

"HIRNER FOOT," Allentown, Pa.

Cut This Out and Mail

"HIRNER FOOT," 15-9-14, Allentown, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Please mail Booklet—"Making Hosiery Wear."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

My dealer is _____

Address _____

To The Trade—The "Hirner Fashioned Foot" has already been adopted by a number of prominent manufacturers and added to their regular brands, in various grades. Your customers will want Hosiery made in this way, and your jobbers can supply you.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

A Rising Temperature

DOWN on the Forked Deer River, in Western Tennessee, the trustees installed a hot-air plant in a small Baptist church. On the Sunday when the new appliance was first used a widow and her yellow-skinned, ague-stricken son came from their home, several miles away, to attend the evening services.

As luck would have it, the usher escorted this pair to a pew that was directly over a register in the floor. Presently, as the janitor fed the furnace in the basement below, the son began to wriggle and twist.

"Ma," he whispered, "I got to go! I ain't feelin' well."

"What's the matter?" inquired his parent. "Air you fixin' to have another spell?"

"Yessum; must be," said the sufferer. "I kin feel the fever comin' up my laigs."

Fanning Cool Air

A SIMPLE attachment to an ordinary electric fan, so that the air it blows will be cool, has been worked out by the engineers of an East Indian railroad and installed in the new sleeping cars of the line. It utilizes the old principle of cooling by evaporation of water.

A cloth-curtain arrangement is placed back of the fan and the cloth is kept wet by a small tank. The fan draws the air over the curtain in such a way that the cooling effect of the evaporation of water from the cloth is used to full advantage.

Sharing Honors

INTO a blind tiger in the North Carolina mountains stalked a tall and truculent-looking stranger. Halting in the middle of the floor, he addressed the assembled company in threatening tones:

"I kin lick any man in this place!"

A man stepped forward instantly and accepted the challenge by knocking the challenger about fifteen feet. The newcomer dropped on his back in a corner. As he endeavored to rise, the local champion bowled him over flat again. Three times this happened. Then, lying on the floor, the newcomer spoke.

"Partner," he said, through his battered lips, "you and me both kin lick any man in this place!"

Bars and Bars

MR. JUSTICE LETTON, of the Nebraska Supreme Court, went East one summer and left his house in care of friends.

One morning the telephone bell in the Letton house rang and a woman asked for Mr. Letton. She was told the justice was not in town. She refused to believe that and asked where Mr. Letton was.

"He's on his way home now," the lady at the Letton house replied; "but he stopped off at Milwaukee to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association."

"Evidently," said the woman at the other end of the wire superciliously, "there is some mistake. The Mr. Letton I know and want is not a saloon keeper. He runs a grocery store."

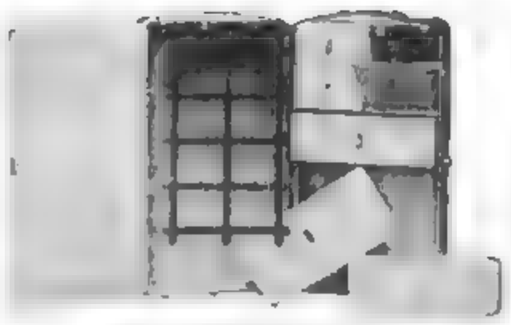
Safety Motor Signals

AUTOMATIC flashlight warning signals for bad curves or dangerous crossings on country roads have been suggested as an aid to safe touring in automobiles, and such a light is now being tried in England as an experiment. Such a light needs attention only once in three months, being allowed to burn night and day.

Acetylene from a tank at the top of a post by the roadside near the danger spot furnishes the light. Gas is fed to the flame every second or so and at each flow of gas the light flashes.

By regulating the length of the periods when the flame is low, and so making the flash once every second and a half or every two seconds, the lamp could be made to run without attention for a longer time than three months.

An improvement suggested is to attach a device similar to that now used generally for light buoys, which turns the flame down during the daytime and up at night, controlled by daylight.



BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

When you go to buy a trunk, keep this one fact before you: that you are buying for now and for the future.

A trunk is the poorest thing in the world on which to try and save money. No trunk can be too good for you—too strong—too serviceable.

Pay enough for your trunk to get real value, sure service, but see that you get what you pay for. That means, remember the Indestructo name.

Compare the Indestructo with any other trunk made. See it side by side with other trunks in the stores.

You will find that not one of them has the distinctive features of the Indestructo—that not one of them gives you the same solid assurance of real worth and service—not one of them is so well able to care for itself in the crash and crush of hard baggage handling.

One proving bit of evidence as to the standing of Indestructo Trunks in the business world is the way leading merchants—the best and wisest merchants have accepted the Indestructo.

Remember that no other trunk can give you the service, satisfaction, the beauty and lasting value, and the special Five Years insurance and Registry features that are all yours with the Indestructo Trunk. It is worth your while to buy right and be satisfied.

Say to yourself, "The next trunk I buy will be an Indestructo"—then make good on that promise.

Our booklet explains that fully—ask for it.

National Veneer Products Company
1 Beiger Street Mishawaka, Ind.

"About Dogs"

DO you know what sickness destroys most puppies? What the dog is more subject to than any other animal? What and how much to feed? What are the recognized breeds? Then send for this free book and learn these and a hundred facts of equal interest.

Austin's DOG BREAD

Our Book "About Dogs" will be sent free with free sample of Austin's Dog Bread whose scientific combination of high grade cereals, lean meat and bone meal is the result of 26 years of experience in giving the dog what his digestion and disposition really need.

Write today for Free Sample—please give your dealer's name.

AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO.
234 Marginal St., Chelsea, Mass.

Who's Your Tailor?

EMPLOY us as your tailors and you'll get your own choice of the world's best woolens made up into clothes that embody your own individuality in connection with the finest workmanship that was ever put into custom-tailored clothes for **$25 and Up—Suit or Overcoat**

Write us for the name of our dealer in your city—he'll take your measure correctly

F. Wm. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago, U. S. A.

A 185-foot aisle in our main stock room, showing about one-quarter of the woolens we carry on hand. We buy over 18,000 full bolts

You are cordially invited to inspect our mammoth tailor shops whenever you visit Chicago. A guide will show you through

Why You Should Use Rexall Toilet Preparations

Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 9

EVERYTHING that honesty and care and the most modern methods of manufacturing and merchandising can add to the satisfaction-giving qualities of Rexall Toilet Preparations has been provided for. Nothing has been overlooked—nothing left to chance in the desire to please you.

The High Quality

is assured by months and, in some cases, years of conscientious testing and proving by actual use of every formula for every Rexall Toilet Preparation before those formulæ were finally adopted as worthy; and by rigid testing for purity and strength of every ingredient before it can become a part of the preparation.

The Low Prices

for goods of such high quality are possible because The Rexall Stores own the laboratories in which Rexall Toilet Preparations are made; and because to supply the output of more than 7,000 leading drug stores each article must be manufactured in great quantity, permitting lowest big-quantity prices in the purchase of raw materials and supplies.

In The Saturday Evening Post, June 13, will be printed "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 10" on "White Cross" Klenzo and Marguerite Tooth Brushes.

See Our Window Display

The Satisfaction

you get in the use of Rexall Toilet Preparations through the ideal manufacturing and merchandising conditions herein described, is still further insured by the broad, liberal guarantee printed on every package and backed personally by The Rexall Druggist who sells it to you—a guarantee of satisfaction, or your money back.

Here are some of the Rexall Toilet Preparations

Also Rexall Theatrical Cold Cream prepared especially for the profession in ½ lb. and 1 lb. quantities	Rexall Shaving Lotion, 2 sizes, 25c	50c
	Rexall Toilet Cream . . .	25c
	Rexall Rose Water and Glycerine	25c
	Rexall Cream of Almonds . .	35c
	Rexall Violet Talcum Powder .	25c
	Rexall Cold Cream, 3 sizes, 10c, 25c	50c
	Rexall Camphorated Cold Cream .	25c
Fragrant and sanitary preparations for the teeth in whichever form you prefer	Rexall Antiseptic Tooth Powder	25c
	Rexall Tooth Paste . . .	25c
	Rexall Tooth Wash . . .	25c
Rexall Toilet Soap, 10c a cake, 3 for . . .		25c
Real lather-making, soothing soap in three forms to give the discriminating shaver his choice	Rexall Shaving Powder .	25c
	Rexall Shaving Stick . .	25c
	Rexall Shaving Cream .	25c

"Rexall Toilet Goods Week" Begins To-day at All

The Rexall Stores

These goods are sold only at The Rexall Store in your town

THE FLOATING LABORER

(Continued from Page 5)

The boy needed some attention; he was tired and lonely and homesick. When after supper at the ten-cent restaurant under the lodging house Charlie proposed that they should visit Carney's, John accepted. He would have refused probably had he known that Carney's place was a saloon. His early training had taught him that a demon lurks in the glass. His father had warned him—the last thing—to shun strong drink. And Farmer Bill and the other heroes of modern romance always owed half their success to the fact that they avoided liquor and evil companions.

It was only the fear of making himself ridiculous that prevented John from pulling back when he entered the swinging doors and found himself face to face with a bar—a bar fringed with workingmen like himself and Charlie, all talking and laughing. He and Charlie found a seat at a table, where Charlie called over two or three men like himself and ordered beer. This proceeding astonished John. Charlie had told him on the way down from the grading camp that he owned in all the world only his blankets and the dollar and a half he had received from the timekeeper; and he must have spent some of that for food in the twenty-four hours since. John said that he would not have anything.

"Aw, come on! It'll make you forget your troubles," said Charlie.

"No; the kid's right. It never done anybody any good," said another man; but he himself ordered whisky.

After Charlie had his first beer, some one else paid; and on this round Charlie changed to whisky. Now Charlie, who had been talking all the evening about his troubles, his wrongs and his black future, brightened up; so did the rest as drink followed drink. They talked for a time as the men had talked in the box car on the way up to the grading camp. John listened to this with less repugnance now. Then they touched on politics. And finally they talked over their business in an interval before the fourth drink; after which the conversation became mainly foolishness.

After a New Job

John learned, rather to his surprise, that these men had ambitions just like himself. Charlie wanted to make enough money to get to the Klondike, that golden land the name of which was then a fetish in the West. He said he expected to get a steady job that winter and break North in the spring. The man who advised Charlie not to drink whisky expected to take up a farm in Montana—there was lots of unoccupied land in Montana if you knew where to look for it—and he intended to save the money for implements and tools as soon as he got the steady job he had been promised in the spring.

Then some one at another table began to sing in a rough voice a home-and-mother song, which affected John so much, what with his homesickness, that he had to turn his head away. This started the men at John's table to singing. They sang off the tune, rolling out the chorus louder and louder, until Charlie began thumping the table with his glass and the bartender stopped the noise. Charlie wanted to argue the question with the bartender. The man who did not believe in drink—for John—told John he ought to take his friend home; he had had enough. Presently John found himself outside guiding Charlie, with what tact he could master, toward their lodging house. The inexorable clerk demanded his fifteen cents in advance. Charlie turned his trousers pockets inside out. He had just fifteen cents.

"Never mind, kid—steady job in the morning. You stick to me, kid, and we'll get rich in Klondike!" muttered Charlie, and he crawled into bed.

The next morning, of course, John drew on the little hoard in his inside waistcoat pocket for Charlie's breakfast. Charlie was flabby and pessimistic again; but through all his pessimism shone a ray of hope. There was unloading on the docks. A friend of his had given him the tip. He knew a lot of bartenders there. If John would put up for a drink now and then maybe they could get on as extra men.

"You stake me, kid, and I'll fix you right," said Charlie.

American Gentleman Shoe
Four to six Dollars
IT'S your inning for an outing. Give your feet a little relaxation. Cast off—don't be anchored to the idea that you can't be stylish and comfortable at the same time. Being in style is easy sailing in the American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes.
There's oceans of comfort and a world of style in every pair—but that isn't all. You invest in good quality and you get extra dividends in style, fit and wear.
MAKERS "Keep the Quality up"
American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes are made in all styles, sizes and widths, from Narrow A to Wide E.
In nearly every place there is a dealer who sells American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes. Look over his line—if he doesn't have the particular style you want, he will get it for you in a few days' time. If you have any difficulty in locating him, write us and we will tell you the name of the nearest Hamilton, Brown dealer.
Affiliated with the American Federation of Labor
Send for our Style Portfolio of Shoes. Free.
Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company
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Three-fifty to Five Dollars

Will you re-finish a chair if we *give* you the Kyanize?

You haven't any idea how easy it is to "do over" things with Kyanize. It makes furniture, floors and woodwork look like new, and gives them a beautiful, tough, lasting finish, which hard knocks won't crack.

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We want to send you some Kyanize to try, at our expense. Fill in the coupon below, mail it to us with 10c for a suitable brush to apply the Kyanize, and we will send you a full 15c can (any color), enough to do a chair or border in a small room, absolutely free.

Note *this—If you are not immensely pleased with the result, when you have done one chair, write us and we will immediately return the 10 cents paid for the brush. Here is the coupon—send it in today. Same offer applies to Canada.*

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BOSTON VARNISH CO.
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Name

Address

All the morning they ranged the docks, interviewing bartenders. It cost John forty cents for drinks. Charlie drank beer; and with every drink the prospect for work looked brighter. John drank soda; and with every interview the prospect looked duller. In the fourth saloon, however, the bartender, who seemed to be an old friend of Charlie's, told them he might be able to fix it. He did a little telephoning and returned to say that if they would report at the Mamie G in the morning Burke would take them on. Charlie ordered another drink and included the bartender. John, of course, paid. He had a feeling that he was being swindled, but at any rate he had a job. Before they left, Charlie waited until the bartender was busy at the other end of the saloon and then jerked his thumb over his shoulder and whispered:

"There's your dinner, kid"

They ate rapidly, their eyes on the bartender. Then Charlie pocketed two sandwiches, which they finished outside. That kept them until supper-time, when John paid for both.

"I'll pay you back, kid, as soon as my envelope comes, sure!" said Charlie.

After supper Charlie borrowed a quarter and went to the saloon again. He wanted John to go along, but this time John refused. He was thinking of Farmer Bill, and remembering that if he was going to do a good day's work and get ahead he must have sleep. He found himself declining the invitation with regret. In two short days his views of saloons had changed. You met pretty good fellows there; they made you feel grown up. After all, you must have a good time once in a while. If you did go to saloons you did not have to drink. Nevertheless he made no mention of saloons in the brief boyish letter he wrote home that night. He felt that there were some things country people did not understand about the city.

The next morning John bought Charlie's breakfast, the quarter having gone for beer.

"It's the last!" said John.

"Oh, sure!" said Charlie. "I've got a job now, kid."

The work at the docks was harder than scraping, but still not impossibly hard for a youth with a strong, farm-trained back like John's. What with a fine autumn morning and real work to do, John's spirits rose. He had changed his views a little on his own future. Wall Street or State Street attracted him less now than the prospect of working up on the docks to be a great freight contractor and vessel owner.

Only one thing disturbed his dreams. He was working next to Charlie, and as the morning wore away Charlie became something of a burden. When they lifted a box together Charlie's end always sagged. When they rolled their loaded trucks from the pile on the wharf to the box cars there was always a break in the line between Charlie and the next man ahead; and that handicapped and annoyed John, who was trying to show the boss what a good workman he could be. The boss overlooked John, but he did notice Charlie. Twice he ordered him to get a move on; after which Charlie began reproaching John.

The Last of Charlie

"You ain't workin' on a bet, kid," he would mutter as they picked up a box; or, "You'll kill yourself if you keep this up!"

John fell back on a boyish, sullen silence and made no answer; but as the morning grew old he really began to pity Charlie. He was trying his best apparently; but he could not keep up. It was a relief when, just as the twelve-o'clock whistle blew, the boss stepped over, tapped Charlie on the shoulder, and said:

"Here, you! You're holding back the job. Go get your time!"

Charlie was such a mush of depression as they left the dock that John relaxed his resolve of the morning and gave him ten cents for dinner—Charlie could not get his half-day's pay until night. Charlie spent the ten cents for beer and dined on the free lunch. As the whistles blew they parted, Charlie promising to pay what he owed John when he got a steady job.

"I guess that fellow's no good," said John to himself, as he laid his hand once more to his truck—"no ambition. I don't see how any fellow with any ambition could get that way." He never saw Charlie again.

The work on the docks lasted three days. John and Charlie owed the job in the beginning to a temporary rush of late-season traffic. That was over now; the extra men and most of the regulars, if there are regulars on the docks, were laid off.

From his headquarters at the lodging house John started anew on the hopeless quest for work. This search lasted a week. At night, after a dreary and discouraging day, leg-weary, soul-weary, and oppressed by the burden of the wealth he saw all about him, homesickness and the longing for companionship would come over him. He went consequently to the only place he knew where he could find companions—the saloon. It was warm and cheerful there. He liked to listen to the talk. He drank no liquor and bought none; though to refrain gave him a slight feeling of asking something for nothing.

However, he was still remembering Farmer Bill and the maxim that thrift is the road to wealth. Besides, another fact was bearing in on him. Day after day he met more and more men in that saloon, all talking of the one problem—how to get through the winter. Day after day he found more applicants waiting in line for the few jobs that fitted his potentialities.

At the end of the week he had a stroke of luck. The same employment office that sent him to the grading camp gave him a chance on a rush job with a telephone line forty miles out of town. Here they set him to digging post holes. It was back-breaking work, but he stayed with it. As he delved and dug he still dreamed, but the tenor of his dreams had changed again. There was a future in the telephone business. He had read in a paper that the telephone was going to supplant the telegraph.

He saw himself gang boss, head of construction, general manager, president; then a house with gold dishes and—the broker's daughter.

A New Acquaintance

Some of the men who came with him from Chicago dropped out. The work was too hard on the back, they said. They continually tried to persuade him not to set so hard a pace; but, though he found himself unpopular in the grub tent, he shut his lips and steeled his heart.

"They can't have any ambition!" he thought.

At the end of a week a premature blizzard blew up, covering and freezing the ground. The gang waited for two days; then the boss discharged them all. John went with the rest back to Chicago. When he alighted at the La Salle Street Station he was only four dollars and ten cents ahead on the week's work.

Pass over the three weeks that followed, during which he went through the same dreary old round of alley doors and employment agencies. Dime by dime he saw the little hoard he had brought to the city dwindling away. In the evenings he loafed in the saloons. At night he slept, packed twenty in a room, in the cheap lodging house. Though he never knew it, those cramped quarters, with the roar of the Loop making sleep only half sleep after all, took toll of his vitality. Though he never knew it, the second-hand, sapless food at the ten-cent restaurant was no nourishment for such muscles as his.

In the third week came another of the tiny incidents that guided him on his way. One evening he went into Carney's, his heart bursting. He had received a letter from home that morning and realized that he dare not write home any more until he could send good news. Carney's had grown more crowded, more dingy and less cheerful during the month in which he had known it. A month before the workmen had been coming in from the logging camps with money in their pockets.

Now it was late fall and the shoe was beginning to pinch. The human contacts of the place served no more to cheer him up. As he sat alone at the table a boy of his own age came over and scraped acquaintance. His name was Mike. He had just come in from a lake vessel and he offered John a drink.

It was not the fear of ridicule that made John Smith take his first drink; his Sunday-school training had put him on guard against that. It was a longing, deep and indefinable, for something to break this hideous routine of depression—for a new atmosphere. It was a need, just as deep and just as indefinable, for a spur to nerves exhausted by sleep that was not sleep, depleted by food that was not food. He drank his beer; he paid for another and

(Continued on Page 44)

Moore's doesn't stop on the way

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Writes at the first stroke—and from the first stroke on, writes smoothly and freely and steadily—just as long as there's ink in the pen.

For when you close a Moore, the pen itself goes down into the ink—keeps the point moist and the feed free from clogging—so that when you push the point up, it's ready to write at once and keep on writing. A Moore not only

Makes the ink behave

while you're writing, but it keeps the ink where it belongs—inside. For the ink-chamber shuts up bottle-tight when the cap screws down. And it simply can't leak in any position. It's the kind of pen you can rely on to do its work without coaxing. And it's worth the time it takes to drop into a dealer's and look at the Moore styles. Or if there's no dealer handy, write for catalog showing 127 styles and sizes from $2.50 up.

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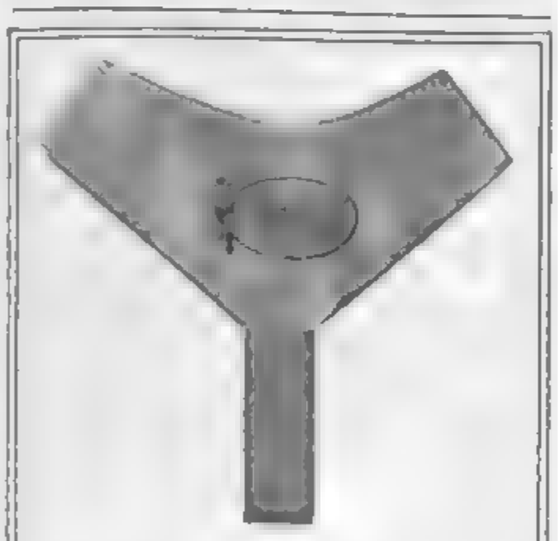

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If you have any difficulty getting it, write us, and we'll see that you are supplied promptly.

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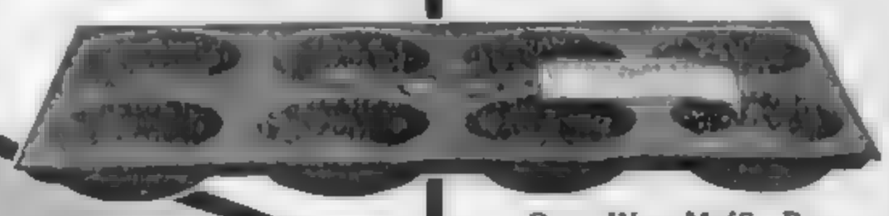
Onyx Ware Colonial Cereal Cooker



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Stands Most Abuse. Best for Every Use.

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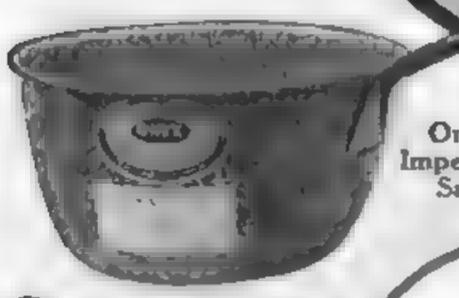

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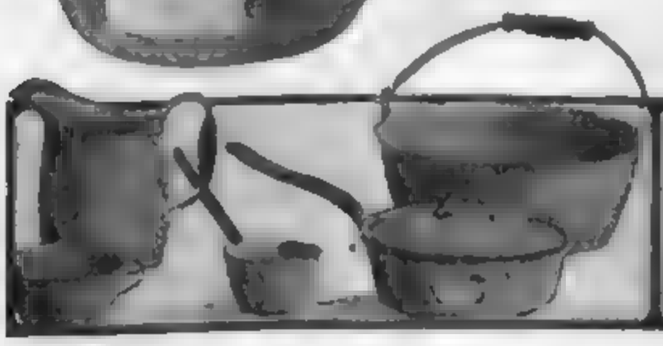

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The WAXTITE package is the biggest *advance* in ready-to-eat cereal foods since Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes were first introduced. These famous flakes now reach your table as they left our ovens—crisp, fresh and tender.

WAXTITE only seals and protects packages bearing this signature:

W. K. Kellogg

(Continued from Page 42)

drank that also. He did not care much for the taste, but he did feel the effect. In spite of a queer feeling of confusion in his head, the world became brighter. Mike's jokes appealed to him as the funniest things he ever heard. From that time forth he was Mike's friend. In the morning they started together on the search for work.

Two days later they fell into luck. The Christmas rush had begun. In the cellar of a department store they found a boss who had been a country boy himself and therefore favored country boys in giving out work. He took them on. The job lasted a month, clear through the holidays. John had now established a connection with that great mysterious reservoir of wealth known as business. His early struggles, he felt, were over. He would rise from porter to clerk, from clerk to the office, to the management, to finance.

He had only six dollars when he went to work in the store. On Mike's advice he invested this money, after he received his first week's pay, in a second-hand suit of clothes. Shoes, shirts and other "chicken fixings" took the rest of his savings. During this period he visited the saloon only once or twice. In the evenings he read. And once one of the store girls, country-bred like himself, asked him out to her home, where the girls tried to teach him to dance. When the worst of the Christmas rush was over this same girl took him to a social at her church. Those evenings remained for years bright spots in his memory.

The end of that Christmas rush and the stock-taking period, though, brought slack times again. John had foreseen that and had worked like a beaver to make himself a permanent place. However, the regulars were working hard to hold their places. On the second Saturday night in January the blow fell. John, Mike and all the other extra people were laid off.

"I'm sorry too," said the cellar boss, "and I'll keep you in mind when we need men."

Over and above obligations, John had at this moment just eight dollars in the world.

I have given so far the detailed incidents in the working life of John Smith. To enumerate the rest of the jobs he held in his career would be monotonous. I must skim, touching a high spot here and there.

Seven Lean Weeks

In the seven weeks that followed his discharge from the department store he worked six days. On five of them he shoveled snow for the Street Department. On the other day he cleaned up a back yard. These jobs brought him nine dollars and he had eight dollars when he started. How he lived for seven weeks on seventeen dollars I do not pretend to say! There were whole days when he did not eat at all until night; then, driven by his ravenous young hunger, he accepted the charity of bread line or soup kitchen or rescue house. He ate at the back doors of restaurants; he ate on the bounty of a girl of the streets, who penetrated his secret and fed him, with all the decent charity in the world, a good supper; he stole free lunches at Carney's.

He never allowed himself to go quite broke; for then the lodging house might throw him out—and he must have some place to sleep. He dreamed no more in this period of Farmer Bill. His mind was too busy wondering how he could fill that void in his stomach.

In March the department store prepared for the spring opening; that gave him a week of steady work. The first day he nearly fell out from weakness; but he stuck it out and ate well that night, and by the next day elastic, resilient youth bore him out of his weakness. On the Saturday night when he got his discharge and his pay he visited Carney's again.

There was Mike, very much reduced in flesh from a hard experience in the Northern woods; and after the second beer he thrust forth an idea. There was work in California all the year round. He produced a Chamber of Commerce circular to prove it. Mike had six dollars and John almost five. With that they could make it on the underground Pullman. John was learning by now the trade of casual laborer, with its tricks and traditions. He knew about brake beams and surreptitious rides in box cars.

How they got to California would make a story in itself. By luck, more than by any cleverness of their own, they reached the banks of the Sacramento without seeing the

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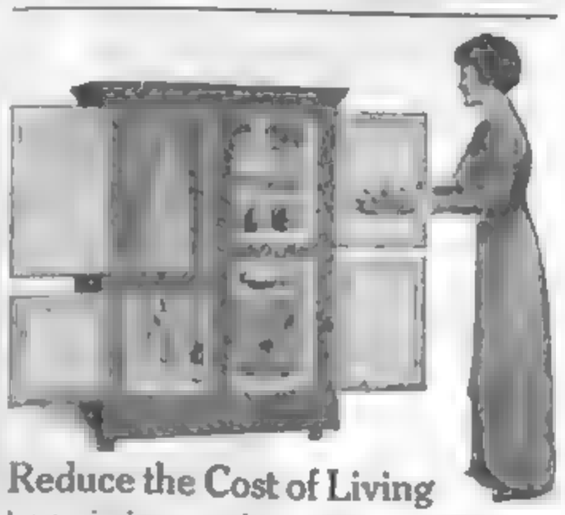
The ladies request the gentlemen to specify *Johnston's* in ordering chocolates—80c, $1.00 to $5.00 a box. If your dealer cannot supply you, remit the amount and trust us to forward a generous package postpaid. (107)



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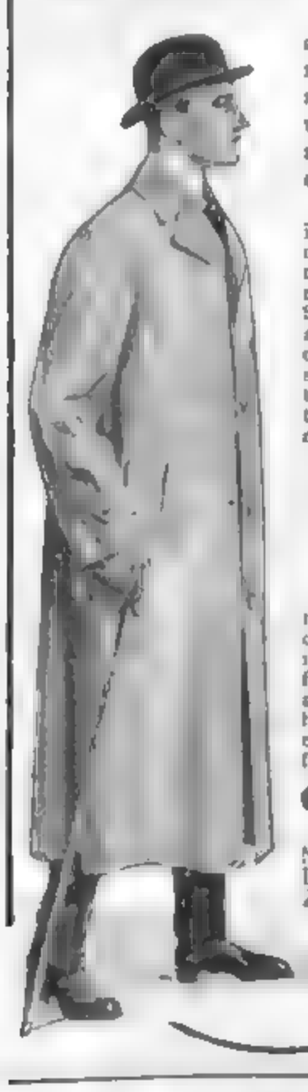

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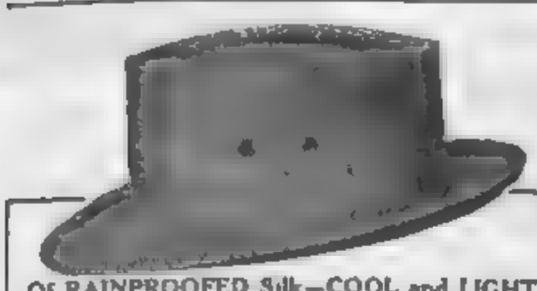

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This is to be a [illegible] THE MALLABRIGH[illegible] master [illegible]. Designed by [illegible] new cool [illegible] Dark Gray Striped, Light [illegible] Price, $5 prepaid. Mention [illegible] and state size and color and [illegible] and Summer Style Book.—Free

FRENCH CO., 349 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

inside of a jail—though once, out in Nebraska, a constable took a shot at them. There was a brief period in Utah when they begged at farmhouse doors. I should like, had I space, to tell you how John felt when he first asked for a meal, how he fought down the memory of those bums on whom his father used to set the dogs.

Their pilgrimage landed them at length at a hobo camp on the banks of the Sacramento. I am using the word hobo in the California sense. The technical term elsewhere is, I believe, blanket stiff. They are the laborers who float from farm to farm, camp to camp, following the shifts of industry. John and Mike had not a cent when they joined the camp by the Sacramento; but the laborers were maintaining a community table with what they had and what they could get from neighboring farmers.

It looked as though Mike were right. Planting was afoot; the pruning season was coming in the fruit belt. By the next week Mike and John were pruning at a dollar a day and board. Another hike when that was finished—and the hay harvest had begun. Two weeks of that; then they walked to San José, near which place they found easy work picking apricots. This was a pleasant interval. A lot of factory girls had come down from the city to cut fruit. At night Mike and John used to join them about their camp fire. On Saturday nights the cutters had a dance in the town hall of the settlement.

Then Mike and John walked into the San Joaquin country, where they piled sacks back of a harvester. When the San Joaquin country needed them no more, two weeks more of trudging the roads, of camping beside creeks, with other blanket stiffs, and the prune crop was on. They picked prunes for a fortnight, when the harvest was done.

All summer John had received good pay at intervals. In the periods between jobs he lived, of course, from his reserve. When, at the end of the prune season, he drifted with the rest into San Francisco he had a little more than forty dollars.

In San Francisco John and the gang with which he had come up from San José spent a day or so playing, after their own fashion, about the Barbary Coast. Then he saw in a newspaper the advertisement of an employment bureau for miners in Nevada. He had never tried mining; the association of mining with gold revived in him his half-forgotten ambition to duplicate the career of Farmer Bill.

Wintering in California

"Transportation furnished," said the advertisement. John reported at the employment bureau and got his working card with suspicious ease. His train reached the camp at night. A squad of men met them; John noticed that they carried arms. The guards escorted the gang to a shed, where the men rolled up in their blankets for the night. The situation began to dawn on him.

"This ain't a strike-breaking job, is it?" he asked the man next him.

"Sure, or how'd we get the job so easy?" replied the other.

That settled it for John. Member of an unorganized trade though he was, he had absorbed the ethics of labor. Next morning, while the guards were assembling the men for breakfast, he slipped away, wandered round town until he found the strike headquarters and joined the strikers. They made much of him and offered him a share in the strike-benefit fund; but he had nearly forty dollars, and young as he was he had kindness enough not to take the bread out of their mouths. They promised to take him into the union when the strike collapsed; but the companies, after a vain attempt to work with non-union laborers, closed mine after mine.

John saw the signs in the heavens. One night he found a freight car, gave the brakeman a dollar to let him crawl in among a load of sacks and got to Sacramento. There the new brakeman ran him out with a coupling pin. He bought his fare to San Francisco, arriving there with less than twenty-five dollars.

That winter, allowing for differences in climate and environment, was a repetition of his first winter in Chicago. There had been a dry year—those were the days when Northern California stood at the mercy of the rain—and times were a little hard. At the very time when he was tramping the streets looking for any job the orange harvest was on in the South, giving work to

(Continued on Page 48)

Strong Bodies and Clear Brains

Maytime! Building time, and all outdoors to do it in, with new life for the winter-weary body! You'll want to build, too, if it's only a trellis for the vines to cling to. You'll gain in the possession of a strong body and a clear brain—for the man who builds a frame for the blossoms to cover builds a frame for health to climb on. The man who works with tools gets *real* exercise. He finds a tonic that brings the appetite and the sleep of boyhood.

KEEN KUTTER

tools are made for the amateur builder and for the journeyman carpenter, too. They are used by thousands upon thousands of skilled artisans who have favored them for forty-six years. Keen Kutter tools are full of quality, full of gumption, full of life. They work true and they work well. They are sold with a guarantee that means business. If you should find any Keen Kutter tool that isn't satisfactory, the dealer is authorized to return the price paid.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS

Send for Garden Tool Booklet No. 1646

If not at your dealer's, write us.

Simmons Hardware Company

St. Louis New York Philadelphia Toledo
Minneapolis Sioux City Wichita

Hotpoint Week May 11-16

This is the fourth annual International *Hotpoint* Sale—the fourth year that Lighting Companies, Dealers and Factory have co-operated to show why it is to your advantage to use electrical household appliances.

Several thousand distributers are prepared to demonstrate all the *Hotpoint* "El" appliances *(Look for the checkerboard signs.)* and to explain how to make electricity your servant.

But why do they sell El Glostovo at half price next week?

Because we want you to use one in your home—we want you to see that ***now*** you can afford to cook with electricity. El Glostovo uses one-third less current than former types and you use your regular utensils. Think what this means to you.

Your dealer will gladly show you how this electric stove works.

You'll like it—and you can buy it at half—Hotpoint Week only.

In El Glostovo for the first time the reflector principle is applied to electric cooking. This conserves the heat and concentrates it on the cooking surface. It takes less current to do the work.

It is like removing the lid and doing the cooking directly over the glowing fire instead of on top of the stove.

Use your regular cooking vessels directly over the glowing coils. That means quick results and economy. Note cost of doing operations shown at bottom of page.

El Glostovo is instantly available anywhere there is an electric light socket. You can use it on the dining table or sideboard. But it is so efficient for all cooking operations that it is entitled to a place in your kitchen.

It reaches full cooking temperature 15 seconds after current is on. Former types require as many minutes.

Vessels 7 inches in diameter *(granite or metal)* just fit El Glostovo but smaller or larger vessels can be used. The top can be easily removed for cleaning.

El Glostovo is made in a pleasing design, heavily nickeled, with mirror-like finish and ebonite handle. Equipped with cool-grip switch plug and cord which fits other *Hotpoint* appliances.

The heating element is guaranteed for 5 years. If it burns out within that period a new one will be sent free.

Regular price $5.00 *(Canada $6.50)*. Special price Hotpoint Week $2.50 *(Canada $3.25)*. Monday, May 18th, the special price will be withdrawn and the regular price will prevail.

Boiling On El Glostovo
Costs one cent to boil water for six cups of tea.

Use Your Agateware
Boils vegetables for five people at a cost of three cents.

A Quick Frying Heat
Fries steak for three people at a cost of two cents.

An Ideal Toaster
10 slices of bread crispy brown on both sides for ¾ of a cent.

Thousands of Distributers
Both Lighting Companies and Dealers sell Hotpoint appliances.
Look for the checkerboard window and Hotpoint sign.
If you do not find it, we will ship direct from our nearest office and prepay charges.

"Do it the H

El Glo-stove

The Glowing Electric Stove

$5.00 ~ $2.50

(Canada ~~$6.50~~ ~ $3.25)

Let electricity transform the drudgery of ironing into a light, interesting operation for you.

Let a Hotpoint iron save you half the time and most of the fatigue that follows older methods—and do it cheaper. Yes, you can iron in comfort.

The Hotpoint iron possesses many distinct advantages.

The point of any iron cools below working temperature unless extra heat is provided. We do this with the Hotpoint iron and the point is always hot enough to iron with.

Hotpoint construction also insures a cool handle—no holder needed. The heat is held in the working face of the iron. Hence its high economy.

Hotpoint ELECTRIC IRON

Now instead of lifting a Hotpoint iron onto a separate stand every few seconds, simply tip it onto the attached stand. There it stands, ready to your hand. When on the stand it will not scorch the most delicate fabric.

On ordinary ironing the switch plug will be removed about half the time, while you use the stored heat. So at ordinary rates you use only three or four cents' worth of current to do an hour's ironing.

Attach it to any electric light socket—use it on the porch if you want to. Eight feet of flexible cord is provided. The Hotpoint plug is interchangeable on nearly all of the "El" appliances.

Heating element is guaranteed for ten years. If it burns out in that time we supply a new one free. Anyone can put it in place.

The six pound weight is most used for general household use—$3.50. *Canada $4.50.* We also furnish a five pound iron at the same price.

ALUMINUM El Perco

The Hotpoint Electric Percolator

Here is a percolator which brews perfect coffee quickly and economically.

Made entirely of aluminum and German silver, which metals do not affect the flavor of the coffee. It is light, with a never-wear-off finish.

Aluminum El Perco commences percolation in less than 30 seconds—simply put the ground coffee in the basket and cold water in the pot and slip in the switch plug.

The hot water drips thru the ground coffee, making a clear amber infusion with all aroma and flavor of the coffee. And it costs one cent or less to brew six cups of coffee.

The heating element is on the inside of the pot, which conserves the heat and makes it quick and economical. There are no floats, valves, or traps. It is guaranteed for five years.

Attaches to any lamp socket. Six cup size, price including eight foot flexible cord and interchangeable switch plug, $7.50. *Canada, $9.75.*

A few other Hotpoint Appliances

If your dealer can not supply, we will ship prepaid from our nearest office. Give voltage.

Utility—traveler's iron and stove, $5.00. Can. $6.50.
Cooking Set—changes Hotpoint into stove, $2. C. $2.50.
El Grillo—boils, broils, fries, toasts, $5.00. Can. $6.50.
El Toasto—toasts two slices at once, $4.00. Can. $5.00.
El Toastovo—toasts and cooks, $3.50. Can. $4.50.
El Stovo—6" with 3-heat control, $7.00. Can. $9.25.
El Stovo—4" for travelers, $3.50. Can. $4.50.
El Chafo—dishes for El Stovo, $5.00. Can. $6.50.
El Chafo—No. 5 with element, $12.00. Can. $15.75.
El Cooko—electric cooker, $30.00. Can. $40.00.
El Bako—lamp socket oven, $12.00. Can. $15.50.
El Teballo—7 cup pot, $8.00. Can. $10.50.
El Boilo—for kitchen, $4.00. Can. $5.00.
El Boilo—small, $3.00. Can. $4.00.

HOME BOOK Free to You

32 pages chuck full of useful electric information—How to read your meter—How to figure cost, etc.

Use this Coupon

COUPON

Hotpoint Electric Heating Co.
(Address nearest office)

Please send me a free copy of "Home Book of Electricity."

Signed _____

City _____ State _____

I enclose $_____ for which send

_____

_____

My voltage is _____ volts.

Note: If you don't know voltage ask your Lighting Company.

Hotpoint Electric Heating Company

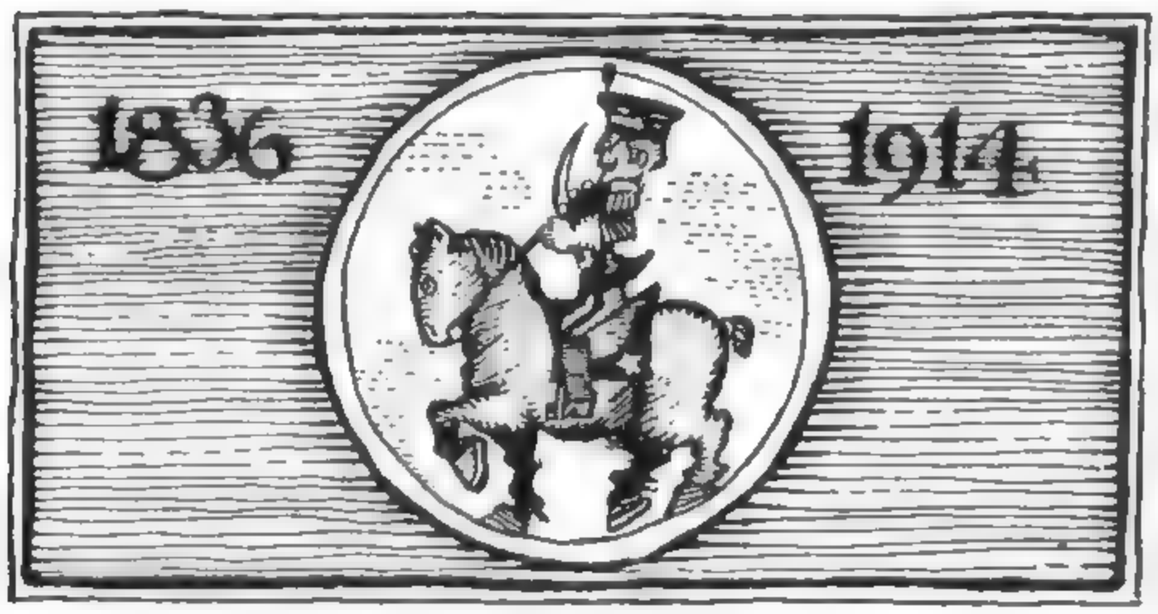
NEW YORK, 46 West Street — ONTARIO, California — CHICAGO, 1001 Washington Blvd.

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Limited

TORONTO, 25 Brant Street — VANCOUVER, 365 Cordova Street

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electrically Heated Household Appliances in the World.

"Hotpoint way"



ACCORDING TO GIRARD

This side-light upon the size of some of Philadelphia's industries is from Girard's entertaining daily column in the Public Ledger:

"What Philadelphia has done or could do if it wanted to:

"Weave in a year a nice strip of carpet a yard wide to encircle the globe.

"If all the regular soldiers of the world were to march to Philadelphia on that carpet, one factory here could during the year make a hat for every soldier.

"Our mills could knit stockings for every soldier to have a pair on his feet and another in his knapsack.

"Between 6 o'clock p. m. and midnight, all these soldiers could bathe in Philadelphia bathtubs, each taking half an hour for his ablutions.

"On their way over the ocean on that strip of carpet the world's armies would see that 70 out of every 100 ships bearing the American flag had been built in Philadelphia.

"After they landed here these same fighters would learn that over half of all the locomotives used in America had been built at a Philadelphia plant.

"But if Philadelphia didn't wish this stupendous conglomerate army to stop here, it is the only American city that could fire upon it from a home-made, fully-equipped battleship."

A city which can and does do this is a city of considerable moment to the national advertiser. It answers the question, "Why Philadelphia?" The medium in Philadelphia which includes the best of all this possible market is called the

PUBLIC LEDGER

(Continued from Page 45)

all applicants. He did not know that. Once he got a fortnight's work in a lumber mill up in the Northern woods. He lost that job because the mill shut down. Times were hard and people were not ordering lumber. But the farming season opened and by March he was at work again.

He had now been an industrial factor for a year and a half. He was settled for life in his trade. He was an average man, as I have said before; he had comparatively little initiative and no power to originate. The moment when the average boy leaves school or home, and goes out to look for a job, is the great moment of his life.

And at that moment the average man is a pawn of chance. He sees in a newspaper an advertisement for laborers in a box factory; a friend of his father tells him of an opening with a bricklayer; his teacher knows a merchant who wants an office boy. So the boy becomes a boxworker, a bricklayer or a clerk for life. Because at the moment when he was ready to enter industry John Smith saw in a newspaper an advertisement for common laborers of the casual class, he had become a common casual laborer for life. Only an uncommon run of luck would ever change the current of his life. That luck might have taken the form of a steady job.

That steady job was now the web and woof of his dreams. The vision of Farmer Bill had grown dim and remote. Like most of us when we encounter cold actuality, he had taken the materials of his castle in the air and started to build a cottage with them; but when the season opened he enlisted with two hundred other laborers to work on an irrigating ditch. That job lasted three weeks. And the rest of his second summer in California was a repetition of his first—work, tramp, camp, work, tramp, work—stampeding with his fellows from one job to another at the summons of a rumor.

Only, just before work closed in the fall, the one greater than himself touched his life and nearly changed his fate. On the prune ranch where he finished the season he met the girl, a factory worker in the city of winter, a prune dipper at the drier in the summer and fall. They fell in love as young people do; he adored dumbly, as young men of his kind do; she egged him on to a declaration, as young women of all kinds do. Before they parted his flagging ambition had revived in him.

From Romance to Jail

I must not linger on their romance; this is a business story. When they took stock together he decided not to stay in California. The one dry year had been succeeded by another, a combination that Californians will remember for a generation. The city was very dull; already it was filling up with the unemployed. He did not know that the rains would come again the next winter; that for a few years building in California would provide, both summer and winter, work for all.

John and Hattie decided that he had better make his trial in the East. He followed her to San Francisco; he spent most of his summer's savings for clothes to make himself presentable before her. When he was nearly broke he packed his blankets and started East. She saw him off at the station. He did not show her his ticket. She did not know that it read: "San Francisco to Sacramento." At Sacramento he left the train; a day later he was stealing a ride in a freight car.

At Ogden a railroad detective caught him red-handed stealing a ride from the railroad company. Fresh from his romance, he spent five days in jail.

Two years more in the life of John Smith. He has not found that steady job. He had worked by snatches at many things. His longest job and his hardest lasted him three months. It was lumbering in the North Woods; but the lumber market fell off and the mill shut down. He has dug trenches, plowed, pitched hay, sunk telegraph poles, laid ties, piled scantlings; in the intervals between steady employment he has done such small work as washing windows, cleaning up back yards, shoveling snow.

There were steady jobs in his world if he had only found them; but remember always that he was an average man and, as such, a prey to environment. He heard of work through his associates, all casual laborers, or through the employment agencies, which were mainly interested in their turnover, and which got little profit from placing one man in one job for life.

Let Us Send You These

FREE—an unusual recipe book, "The Household Helper." Contains quite "different" cooking and menu suggestions. Free for a postal. Also, a *Toy Stove*, 16c (stamps). Harmless, not to be lighted, but a dandy plaything. Gives an idea, too, of Florence Oil Stove appearance. Won't you write for both today?

No Wicks—No Valves—Clean—Safe

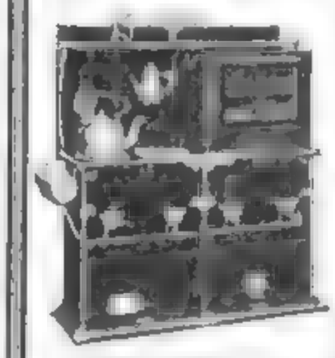
Here's the right oil stove at last. Absolute safety and reliability as well as economy and simplicity. Investigate the

FLORENCE
Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

"The Turning Point in Oil Stove History"

Because of a new idea patented here, oil stoves have no wicks to burn or valves to leak. Their heat is regulated by a simple, little (patented) lever [illegible]. Lets you have a slow flame on one burner and a quick one on another—by setting the levers. The model shown here retails at $25. Others as low as $5



4 Burner, High Frame Florence Automatic

Florence Glass Door Ovens

give visible baking—hence better and more even baking at a fuel saving. Asbestos lined. Rust-proof. Grates run front to back—not lengthwise. Arched roofs to let bakers over tops ensure even heat distribution.

Write today for "The Household Helper"—FREE—or Toy Stove, 16c (stamps)—or both. Please send us, also, your dealer's name.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.
Boston, Mass. Address Dept. 26, Gardner, Mass.

TORREY Razors

make smooth shaving a daily delight

With a **Torrey** you always shave clean and smooth, because it has the perfect shaving edge.

Adjusted to glide over the face at the right angle. Cuts close, without pulling, without roughing the skin.

A *Real Man's* Razor—

this beautiful razor is one of the finest examples of Torrey skill in razor making. It guarantees comfortable shaving.

If your dealer hasn't Torrey razors, write to us, we'll tell you where to get them, and send you FREE booklet, "How to Shave."

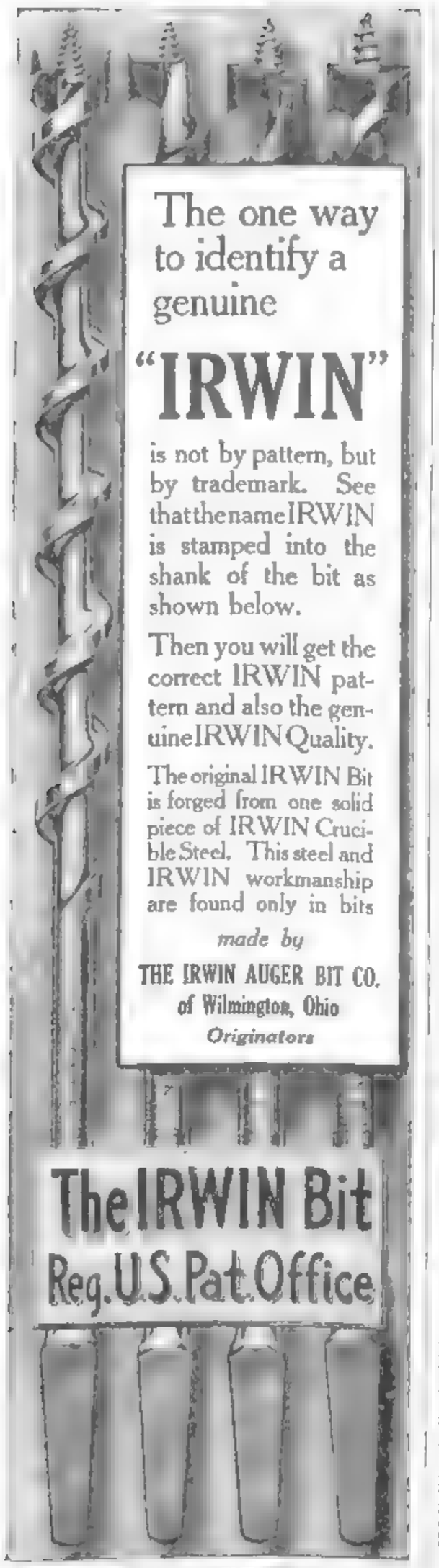
The Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

The J. R. Torrey Razor Company
Worcester, Mass.

Garage $49.50

Genuine Edwards Ready-made, fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct from factory prices. $49.50 and up. Postal for illustrated 64 page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 341-391 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.


The one way to identify a genuine
"IRWIN"
is not by pattern, but by trademark. See that the name IRWIN is stamped into the shank of the bit as shown below.
Then you will get the correct IRWIN pattern and also the genuine IRWIN Quality.
The original IRWIN Bit is forged from one solid piece of IRWIN Crucible Steel. This steel and IRWIN workmanship are found only in bits
made by
THE IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
of Wilmington, Ohio
Originators
The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

He and Hattie, out in California, corresponded, she assuring him of enduring faith, he assuring her that the steady job was still in sight; but that romance rubbed against the hard realities of life until it wore pretty thin.

There was another thing that dimmed romance. A man must go with a woman. In every normal man dwells the craving for association, on some terms or other, with women. The best times of our lives, if we look at the thing honestly, are not our stag parties, or our man talks across bars, or our college reunions, but those occasions where men and women meet.

Where could John Smith meet women? In the back rooms of those saloons that were his places of social contact, or in the worse places loosely attached to those saloons. He met such women—came to know them and imagine that he liked them. And every such meeting made him a poorer lover for little Hattie out in California.

It was late autumn, and he had crowded into Chicago with the rest, when he got a letter from Hattie, which hinted that she was tired of waiting. It was midwinter, and he had twice undergone periods of eating in soup kitchens, when she took the excuse of something he had written in one of his letters to break with him. It was spring, and he was packing off to a construction camp, when she let the ax fall.

A Job Thrown Away

She wrote that she wished him well, but that she was going to marry a clerk in the factory. When, at the end of the week, he got his pay envelope he went on the first debauch of his life—and lost his job. At that, it was more injured pride and the memory of unfulfilled ambition that ailed him than the pangs of despised love.

Three years more, which differed only in detail from the years I have sketched before, and the casual, thoughtless observer of John Smith would have said that liquor was his curse, or soon would be. Often the close of a job was for him the beginning of a debauch of greater or less intensity. Yet the real physical craving, that hot demon which demands stimulant and yet more stimulant, did not as yet trouble him.

Had he been a human clod, a man with a hoe, drink would not have tempted him at all. His trouble was the defect of his good qualities. Being an American, he was ambitious; and at times the old dream of Farmer Bill rose up to reproach him. The one thing that got him back to an atmosphere of hope—the false light of hope which alcohol throws on the world—was beer and more beer, and finally whisky.

Three years more in the working life of John Smith. To detail the story of these years would again be a useless repetition. In them he traveled, by means of brake beams, surreptitious rides on freight cars and the bounty of railroad companies, from Albany in the East to Omaha in the West; from Michigan in the North to Kentucky in the South. Then, had he only known it, he got the steady job for which he went looking when he parted with Hattie at San Francisco.

They were starting a new steel mill in Minnesota. Steelwork, with its automatic processes, comes more and more to demand common labor, less and less skilled labor. This company was destined to grow; and from the first it adopted the policy of retaining its old capable men. Some of the younger laborers who went to work with John Smith are there yet. He worked and drew pay for two months. At the end of that time he developed a fierce, surly dissatisfaction with the job. He quarreled with his mates; he growled at the foreman. And one day, when the shoveling was especially hard, he suddenly threw down his shovel and quit.

The foreman attributed it to bad temper. You doubtless feel that John proved himself by this act naturally incompetent. Not at all. He was an average man—average in character and disposition and in everything else. This would not have happened in the first year of his industrial life or even the fifth; but habit gripped him now. Since he left his father's farm he had scarcely ever worked in one stretch so long as two months. The successive periods of work and loafing had become the rhythm of his life. So he threw away the luck for which he had been looking and passed on down the highroad.

It was late summer; and another blanket stiff, whom he met on the highway, told him a marvelous story. New automobile

AT LARGE!
$500.00 Cash
REWARD

A *nameless* blond young man, always smiling, likely to be seen anywhere. He will arrest *you* with his pleasant smile and invite you to have a drink. Once you see his face you will never forget it.

His picture can be seen in the windows and on the soda fountains of drug stores and confectioners, and at grocers', fruit stands, etc., everywhere.

The Charles E. Hires Co., makers of "Hires" for Thirst, will pay *$500 in cash* for a snappy name for this young man.

In case the name selected is submitted by more than one person preference will not be given to the first one received, but, in the event of a tie, $500 will be paid to each of the persons who may submit the successful name.

Look for his picture and ask the man inside the store for details. No letters answered unless accompanied with stamped, self-addressed envelope. This $500 is going to be pretty soft for someone. Why not you?

To All Soft Drink Dispensers:

There is something big for *YOU* in this year's Hires' proposition. Hires' salesmen are now out placing this before as many dealers as possible. Some of the smaller towns are not on their routes. Any dealer in soft drinks who is not a Hires dealer now can have the details of this contest and facts about Hires 1914 special deals that mean big profits by sending us the attached coupon properly filled in.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia

THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me details of prize name contest and special 1914 deals.
I do (do not) sell Hires. *I sell {fountain / bottled} soft drinks.*
Name
City or Town *State*
Street Number or Post Office

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—[illegible] *WRITE TODAY* [illegible] bicycles, sundries and [illegible] It's free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, wheels, cyclometers and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A few second-hand bicycles taken in trade, while they last, at $3 to $8 each.

RIDER AGENTS wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1914 Ranger furnished by us. *It Costs You Nothing* to ride the Ranger and know we can do it. You will be astonished at our values and our liberal offer. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. N-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS Sixty-five years' experience. Send sketch and short description of your invention. All patents secured by us receive free notice in the Scientific American. Hand book free. Washington Office, Washington, D. C.
MUNN & CO., 365 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

"Oh! I always use plenty of oil!" Does that insure correct lubrication?

NO!

A low-*quality* or wrong-*bodied* oil, no matter how freely it is used, can never do the work of the correct lubricant.

"Plenty" of too-*light* oil often leads to loss of compression and escape of explosion. This means loss of power and unnecessary consumption of gasoline.

"Plenty" of too-*heavy* oil will often fail to distribute properly through your feed system. Excessive friction, burnt bearings and carbon trouble will result.

"Plenty" of low-*quality* oil simply means plenty of imperfect protection for the moving parts.

The absolute necessity for oil whose "*body*" is correct for his motor and whose *quality* will show maximum lubricating efficiency is entirely overlooked by the motorist who says:

"Oh! I always use plenty of oil."

By guess-work and luck you may *sometimes* get oil for your motor which is correct in "*body*," and efficient in "*quality*." You *should* be using such oil *continuously*.

You can be sure of it by using the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Lubricating Chart on the right.

Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make sure that you get it. If your car is not mentioned, send for our complete Lubricating Chart.

This standard guide to correct lubrication was prepared after a careful analysis of every make and model of car. It represents the professional advice of the world-leaders in scientific lubrication—the Vacuum Oil Company.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores and others who supply lubricants.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation In the following table [illegible] Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, Indianapolis, New York, Minneapolis, Chicago, Pittsburgh

factories were starting over in Michigan. The company needed workmen—short hours and big money—not mechanics, but workmen. They joined forces; being in funds they paid their fare to Michigan. They found the town crowded with workmen who besieged the doors of the new factories. At those doors hung the sign: No help wanted!

Ten thousand idle men poured into town before the Chamber of Commerce, which had started the rumor, grew frightened and sent out the news that the labor market was swamped. John moved over to Detroit; there he settled down to a winter of charity and odd jobs.

Five years more. Now any one could say with truth and certainty that liquor had John Smith. No longer was it a vicarious satisfaction of his ambitions, a means to revive the ambitions of his youth; it was a real need. After a week of his desultory work he felt depleted; he needed a jolt to give him the strength to feel like a man again. Back of this was the life he had led. All through there had been periods of starvation and half starvation. The resiliency of youth for years gave him the strength to rally from these periods; but when the first flush of youth was gone that reservoir ran dry. The liquor, with its overstimulation, drew still further on his strength—the more so because it was drugged.

In the summer of 1913, having flopped down on the East and lacking the enterprise to travel far, he held and lost more than twenty jobs. He did not have to wait now for the work to run out. He was nearly always discharged, or at least he was in the first gang to be laid off. When the late autumn departed he made for New York. Times were dull. The unemployed filled the city. By means of the Municipal Lodging House, the Salvation Army Home, Charity Woodyards, occasional odd jobs and out-and-out begging, he filled in the time until the blizzard gave work to all.

He lasted until the afternoon of the second day. Snow shoveling is hard work; he had done no hard work since November and he had no reserve power. From the industrial point of view he was an old, worn-out man.

The Army of Casual Workers

And yet the years of his life were only thirty-four. At that age the professional man has but begun to build his career; at that age the well-nourished workman may look forward to nearly twenty years of increasing powers. But John Smith had finished his course! Six months or a year of good food, of light, steady work with hope at the end, would bring him back. And he might as well have wished for a million dollars as for that!

And one conservative said of all those cases parallel to John Smith's: "You see, they don't want work!" And another said: "They're merely the degenerate fringe of humanity!" John Smith said nothing. He was inarticulate; and besides, none of his critics took the trouble to ask him.

This depressing story of John Smith would not be worth telling if his case were not typical or if the type were not common. But it is typical; in fact, I have here only constructed a composite story from hundreds of life histories gathered for the new Bureau of Industrial Relations by one Peter Alexander Speek. Of Speek and his work I shall have more to say another time.

And the type is common. The investigators who have set out very late in the day to study the casual, floating laborers stand appalled at their number. The census is silent on this point; no one can do more than guess. "Two millions," says the most conservative guesser. "It's according to what you mean by casual," says Speek. "I say five millions." "Heaven knows—but millions!" says Commissioner Walsh, of the Bureau of Industrial Relations.

Not all of them turn out so badly as John Smith. Though his is not exactly an extreme case, it leans toward the extreme; but the tendency of them all is downward—from ambition to hopelessness; from the efficient man to the unemployed man, to the unemployable man. Years before the workman of normal, regular life begins to find his powers flagging, the average casual laborer has become useless.

What can we do about John Smith, both for his sake and for our own?

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Will Irwin. The second will appear in an early issue.

You Can't Dodge the Income Tax—The Decay Tax, Yes!

The decay tax is high. A worn out paint coat results in rot, repair bills, run-down, hard-to-sell houses and a bad neighborhood spirit. That's a heavy tax, but you can dodge it. Paint *in time* and paint right.

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil preserve and beautify houses enduringly. Lead and oil make a waterproof elastic coat which expands with the wood and won't crack. Dutch Boy made-to-order paint saves dollars. Your painter will mix it to your house's needs and tint it any color.

Write for Paint Adviser No. 67

A Group of Practical Helps—Sent FREE!

Tells many useful things for house owners: how different wood surfaces need different paint combinations; how to choose attractive colors that go together and wear best; how to estimate amount and cost, how to test paint for purity. Write now—this book is yours for the asking.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati Cleveland Buffalo Chicago San Francisco St Louis John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia, National Lead & Oil Co. Pittsburgh

Add extra money to your salary! Men and women Sell the nationally advertised Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper—big demand—all inquiries referred to local agents. Its low price clinches sales and leaves you a big profit. Rich territory now open. Write for agents' discount.

Duntley Pneumatic Sweeper Co., 6511 South State St. Chicago

A Talk to 40-year-old Youngsters

It's a funny thing—how at the very time in life when we should be most careful of our looks, we seem to care the least about them.

When the prancing fervor of youth tangoes in our veins, and we are handsome devils anyway—we are precious particular to keep perked-up in toppiest regalia.

But as we near the forties and begin to widen at the front, we likewise begin to bag at the knees, wear tobacco cologne on our coat fronts and carry over last winter's overcoat until it's as thread-bare as an ancient meal-sack.

We treat our looks, in fact, a good deal as a man treats an automobile; when it's new and fresh, every brass screw-top on it must shine like a Tiffany setting. But when it's old, he doesn't care how it looks so long as the "old boat" keeps going.

Now the queer part of it is that we middle-aged fellows who dress passé are the very ones most sensitive about being considered passé. We expect the world to regard us as up-to-date even though we don't dress the part. Can you beat that for shrewd, masculine logic?

Many a man who bewails the fact that he's considered a back-number has nothing in the world to blame but his back-number clothes. His looks are advertising and emphasizing the very impression he doesn't want to give.

So let's look at the facts, fellows! We're just as live and young in our ideas today at 40 as we were at 20. But the point is—if we want to get credit for the youth that is in us still—we must look it.

"Prime of Life" Week

May 9 to May 16, inclusive

A Special Week for 40-year-old Youngsters, to be held in 10,000 Royal Dealers' Stores

CALLOW youths have held the center of the stage in clothes advertisements long enough.

When you men of age and discernment set out to do it, you can give these fashion-plate infants cards and spades any day at showing off good clothes to advantage. Not one of them can compete with good old middle-aged John Drew.

And so, beginning May 9th, ten thousand Royal dealers—most of them splendid middle-agers themselves—will hold a special week in honor of you prime-of-life boys—

A week to demonstrate again the rejuvenating wonders of custom tailoring—

A week to show once more the truth of the world's oldest axiom—which is, that a man is just as old as he feels and dresses—and not one whit older.

If Ponce de Leon had wanted a *practical* fountain of youth, he should have looked up a good tailor.

Hard to Fit? Nonsense!

Perhaps you feel that your figure no longer lends itself to the clothes vogues of the hour—to trim, erect-modeled garments? Nonsense! That's what custom tailoring is for—to harmonize correct style to any build.

Of course, you need *made-to-your-measure* clothes!

When a man has reached the meridian of wisdom, he is not content to take pot luck in his clothes buying.

And through Royal Tailored-to-Measure Service, you can secure the utmost in built to measure clothes at sane and economical prices—$16, $17, $20, $25, $30, $35.

Corpulent Clothes—Our Hobby

We especially court the custom of the robust—for Royal Tailoring makes a specialty of building clothes for full-rounded figures—guaranteeing perfect fit and satisfaction. Many of the nation's best known "heavies," intellectual and physical, are Royal Tailored men. A 52 inch waist line does not discourage us. A Royal corpulent coat has the youthsome drape of the best custom garment made for any figure.

The Prime Time For Style

Don't be afraid of being undignified if you wear smart clothes. That kind of dignity belongs to the old gentlemen's home—not to prime men in whom the good red blood of activity still runs bright.

Call on the local Royal dealer during this special week, and see his display of sprightly Spring and Summer woolens; pick out one of those blithesome English tweeds or a rich imported serge, and let us tailor it up for you into a young man's English cut suit.

Oh, yes!—it's just your style; that slim and trim English sack style—with the narrow shoulders and the svelte fit. It will take 10 or 15 years off your back.

Get that Royal Tailored Look! It's the only look worthy your activity!

Joseph Nelson
President

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK

YOUR practical office man is using Stafford's Commercial in his *fountain pen.*

Stafford's Commercial was his choice for steel pens, and his shrewd commonsense tells him that this old reliable writing fluid is equal to any "special" fountain pen ink you can buy and costs 30% to 50% less.

For desk or traveling use, you want one of those new *filler bottles* of Stafford's Commercial—complete with self-contained filler, handy and compact. Easy to refill from your quart bottle

The coupon below is good for a *trial bottle*, with a twenty-five cent purchase of any goods at your stationer's.

Go to your stationer today.

One Trial Bottle of
STAFFORD'S COMMERCIAL

Name

City

Dealer's Name

S. S. STAFFORD, Inc.
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
and
TORONTO, CAN.

"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Did you ever stop to think how sacred a thing may become when its sanctity, newly acquired or newly alleged—to put it straight—helps you to maintain your own high honor in the consecrated circumstances? Oftentimes we go along for years, taking no heed of the intimate relation a common and familiar article may have to the very highest motives, impulses and convictions of our lives, suddenly to be brought to a realizing sense of the direct bearing, not only on our morals but on our moralities, that object exerts. Then we find that this intimate, unconsidered and habituated object really is of the most inviolable and hallowed character, because we personally need the newly discovered sanctity for purposes of our own.

This line of thought was developed by a consideration of the vast and vociferous howl of a certain set of congressional and other patriots concerning the violation of the Democratic platform of 1912, as proposed by the President's plan to repeal the Panama Canal free-tolls law. To listen to them one would think that the repeal of this law, which was indorsed in that platform—the law, not the repeal—not only stultifies a document on which are based all the hopes of the Democracy for continued approval by the people, but is party disloyalty and treason, and many other political high crimes and misdemeanors.

Shocked and indignant these patriots protest against the repeal of the tolls law and shudderingly point to the fact that there is a plank in that platform advocating free tolls for American coastwise ships.

"Is it possible," they ask, "that any man or any body of men can be sunk so far in party dishonor as to say that one plank of this holy pronouncement shall be disregarded? Can it be that any legislator owing allegiance to the Democratic party—much more a president elected by the same—can so far forget obligations to this Magna Charta of the Democracy as to say that even a word of it shall not have the force of law?

"What is the country coming to, and what especially is the Democracy coming to, when it is proposed to lay violent hands on this sainted language, to consider it as unsaid, to ignore it, to pay no heed to it? Oh, the shame and the sorrow of it; the degradation and the profanation of it; the unutterable treason and treachery of it! We are amazed and we protest, and we shall fight to the last ditch to preserve the immaculateness of this bill of party particulars, this sacred platform, this grand and historic document!"

The Worst Excuse of All

And, knowing a few things about platforms, wouldn't that make you burst into laughter? Wouldn't that cause you to rise up and say: "Prunes, prisms and piffle; guff, gargoyles and gumboils; rigmarole, rubbish and rot, rot, rot!"? It would, Jim, if you have a sense of humor. It would if you haven't a sense of humor. It would if you are any person other than a member of this band of howlers who are howling: "Woodrow, spare that platform! Touch not a single plank!"

To think that in the spring of the year, with the crocuses all up and the hedges gay with Forsythia, and the magnolias in bloom, and the trees newly green, and the blackbirds on the White House lawn, and the hyacinths fragrantly adding color to the circles, and the shad coming up the Potomac, and the dome of the library gleaming in the sunlight, a set of persons who have attained the right to sit in either branch of the Congress of the United States would deliberately spout that sort of stuff as an excuse and a justification for opposing the repeal of a law—no matter what law—any law at any time—or for any other reason whatsoever!

The gentleman who originally enunciated the doctrine that a poor excuse is better than none never heard of so poor an excuse as this, or he would have put on a footnote to the effect that when he designated poor excuses as being better than none he drew the line at violation-of-the-platform excuses, because they are entirely too meager to excuse anything. Furthermore, no person whatsoever knows this better than the very persons who are making so great a point of the sacredness of the Baltimore platform.

Laying aside the merits of the contention, and making no argument as to whether tolls for a certain class of American ships should be free or not free, what do you think of a bunch who, actuated in their opposition to a repeal of the law by personal and political considerations, seek to cloak their opposition with protestations that this thing must not be done because it is a violation of a party platform?

The two most insincere things in this world, Jim, are the politics that dictate party platforms and the platforms that are the outcome of that dictation. For some reason there has grown up in this country a custom that demands, purely for advertising purposes, a declaration of political principles by a party that seeks to have its candidates put into office.

Now the truth is that party principles change with popular demand. The truth also is that each party, seeking to win its election, adopts all the principles it can find lying about loose and makes up a few new ones if it hasn't enough to complete a resounding declaration. It never is a question of what principles shall be adopted. It is always a question of what principles will be popular.

Who Wrote the Platform?

A platform has no binding power on anybody. It is a recital of what seems expedient at the moment for political purposes. It is a compendium of the political fads of the day, thrown together because the custom is to have such a pronouncement as an adjunct to a political campaign.

The only time a politician takes a platform seriously is when he needs it as a bogie to scare a timid candidate or a timid official into doing something he wants done; or when an officeholder falls back on it as a reason or a justification for some action of his own.

Otherwise platforms are glued together and considered as part of the ephemera of the campaign, except, as in the present instance, when it becomes necessary to drag them out and wave them in the air as hallowed harbingers, potential precursors, pious promises and sacred sentiments, on which victory was won because the people believed what was said and the candidates bound themselves to obey the provisions thereof.

A presidential platform is a joke played on the people once in four years, dictated by expediency and supposed to be demanded by custom. It is always written so as to have the largest popular appeal, and therefore touches on all subjects, and straddles on most. It must offend nobody and please everybody. It must be fish, flesh, good red herring and vegetarian besides—and always is.

Have a look at the platforms for the past sixteen years, say. Who wrote them? In every instance save one the candidate wrote them or the men who made the candidate. Forgetting various vainglorious claims that are as bogus as they are vain, who put the gold standard into the Republican platform of 1896? Hanna. Who vuséed the platform of 1900 for McKinley? Hanna. Who wrote the Republican platform of 1904? Roosevelt. And of 1908? Roosevelt for Taft. Who fixed up the Republican platform of 1912? Taft.

Similarly, with the Democrats Mr. Bryan forced his free-silver declaration into the platform of 1896, and he put it back and made imperialism the paramount issue besides in 1900. Parker and his managers fixed the platform of 1904, and Mr. Bryan dictated it again in 1908.

Now then, what happened in 1912 to the Democrats? Mr. Wilson didn't write the platform, because Mr. Wilson wasn't sure he would be nominated. Champ Clark didn't write the platform, because he was in the same case. Who did write it? A combination of politicians who were not at all certain who would be nominated, and who constructed a platform on which any person selected—Wilson, Clark, Underwood,

Now a Loose-Leaf Device and Form for Every Purpose

If you have a Loose-Leaf Device or Form problem of any conceivable nature, you can get its accurate, quick solution only in the I-P line of 1700 items. Don't waste time looking elsewhere—don't waste money on high priced [illegible] costly [illegible] Devices and Forms. The exact Devices and Forms you require undoubtedly now await you in the I-P line.

Ready-Made at Stock Prices

Only in the I-P line is there ready-made at stock prices a Device or Form for nearly [illegible] purpose—Ledgers, Index Books, Cash Books, Price Books, Stenographers' Notebooks, Journals, Minute Books for Business Houses, Salesmen's Loose-Leaf Reports and Order Books. By investigation, the I-P line first will save the extra cost of system experts and special-made material. If you make the mistake of purchasing costly special Forms and Devices, you will be compelled to have all necessary additional Forms made to order.

Ask Dealer or Write Us

It makes absolutely no difference what your Loose-Leaf Device or Form problem [illegible] the I-P line will undoubtedly solve them, no matter how "different" you think your [illegible] I-P items [illegible] and [illegible] Remember we are the **largest exclusive Loose-Leaf manufacturers in the world—a $1,200,000 institution,** [illegible] and [illegible] We make it easy and inexpensive for any firm, large or small to own a perfect Loose-Leaf [illegible] If we have no dealer near you, write us your problems for correct solution, without cost or obligation. Address Kansas City office

Irving-Pitt Mfg. Co.
Kansas City, Mo.
Branches Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston

LOOSE I-P LEAF

HUMANIZE YOUR TALKING MACHINE

The Masterphone

Made for steel or fibre needles; will reproduce your records better than you [illegible] ever heard before.

It clarifies, articulates, amplifies and saves your records.

Prices for steel needles, $1.00;
for Fibre Needles, $1.50; with
100 Victor Fibre Needles, $2.00

One thousand dealers now sell it. If yours does not, let us send you one by return mail money back if not satisfactory. State if for Victor "Exhibitor" or "Concert" Reproducer or Columbia. No. 6 or smaller size.

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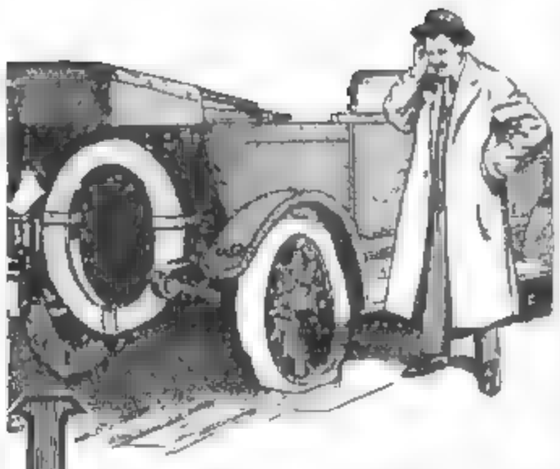
187 Broadway Dept. X New York City



Is this service?

Can you feel satisfied with tires that puncture at the critical moment?

Can you afford to waste your time; to spend money constantly replacing inner tubes which punctures have ruined?

Play safe! Be satisfied with nothing short of *uninterrupted* service. It is yours—*guaranteed*—on all

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF OR MONEY BACK Pneumatic Tires

You get back every cent paid for insurance against punctures if the tire fails to prove its claim.

You can't lose. You have everything to gain.

Write today for Pamphlet No. 10, explaining construction, and containing that guarantee in detail.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

"Smiles at Miles"

Tired of Buying "Cheap" Plugs?

THIS plug is made for the man who is tired of buying supposedly "cheap" plugs and finding them extremely expensive in the long run—to say nothing of the constant bother and trouble that such plugs cause.

It is a quality plug all through—and is guaranteed to give quality service.

THE **MASTER** SPARK PLUG

Not built to compete with ordinary plugs in price—but to eclipse them in efficiency and durability.

Only the finest materials used, regardless of cost. Skilled workmen perform every detail of construction.

Extremely heavy insulating core withstands severest strain.

Wide, well cushioned seat for insulator allows ample room for contraction and expansion.

Easily taken apart cleaned and reassembled. Absolutely gastight.

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1 for set of four prepaid.

Guarantee [illegible] Master Spark Plug [illegible] proper use [illegible] money will be refunded [illegible] plugs where purchased.

HARTFORD MACHINE SCREW CO.
476 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn. *Est. 1873*

Bryan, or anybody else who might be named—could stand. To meet this demand, they went a bit further than the definite platform-makers of former years, and they put in about everything they could think of and some things they didn't think about.

It was a broad and comprehensive platform, fitted for a radical candidate, a conservative candidate, a middle-of-the-road candidate, and for about any other kind of candidate except a female one. It was a catch-all platform and a carry-all platform. And now these outraged patriots of the Democracy stand up and wail over treason to party precepts, because they have reasons of their own for demanding that the tolls provision shall not be repealed, using as their wail-inciter the plank somebody stuck in that Baltimore platform, which said free tolls are the right thing.

A person might respect a politician who would cite for his opposition to the repeal of the tolls provision any one of half a dozen reasons; but no respect is due to those injured souls who insist that there shall be no repeal because the Baltimore platform says tolls ought to be free. That shout is as bogus as a basketful of china eggs.

Let us not despair, however. Right in the middle of the tolls row came a ray of hope for the salvation of the Republic—a ray of hope that was elegantly attired and had its whiskers curled to a tonsorial triumph. I refer to Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, who, after a period of incubation slightly more than a year in duration, hatched out and presented to a gratified world three several solutions of all the problems now pressing us down to disaster and disruption.

Aside from daily visits to the White House, where he kept things in order for the President, and his arduous labors as whip on the Democratic side, which, of course, demanded that he keep things in order for the majority, and his oratorical efforts whereby he kept his polysyllables in order for himself, the colonel was not in evidence more than sixteen hours a day. We wondered what he was doing; and suddenly and effulgently he emerged from this seclusion—for him—and laid before us the fruits of his sequestration, his study and his spats.

A Panacea With Whiskers

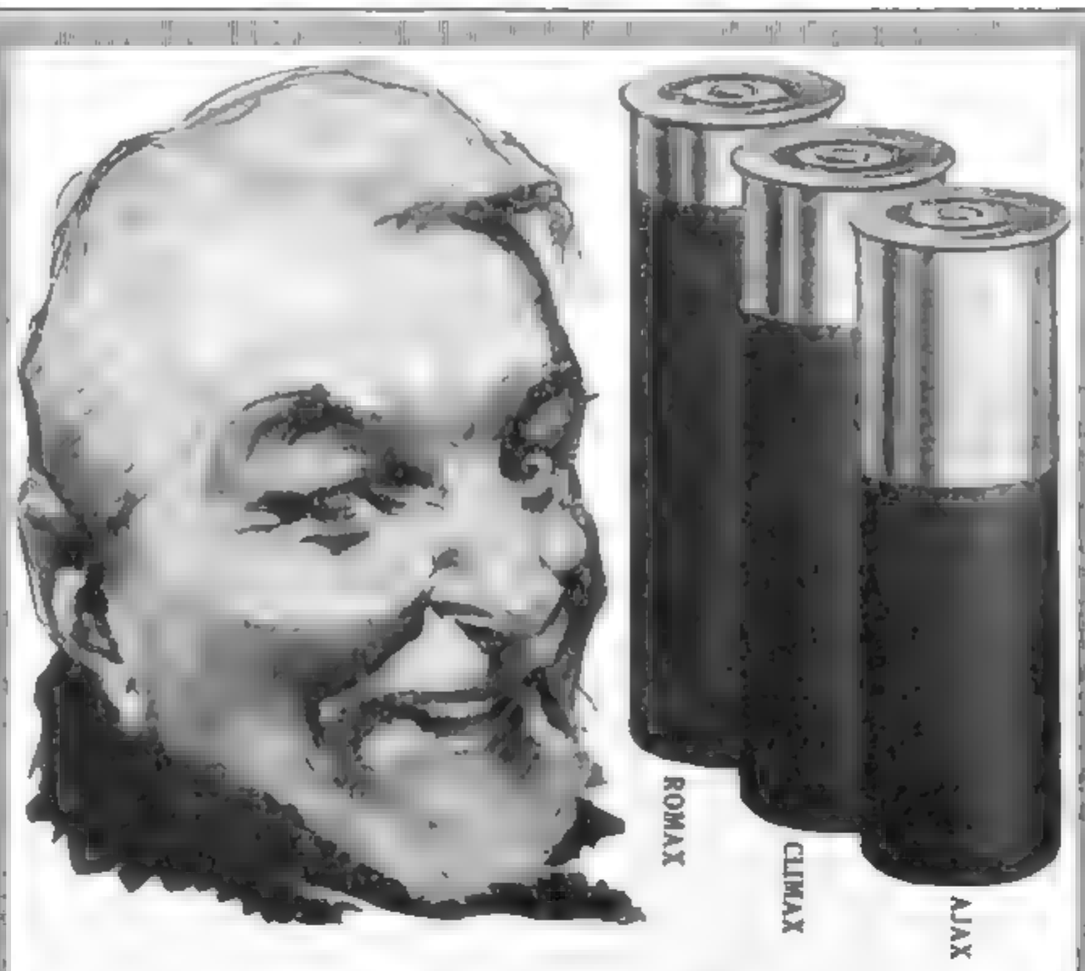
Briefly, the colonel, referring to his product as "the trinity of my labors while in the Senate," proposed three bills that, in his opinion, will cure all ills, industrial, economic and otherwise, from which we suffer at the present moment. These bills provide, in the first instance, that the Government shall build a large fleet of merchant vessels, to be leased to individuals in order to promote the shipping trade. The second bill is for "A national commission of commerce and industry, to consolidate the regulation and supervision in a single body of transportation, banking, finance and manufacturing"—and, of course, for the abolishment of all other bodies in conflict therewith. The third contemplates the absorption by the Government of all common carriers and the highways over which they run, and the leasing of these by the Government to private operators, under strict regulations.

Apparently the colonel felt the need of a little publicity. Things were getting dull with him. Acutely conscious of the well-known law of physics that the bigger the rock, the greater the splash when it falls into the water, he thought that while he had it in mind to regulate things he might as well regulate them. He knew an ordinary little Government-control bill would create only a ripple; so he pushed in a rock. He decided he would have not only Government ownership but Government construction of what it owns, and, to control these properties, a commission of twenty-one members—which in effect, of course, means commission government as well.

The colonel, if he were running a newspaper, would have no headline in it less than seven columns in width. He believes in big display. When he sets out to cure ills he offers no palliative. His is a panacea.

No remedy of such scopes as these bills has been proposed since the days of the late Senator Peffer. Peffer was long on stuff of this kind, just as he was long on whiskers. J. Ham's whiskers are not so ample as were Peffer's; but it would seem that they have the same general effect.

Yours for a commission to regulate whiskerandoed legislation. BILL.



I WANT SOME OF

THE BLACK SHELLS

A lightning primer and a double-size flash passage in The Black Shells are what do the business.

There are two reasons why The Black Shells primer is not made of heavy fulminate of mercury and light ground glass. Heavy and light are hard to combine in a perfectly uniform mixture. Also, glass absorbs heat and cools the flame. Our priming materials, being combustible, actually increase the heat.

The Black Shells primer flame has a doubly wide flash passage through which to reach the main charge. *All* of its terrific heat is applied to the powder, which, under such ignition, develops much more power than with slow ignition.

The shot drive out in a close pattern and sweep the air in front of the sights with a killing velocity and astonishing penetration. There's no need to "lead" your bird to any extent, because The Black Shells pop quick.

The solid brass head of The Black Shells gives the gases of explosion no chance to leak back through "battery-cup" crevices. Again, as mercury eats brass, all mercury primers use a copper cap. We use caps of the stronger metal, brass—which assures against the danger from a punctured cap.

The Black Shells are really waterproof. Days of exposure in wet, muggy, murky, foggy weather won't affect them. They will load and eject without a hitch—never swelling—never sticking in the barrel.

The uniformity of The Black Shells, the smoothness with which they "feed" in a pump or automatic—these are texts for interesting talks in a free book you will enjoy reading. Just ask for it on a post card.

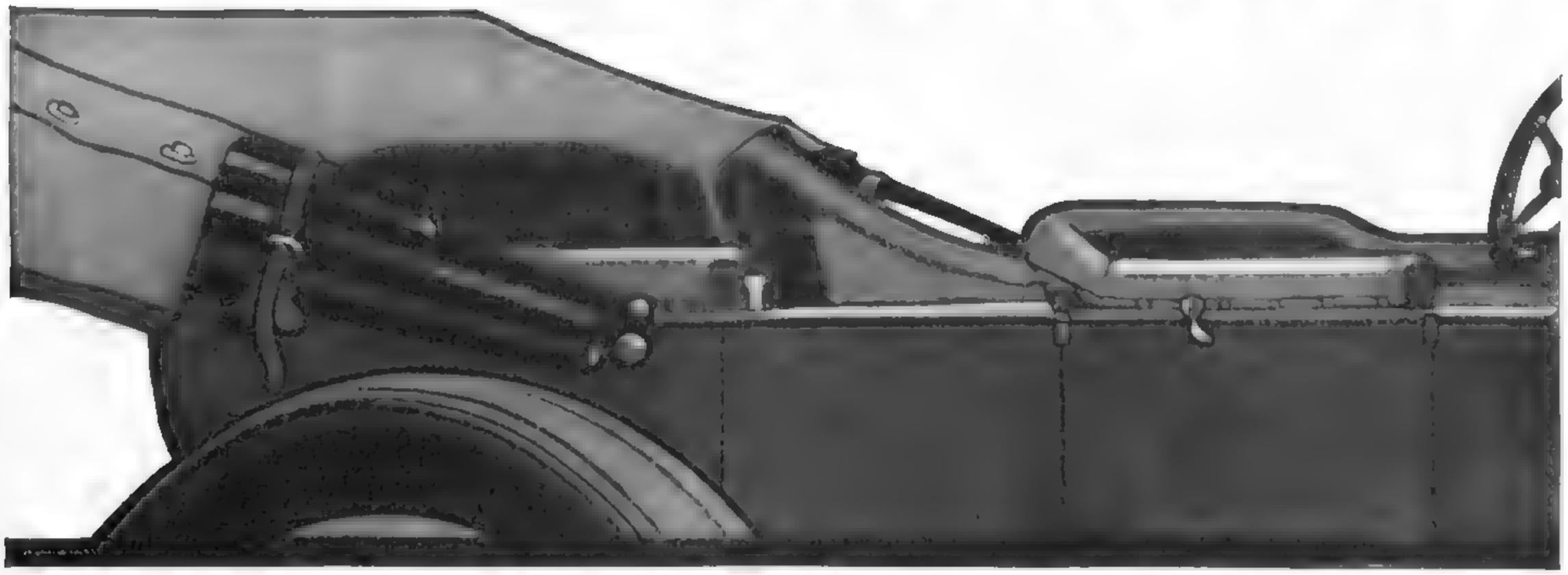
US AMMUNITION

There are three Black Shells: Romax for black powder, Climax and Ajax for smokeless powder.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY
Dept. S **Lowell, Mass.**

Makers of U. S. Cartridges

HUP



U. S. Prices—Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment, $1050. With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, $1200. Six-passenger Touring Car, with over-size tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, $1200. With electric starting and lighting, $1300. Prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Mark This:

It is a matter of common knowledge that a Hupmobile sold at "second hand" commands a price above the market average.

It always *has* commanded a higher price—ever since the first Hupmobiles were built.

Why do you suppose this is?

The best measure of value for any product is what a second man is willing to pay for it, after the first man has used it.

What the second man pays for the Hupmobile represents what he and thousands of others *think about the value of the car.*

"Used" Hups 25% to 40% More

Every extra dollar he is willing to pay testifies that he thinks the Hupmobile is just that much better than some other car.

Now, American buyers don't go on fooling themselves, year after year.

If thousands of people think the Hupmobile is worth more, you can bank upon it—it *is* worth more, first hand and second hand.

It's worth more at second hand because it hasn't deteriorated.

And it hasn't deteriorated because of what's in it and the way it is built.

And the stuff that's in it "stands up" because it's the best money can buy—the best steel, the best aluminum, the best bearings, the best rear axle, and so on.

When you buy this new Hupmobile you're not indulging in an extravagance, but making an investment.

After you've had a world of pleasure and service out of it, the value will still be there—a real, monetary, cashable value.

And, incidentally, while you're enjoying the Hupmobile—*it will cost you less to run.*

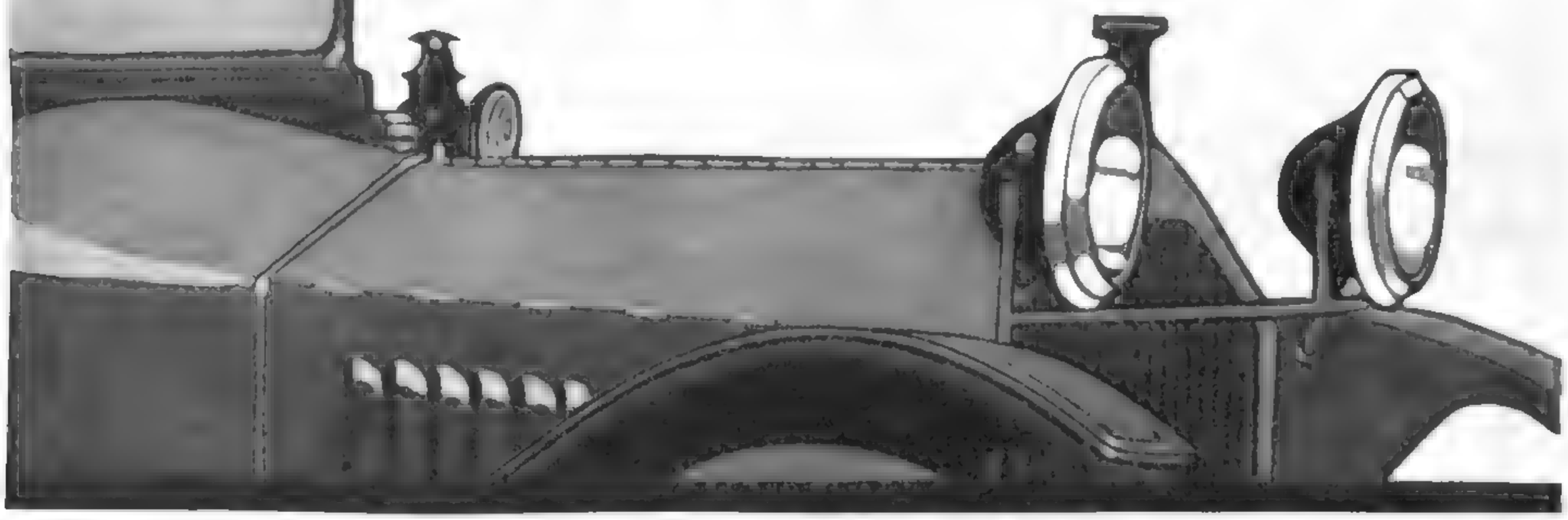
Go to your Hupmobile dealer and let him tell you a host of things we can only hint at here.

Hupp Motor Car Company

Canadian Plant

The car of The

mobile



Canadian Prices—Touring Car or Roadster, with regular equipment, $1200. With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, $1380. Six-passenger Touring Car, with over-size tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, $1480. With electric starting and lighting, $1630. Prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ont.

And This:

Once a Hupmobilist, always a Hupmobilist.

70% of Hupmobile sales are repeat sales, or—they result from owners' recommendations.

Thousands of people who do not own Hups shift from car to car.

Dealers—everywhere—will tell you that Hupmobile owners "stay put."

Stop and think a moment—consult your own personal experience.

Hup Owners "Repeat" Year After Year

Isn't it a fact that your next-door neighbor has had two or three or four Hups?
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Main Office and Factory, 1060-86 Herron Ave.
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 25)

Tom knew he would not die if he did not meet her soon; but as for wanting her, he certainly did. Every cell in his body was on the alert, waiting for her, hoping to see her; and adventure, through a megaphone, was vociferating in the middle of his soul: "Come! Come!" Therefore Tom looked the man straight in the eyes and answered:

"Yes, I do!"

The man hesitated. Then he said:

"Listen! It is for the last time. Do you hear? For the last time! Do you agree?"

He looked sternly at Tom, who thereupon answered impatiently:

"Yes! Yes!"

"Boston! Hotel Lorraine! Secure Room 77, seventh floor. On Thursday at exactly seven P. M. be in the southeast corner of the library or reading room, which is on the left of the hall as you go to the main dining room. Green armchair. Hold your hat between your knees—bottom side upward. Close your eyes. A letter will be dropped into the hat. Then do as you please. Personally I don't think it will help or hinder. But you are young; and perhaps if you wish hard enough it may happen according to your desire. Good day!"

The man turned his back squarely on Tom, leaving to the heir of the Merriwether millions no alternative but to go out dissatisfied, excited, skeptical, hopeful, and determined to go to Boston—danger or no danger, swindle or no swindle.

The mysterious man, too mysterious to be anything but a charlatan, who said he did not wish Tom's money and, for that reason, probably did—this man promised Tom he should meet a girl; a beautiful girl, the girl he would marry. If there was to be no compulsion about it; if they—the man and his accomplices—counted on her charms to capture Tom's heart and hand, why, the sooner she began the attack the better.

Also, it was one of those things that only an ass would talk about—since the telling would put an end to all doubts as to the teller's asininity.

Therefore, without saying a word to anybody, Tom went to Boston, not knowing that McWayne's detectives had orders to follow Tom wherever he went and to report in detail what he was seen to do and what he was heard to say and to whom.

Tom arrived in Boston, went to the Hotel Lorraine, registered, and asked the polite room clerk for Room 77 on the seventh floor. The clerk smiled pleasantly, as he always did whenever a guest-to-be asked for rooms that did not end in thirteen, disappeared to look at the index and returned.

"I'm sorry, sir; but that room is taken. I can give you ——"

"Taken!" said Tom, in such a disappointed tone that the clerk deigned to explain sympathetically:

"Engaged by telegraph."

"Who engaged it?"

Tom asked this so peremptorily that the clerk looked at him icily with raised eyebrows, turned his back on the New Yorker, made a pretense of once more looking at the index of rooms and guests, and said to him with a cold determination in his voice:

"I made a mistake. I thought we had a vacant room on the eighth floor. I find we have no vacant room anywhere. I'm sorry, sir. Nothing left!"

He marked something after Tom's name on the register and turned away. He evidently considered the incident closed.

Tom was too surprised to be angry. Then he recovered himself. His business in Boston was to get a certain room in this hotel. He was a son of his father; so he said with a quiet determination that disturbed the clerk:

"I must have Room 77 on the seventh floor! The price is of no consequence. I am Mr. Merriwether."

"I told you it was engaged."

"And I told you I must have it. Don't you understand English?"

"Don't you?" said the clerk, trying to disguise his growing uneasiness with a sneer.

This made Tom calm. He said quietly:

"Will you be good enough to send my card to Mr. Starrett, the owner of this hotel? He knows who I am and who my father is; but if he should have forgotten say that he is to call up Major Wilkinson, of Pierce, Wilkinson & Company, the bankers, or Mr. Blandy, of the Moontucket National Bank, or anybody who knows where New York is on the map. Good heavens, there must be somebody in Boston who hasn't been asleep for the last twenty years!"

The clerk decided to be polite. The name Merriwether had a familiar sound, but he could not associate it. He said more politely:

"I am sorry, Mr. Merriwether, but the room you want—and three others with it—have been engaged."

"By whom?"

"You are asking me to break one of our rules."

"Well, can you tell me whether it has been engaged since yesterday?"

"Oh, longer than that!" He disappeared, consulted a book and came back with the triumphant expression human beings put on when they do not wish to say I told you so! aloud. "Engaged and paid for since the eighth, Mr. Merriwether. That's nine days ago. So, you see, we can't do what you ask us to. Sorry!"

Wherever he went, Tom thought, he was confronted by crude attempts at mystery. To send him to this particular room, 77 on the seventh floor, was merely the same as an effort to impress children by using the magical number seven.

Who had engaged the room? Was it an accomplice or some stranger guiltless of participation in the rather juvenile joke?

Still, Tom was in Boston to do a particular thing; and, though much of the spring restlessness had gone from his veins, there remained the desire to see the affair through to the end, whether the end should be a smile or a mild oath. Therefore, after a pause, Tom said to the clerk:

"Can you give me the room exactly opposite 77 on the seventh floor?"

The clerk hesitated, then said:

"Just a minute, please."

He consulted one of the bookkeepers, from whom he must have learned whose son Tom was. And, though Boston is not New York, money is money, even in Massachusetts; and the heir of fifty or a hundred million dollars is something, whether or not he is somebody.

"Certainly," said the clerk, and handed the key to a young man called in New York a bellboy. The young man now preceded Tom to the seventh floor and ushered the New Yorker into Room 78.

Tom gave the studious youth a dollar and never noticed that the boy regarded the bill with a mixture of suspicion and alarm, put it gingerly into his pocket and left the room, closing the door. Tom opened the door. The boy thought it had opened itself and returned to close it. Tom waved him away. The boy hastily retreated. He did not, however, throw away the dollar. He had discovered it was not phony.

The bellboy found the room clerk engaged in conversation with two men. He, divining that the talk concerned the generous lunatic, flung at the room clerk that look of exaggerated perplexity which will cause any normal human being inevitably to ask: "What is it?"

The room clerk saw the look and still kept on talking with the man; whereupon the bellboy walked up to the desk, frowned fiercely and muttered:

"He is in his room!"

"What's that, boy?"

"I said," retorted the studious youth glacially, "he was in his room—78. He gave me a dollar and left the door open. I tried to close it, but he opened it again—after he gave me the dollar."

The clerk, awe in his face, turned to the men and nodded confirmatively.

"Your man!" he said. "Of course we don't want any fuss ——"

"We'll telephone Mr. McWayne, the private secretary. The young fellow isn't violent, you know."

The hotel clerk said the inevitable thing:

"Only son too—isn't he?"

"Yes. Over a hundred million dollars, I've heard." The detective, induced thereto by the invitation in the clerk's voice, had vouchsafed inside information.

"Too bad!" murmured the clerk, thinking of the hundred millions and Tom. "Too damned bad!" he almost whimpered, thinking of the hundred millions and himself. To show that he was unimpressed by vast wealth he added sternly: "No trouble, you understand!"

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—one ink equally adapted *to either fountain pens or inkwell use.* It has the famous Carter smoothness and brilliancy. It gums less than others, corrodes less, writes a deep blue and dries a time-defying black.

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One of the men whom McWayne had instructed to shadow Tom sat in the lobby just in front of the elevator. The other, with the clerk's permission, went up to the seventh floor and sat down by the floor telephone operator. From there he could keep a ten-dollar-a-day eye on Room 78.

Meantime Tom's impatience had reached such a point that he could not sit still. Through his open door he could see the closed door of Room 77. The thought came to him to see who was in that room. Then it struck him that perhaps the mysterious man in New York had reckoned precisely on rousing the Merriwether curiosity. Perhaps an unpleasant surprise awaited the man who should enter Room 77. Perhaps the room was occupied by some one who had nothing to do with her—and therefore nothing to do with him. Perhaps he should put himself in a ridiculous predicament. Perhaps a million disagreeable things might happen, making it obviously the unwise thing to do to go into Room 77.

All these reflections, however, weighed no more than a shadow with him. The more he thought of why he should not go into Room 77 the more difficult it became to resist the call of adventure. He walked across the hall and knocked sharply on the door. No answer came. He knocked again. A hotel maid approached him.

"I beg your pardon, sir—are you in the party?"

"What party?"

"In Room 77."

"No. I am in 78."

"I am very sorry—but it is against the rules of the house, sir."

Tom had nothing to say to the maid; so he closed the door of his own room, conscious that his actions must appear erratic, but not much concerned over it. Presently he went out for a walk and did not go to either of his Boston clubs. This omission was duly noted by the clever Mr. McWayne's star sleuths.

Tom returned to the hotel feeling almost cured. He realized that he had come on a fool's errand; and yet there was something that told him it was not a fool's errand. It was too elaborate for a practical joke. So long as no motive was apparent the mystery remained a mystery; and no mystery is laughable.

So he decided for the tenth time to go through with his part, absurd or not. He walked about the lobby utterly unconscious that he was a marked man. He could not see that the clerks and the bellboys and the two men from the New York agency followed his movements, not only with the liveliest curiosity but with deep pity.

All he was doing was to wait more or less impatiently for seven o'clock; but impatience is so natural a feeling, and comes so easily to most human beings, that it always rouses suspicion. Tom did not act right to the watchers. Any perfectly sane and intelligent man, accused of being mad, will confirm the accusation if he is watched for five minutes. People who never think and never imagine are never taken for lunatics. That nowadays is about the only compensation for being an ass.

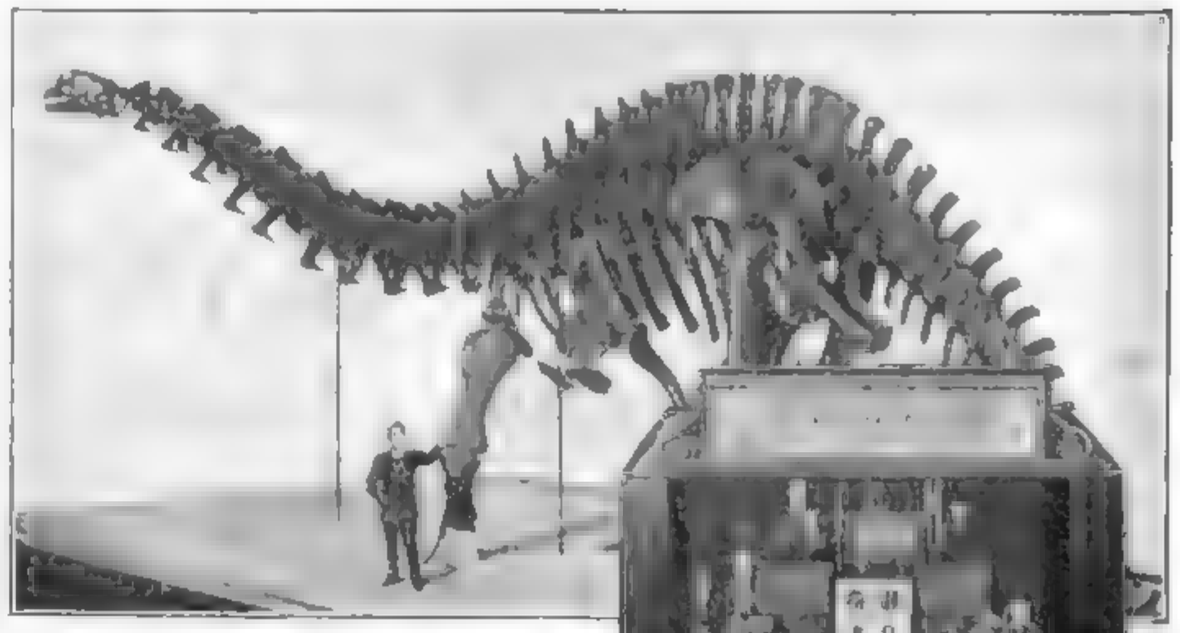
At six-fifty-six P. M. he walked into the hotel library and found that the green plush armchair in the corner by the window was occupied by an elderly woman. It annoyed him because he desired to sit in that chair at exactly seven o'clock. Absurd or not, the problem became how to get rid of the old woman quickly and without disturbing the peace or alarming the office.

His mind worked logically enough for a man under observation for insanity, and his sense of humor acted as a safety valve for his inventiveness. He merely drew his chair very close to the startled old lady and opened a magazine. He found a poem and began to read it in the exasperating undertone used by the demons who have the next seats to yours at the opera.

Presently he began to drum on his thigh with the tips of his fingers, and at regular intervals of ten seconds he thumped it with his clenched fist bassdrumwise. Every twenty-five seconds he pulled out his watch, looked at it, exclaimed: "Gracious!"—and blew his nose loudly and determinedly.

Within two and three-quarter minutes the old lady glared at him, rose, looked at the clock, glared again at him to make sure and left the room. In the hall she stopped and spoke to the young lady who checked hats and coats near the entrance of the main dining room:

"I had to leave the reading room. A perfectly horrible person came in! He simply drove me out."



Brontosaurus roamed the earth seven million years ago. He could not adapt himself to changed conditions. Nature scrapped him.

One of the cases in the William J. Hammer Historical Collection in New York, which exhibits the hundreds of lamps which were scrapped before MAZDA Service gave us the MAZDA lamp of today

Evolution and the Scrap Heap

Talks about MAZDA No. 4

"Not the name of a thing but the mark of a Service."

ABOUT seven million years ago, more or less, a stupid, slow-moving lizard known to science as *brontosaurus* roamed the earth. He stood thirty feet high on his hind feet and was seventy feet long. He weighed over thirty tons. As he lumbered along, each of his ponderous feet left a track that occupied one square yard. No one knows why he became extinct. Perhaps the earth shrugged her shoulders one day, as it were; in other words, a cataclysm occurred. Dry land became water and oceans became dry land. *Brontosaurus* could not adapt himself to the change. Nature scrapped him.

This process of scrapping is what Darwin meant by "evolution", "natural selection", and the "survival of the fittest". It is a process that finds its counterpart in the scrap heap of human industry. There are mechanical fossils as well as fossil lizards. Look in the scrap heap of any industry and you will find them. The bigger that scrap heap is, the more marked has been the evolution which it represents, the more perfect is the product of the industry. If an industry has no scrap heap it is standing still; it is not evolving.

Next to agriculture and architecture the oldest of human industries is the art of lighting. Hence the scrap heap of light producers ought to be large. And it is. Think of the hairy, low-browed savage who rubbed two sticks together, built a fire and thus made the first artificial light thousands and thousands of years ago. Then think of the incandescent electric lamp. What an evolution! What a scrap heap has been piled up of beacons, rush lights, candles and oil lamps, each with a little subsidiary scrap heap of its own, representing the evolution of its particular type of light-producer!

When the incandescent electric lamp was invented the height of the scrap heap was more than doubled. In a few years lamps which represented the illuminating methods of centuries were discarded. And the end is not yet. The height of the scrap heap is growing more rapidly than ever.

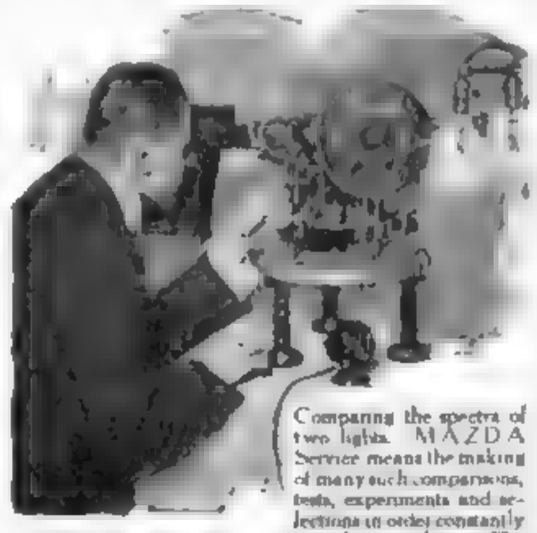
All the science of our time is epitomized in the incandescent lamp of today the MAZDA lamp. If you knew its history you would know the history of modern science. Study its scrap heap and you learn how far the art of lighting has evolved, even in your own time.

At the very bottom of the heap you will find a lamp with a strip of graphite in a poor vacuum. Farther up are hundreds of lamps with platinum filaments; still farther up lamps with filaments composed of the oxides of zirconium and titanium; and very near the present top, lamps with filaments of carbon, osmium, silicon compounds and tantalum. Then come many types of the metal filament lamp, including types of tungsten lamps.

All of them are as extinct as *brontosaurus*.

Let it not be supposed that the lamps of today marked MAZDA are the last word in incandescent electric lighting. Some day there will be other lamps, more efficient but still marked MAZDA.

They will be so marked because they evolved from the same unceasing systematic study and selection that gave us the MAZDA of today—a study and selection centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady and supplemented by learning from the leading experimental lamp laboratories of the world what progress they have made in the same direction.



Comparing the spectra of two lights. MAZDA Service means the making of many such comparisons, tests, experiments and selections in order constantly to evolve better lamps. The aim is that MAZDA shall always be the mark of the furthest advance in incandescent lighting.

The results thus obtained are communicated to the General Electric Company's manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison, and also to the other lamp manufacturing companies entitled to receive them. This scientific investigation and the communication of the results obtained constitute MAZDA Service. All the lamps made by the companies in accordance with this service are marked MAZDA.

A lamp marked MAZDA is always the product of a scientific evolution; whether you buy it today, tomorrow, or at any future time, it is selected from types devised after months and even years of research; it is the one that has survived all tests, because it has been proved the fittest; it is a lamp that represents the latest commercial advance in illumination of its time.

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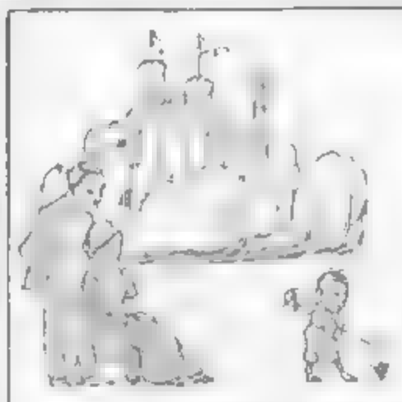

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Yes, madam. The young gentleman is insane. It is a very sad case."

"Goodness! What a narrow ——"

"Oh, you needn't fear; he is quite harmless, madam."

"It's a wonder a first-class hotel, such as this claims to be, allows ——"

"You are right!" agreed the wise young woman, whose business it was to encourage generosity.

The old lady went away muttering. Thomas Thorne Merriwether sat down in the vacated chair, put his hat between his knees and waited. The mahogany clock on the mantel presently began to chime the hour and Tom felt a pang of angry disappointment. Nothing had happened—except that he again had made an ass of himself!

A tall, strongly built man at that moment entered the room, looked at Tom, saw the hat held between the knees, and turned away as if the last person in the world he wished to see was young Mr. Merriwether.

Tom saw him stretch his hand toward a panel in the wall. Instantly the room was in darkness. It occurred to Tom that this would be a good way to attack him; but there instantly followed the reflection that it was not a good place in which to do any robbing or murdering.

Therefore young Merriwether sat on quietly. He felt something drop into his hat. A faint odor of sweet peas came to his nostrils—the odor he had associated with his youth until he began to associate it with her, and therefore with love.

This evanescent perfume that made vague memories stir within him; that made him desire to see the woman who was to be his wife; that made him thrill obediently at the call of adventure—made him feel that the mysterious man of 777 Blank Avenue was not a cheap charlatan.

Suddenly the light was turned on again. Tom saw a slip of paper within his hat, fished it out, and, without stopping to see what it was or what it said, rushed from the room into the corridor.

He saw men and women coming and going. He could not tell whether she was among them or whether the man who had entered the library—who probably was the man that put out the light—was among the crowd. But the sleuths and the bellboy and the coatgirl watched him. What doubt could remain? In their minds there was none.

Tom abandoned the chase. The key to the mystery eluded him, as usual. He was not clever enough to catch the mystery-manipulator in the act, as it were. He looked at the paper. It was an envelope. On it was written in a woman's hand:

For T. M.

He opened the envelope and pulled out a sheet of the hotel notepaper, on which he read, in the same handwriting:

Too late!

He walked to the desk and spoke to the room clerk.

"I must ——" he began, but stopped.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Merriwether!" The clerk used the voice and manner of a man saying nice things to a child in order to propitiate its mother.

"About Room 77 on the seventh floor," said Tom.

"We can give it to you now, if you wish. Yes, sir."

"What? Has she—is it vacant?"

"Given up this very minute. If you'll wait until we send up and see whether it is ready to be occupied, I'll ——"

"I'll take it; but I'd like to go up at once."

He wished to see whether there was any clew left by the previous occupants.

"Certainly. Front!"

Tom followed the bellboy. The room was empty and undisturbed. He thought he smelled sweet peas, and sat down in an armchair to think; but the odor, which made her recognizable in his dreams of her, prevented him from thinking as you would expect a healthy young man to think. There was no sharpness of outline in the visions of her seen through the mist of dreams and longings.

He knew there was a girl somewhere whom he would marry. Indeed he often had wondered what his wife would be like. Every man, when he endeavors to look ahead, thinks that some day he shall have a wife—the mother of his children—the woman whose mere existence will influence his life more than anything else in the world; whose love will make him a different man; whose necessities will give to him an utterly different point of view.

Our lives depend on our point of view; and Tom knew that his point of view would be utterly changed by this girl he had never seen. Would she be the girl the man in 777 Blank Avenue said she would be? Was she the mysterious person with whom, of course, he was not in love, but with whom he might fall in love—adventuress or not? His love of love had not yet changed into love of somebody; but he was keen to enter into a definite love affair with a concrete being, and he rather suspected that this affair was being stage-managed for his benefit.

He would forgive everything so long as in the end something happened—something in which there was a girl, whether or not she was the girl. What most irritated him was the indefiniteness of the mystery so far. The spice of danger; the tragical possibilities; the lure of adventure; the call of the unusual; the attraction of the unknown and therefore of the interesting—were no longer quite enough. The glimpse of a face—of a living face—and a hand to shake, a waist to clasp and lips to kiss: these things he now desired.

His irritability over his failure to develop an adventure in Boston grew keener until it became anger. He would have it out once for all with the mysterious man at 777 Blank Avenue.

He went downstairs, paid his bill and took the midnight train for New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cold Comfort

THERE is a certain hotel up in British Columbia that has a reputation for being reasonably cold. It is a frame structure and the walls are thin and shaky. One morning during a blizzard two guests who had been there the night before came out of their rooms, on opposite sides of the hall. The first man said:

"Whew! I'm nearly frozen! I never was so cold in my life. I slept with all my clothes on and everything else piled on me, and I'm frosted through!"

"Same here," said the other. "I was on the windward side of this hut. I put on my buffalo coat over my clothes, and I don't think I'll ever get warm!"

They went down to the hotel office. There, huddled over the stove, was a stage driver who had lost his way and been out all night. His hair and whiskers were lumps of ice. His fur hat was frozen to his head. He shivered and shook with the cold, though he was practically sitting on the stove. The two guests looked at him for a minute. Then one of them asked:

"Which room did you have, partner?"

Where the Money Was

THE Reverend J. Ashby Jones, of Augusta, the best after-dinner speaker in Georgia—always barring Colonel John Temple Graves, who does not live in Georgia any more—says that a negro woman in his town was a bride of only two weeks when a switch engine ran over her husband as he loafed about the railroad yards.

With the desire—so characteristic of some of the legal profession—to do justice speedily, the claim agent rounded up the widow before any other lawyer could get at her, towed her to his office, and there spread before her dazzled vision five hundred dollars in new shiny bills.

The sorrowing one took one look at all that wealth, then grabbed for it with her left hand while with her right she signed on the dotted line A of the quitclaim. This done, she plucked a fragrant yellow twenty off the top of the pile of currency and after inhaling its aroma fanned herself daintily with it.

"Clarissa," said a woman friend who had accompanied her, "whut you reckin you goin' do now sence you come into all dis money?"

The widow exhaled a long and happy sigh.

"Well," she said, "havin' dis yere streak of luck comin' on me so sudden, I ain't hardly made up mah mind yit jes' whut I will do. Course, when time is healed up my wounds I mout look round and tek notice. I mout marry agin; and then agin I mout not. But ef ever I does marry agin mah secon' husband is suttinly goin' be a railroad man!"

Wilson Bro's

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

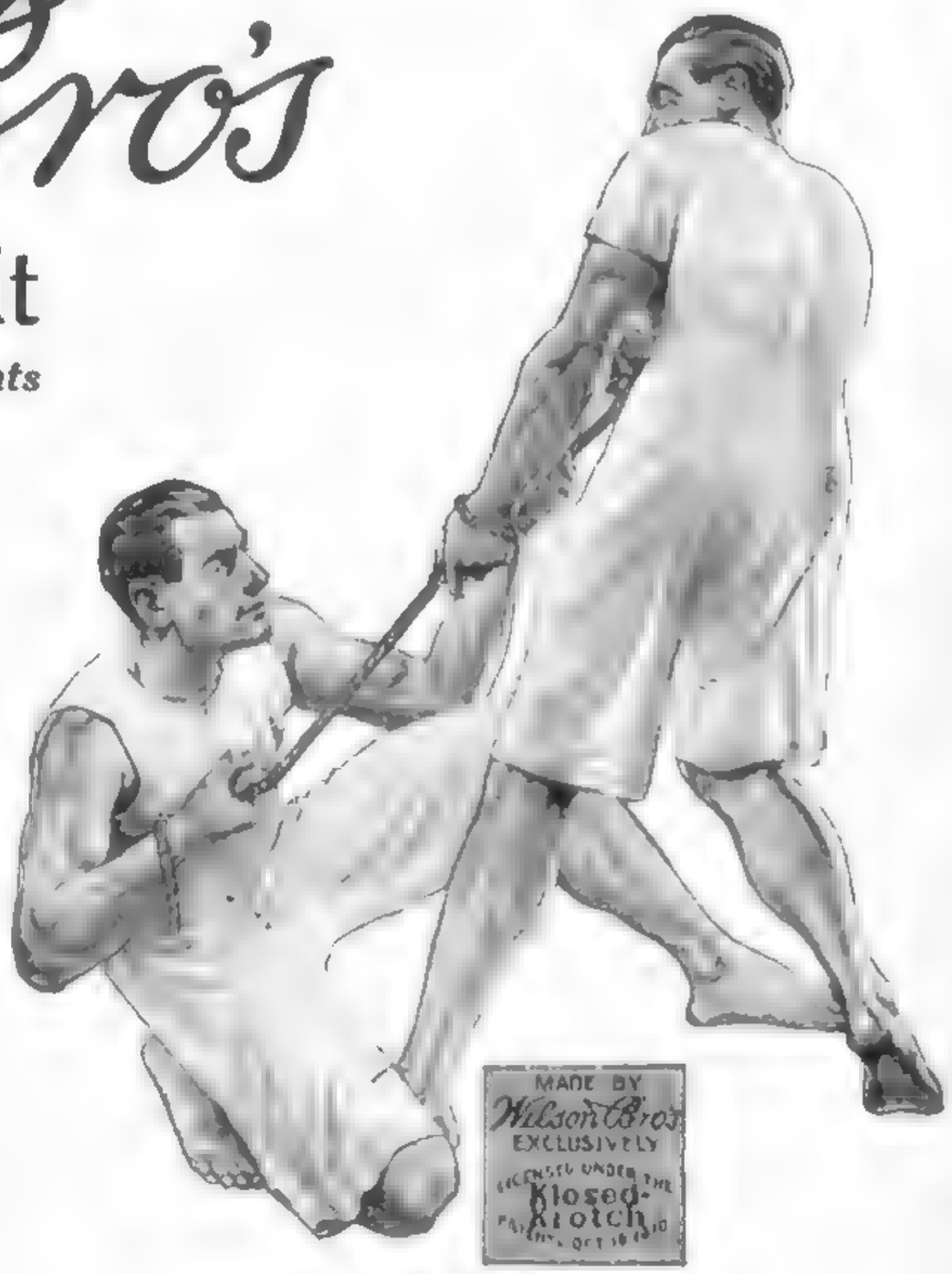
An undergarment for active men keen for comfort. Fitted with the patented closed crotch which is permanently closed and does not depend upon buttons to keep it closed. No edges or buttons between the legs. No gap or bunch-up. Always orderly and smooth. Separate openings front and rear. *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit is the only one of its kind that can be made with this exclusive patented comfort feature.

Made of imported and domestic woven fabrics. Expertly cut, fashioned and tailored with the same care and skill that have distinguished *Wilson Bro's* goods since the firm was established in 1863—a period of 50 years.

This convenient, comfortable garment is ready for you *now* at your furnisher's—$1.00 and up—sleeveless and half sleeves, knee length and three-quarter length. Boys' sizes, 50 cents and up.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bros. mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc., each line measuring up to the exceptional standard of merit which this house has ever maintained.

All Wilson Bro's Specialties should be at your furnisher's. If he cannot supply your particular need, he can get it for you on short notice.

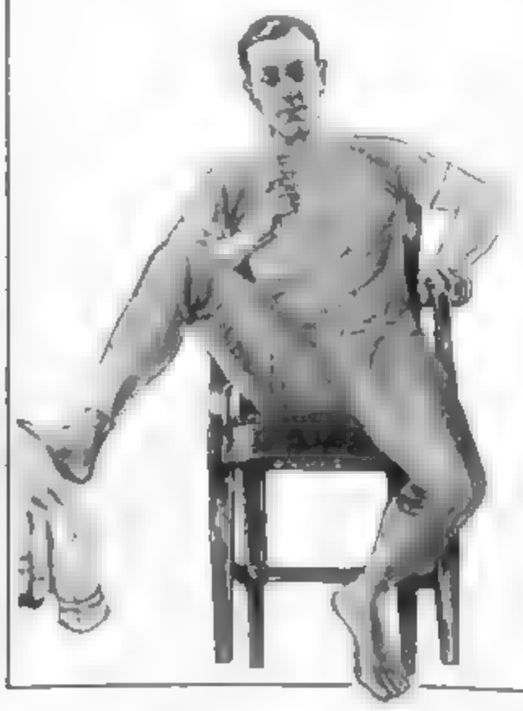


Look for this Label

Wilson Bro's Open-Mesh Union Suit

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

The only open-mesh union suit that can be made with the same patented closed crotch as is used in *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit. Airy and absorbent, well fitting and elastic. Long sleeves, half sleeves and sleeveless; ankle, three-quarters and knee lengths. $1 a garment and up for men—50 cents for boys.



Wilson Bro's Combinette Shirt

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

Combination of outing shirt and drawers with the same patented closed crotch that distinguishes *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit. Can't hike out of your trousers. Always hangs smooth. Allows absolute freedom in swinging a racquet or club. Soft attached collars or without. Half or full sleeves. $1.50 and up.

Wilson Bro's Combinette Pajama

Licensed Under Klosed-Krotch Patents

A one-piece pajama. A brand-new idea that eliminates the drawstring—no bind at the waist. Neat and dignified. Convenient and comfortable all over. Has same patented closed crotch as *Wilson Bro's* Athletic Union Suit.

$1.50 up, in a variety of cosy materials.

Wilson Bro's Chicago

HYATT ROLLER BEARING

CHEMISTRY IS THE TOUCHSTONE TO PRESENT DAY INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY.

It reveals the constituent parts of substances and can transform a weakness into great strength.

In no industry does this science play a larger part than in the building of high grade automobiles in which every part is made according to a certain specified analysis.

In the making of "Hyatt Roller Bearings" samples are drawn from each lot of incoming material, and analyzed to determine the exact proportions of the different ingredients specified for that particular purpose.

At different stages throughout the manufacturing process still more samples are tested, and finally even the finished product is put to another proof.

This never ending maintenance of so high a standard in production, with the fundamentally correct design of the bearing, has its reward in the "care-free" service rendered by "Hyatt Quiet Bearings."

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Detroit Newark, N. J. Chicago

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

Buy This Real Underwear Now

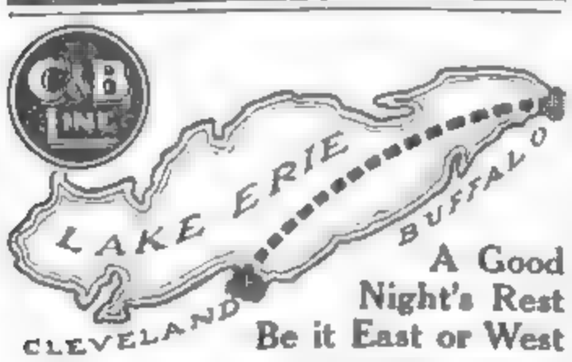
Keepkool is the only elastic ribbed mesh fabric on the market and thus combines real elasticity with the open-knit principle. It has the stretch and the give and the permanent elasticity that doesn't get lost in the tub. It will ensure your comfort in the scorching days of mid-summer.

Keepkool

has long wear, finest quality and best workmanship back of every garment. It is made for men who care and who know. Insist on seeing the name Keepkool on every garment. Men's separate garments, 50c each; men's union suits, $1.00; boys' separate garments, 25c each; boys' union suits, 50c, any style, white or écru color. If your dealer hasn't Keepkool, we will supply you upon receipt of price.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany, N. Y.

C & B LINE



A Good Night's Rest Be it East or West

Whether your trip takes you East or West—break its monotony [illegible] night of refreshing [illegible] on a floating hotel with every convenience for comfort and enjoyment. The great ship [illegible] steamer on the Inland waters of the world, and steamers "City of Erie" and "City of Buffalo"

Fare $3 Cleveland and Buffalo Daily: May 1st to Dec. 1st

Leave Cleveland [illegible]
Arrive Buffalo [illegible]
Leave Buffalo [illegible]
Arrive Cleveland [illegible]

[illegible] Buffalo for Niagara Falls and all Eastern points. [illegible] Detroit and Western points. At Cleveland for Detroit and Southwest. Railroad tickets reading between Cleveland and Buffalo accepted for transportation on all steamers. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via C. & B. Line

Ask for attractive booklet

The Cleveland & Buffalo Transit Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Length, 500 ft.; breadth, 98 ft. 6 in. parlors accommodating 1500 persons

510 staterooms and (In service June 20)

1½¢ a Night for 1 Electric Light

A bright, clean, clear [illegible] light for your home, store or church. Send for book which tells the story.

UNIVERSAL BATTERY CO.
305 N Peoria St. Chicago
We make an [illegible] for the trade

MY ROOMY

(Continued from Page 19)

"Yes," he says; and, without openin' it, he tore it up and throwed it out the window.

"Had a quarrel?" I ast.

"No, no," he says; "but she can't tell me nothin' I don't know already. Girls always writes the same junk. I got one from her in Pittsburgh, but I didn't read it."

"I guess you ain't so stuck on her," I says.

He swells up and says:

"Of course I'm stuck on her! If I wasn't, do you think I'd be goin' round with this bunch and gettin' insulted all the time? I'm stickin' here because o' that series dough, so's I can get booked."

"Do you think you'd settle down if you was married?" I ast him.

"Settle down?" he says. "Sure, I'd settle down. I'd be so happy that I wouldn't have to look for no excitement."

Nothin' special happened that night 'cep' that he come in the room about one o'clock and woke me up by pickin' up the foot o' the bed and droppin' it on the floor, sudden-like.

"Give me a key to the room," he says.

"You must of had a key," I says, "or you couldn't of got in."

"That's right!" he says, and beat it to bed.

One o' the reporters must of told Elliott that John had ast for waivers on him and New York had refused to waive, because next mornin' he come to me with that dope.

"New York's goin' to win this pennant!" he says.

"Well," I says, "they will if some one else don't. But what of it?"

"I'm goin' to play with New York," he says, "so's I can get the World's Series dough."

"How you goin' to get away from this club?" I ast.

"Just watch me!" he says. "I'll be with New York before this series is over."

Well, the way he goes after the job was original anyway. Rube'd had one of his good days the day before and we'd got a trimmin'; but this second day the score was tied up at two runs apiece in the tenth, and Big Jeff'd been wabblin' for two or three innin's.

Well, he walks Saier and me, with one out, and Mac sends for Matty, who was warmed up and ready. John sticks Elliott in in Brid's place and the bug pulls one into the rightfield stand.

It's a cinch McGraw thinks well of him then, and might of went after him if he hadn't went crazy the next afternoon. We're tied up in the ninth and Matty's workin'. John sends Elliott up with the bases choked; but he doesn't go right up to the plate. He walks over to their bench and calls McGraw out. Mac tells us about it afterward.

"I can bust up this game right here!" says Elliott.

"Go ahead," says Mac; "but be careful he don't whiff you."

Then the bug pulls it.

"If I whiff," he says, "will you get me on your club?"

"Sure!" says Mac, just as anybody would.

By this time Bill Klem was hollerin' about the delay; so up goes Elliott and gives the worst burlesque on tryin' to hit that you ever see. Matty throws one a mile outside and high, and the bug swings like it was right over the heart. Then Matty throws one at him and he ducks out o' the way—but swings just the same. Matty must of been wise by this time, for he pitches one so far outside that the Chief almost has to go to the coachers' box after it. Elliott takes his third healthy and runs through the field down to the clubhouse.

We got beat in the eleventh; and when we went in to dress he has his street clothes on. Soon as he seen John comin' he says: "I got to see McGraw!" And he beat it.

John was goin' to the fights that night; but before he leaves the hotel he had waivers on Elliott from everybody and had sold him to Atlanta.

"And," says John, "I don't care if they pay for him or not."

My roomy blows in about nine and got the letter from John out of his box. He was goin' to tear it up, but I told him they was news in it. He opens it and reads where he's sold. I was still sore at him; so I says:

"Thought you was goin' to get on the New York club?"

Barrett Specification Roofs

Why *you* should be interested in Roofing

Wright Wire Company, Worcester, Mass. Buildings covered with Barrett Specification Roofs.

FREQUENTLY the building of a roof on a factory or warehouse, or any building, is regarded as merely incidental to the whole proposition.

Great care and thought are spent in deciding whether to use stone or concrete for the foundation. Even the choice of materials for the fence about the place gets its share of attention.

But with many owners of buildings the roof is only a roof, and they take it as a matter of course that they must repair leaks every now and then.

Do you realize that this is the wrong viewpoint?

The roof is a most important part of the structure. If properly specified, you will be free from leaks and trouble and expense.

The Barrett Specification is the scientific standardization of an old established theory of roofing—one that has stood for years as the best in roofs—namely, a combination of coal tar pitch, tarred felt and gravel or slag.

If *you* want a really waterproof, fire-retardant roof covering that will last 20 years or more, see that you get a Barrett Specification Roof.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof, laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

A copy of The Barrett Specification in full sent free on request. Every owner, builder and engineer should have it.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

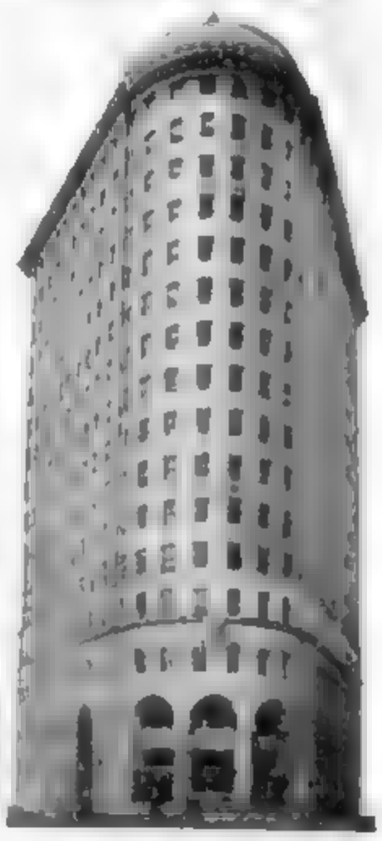
New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Seattle, Birmingham

The Paterson Manufacturing Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

The Turks Head Building, Providence, R. I. [illegible] Barrett Co., New York

Barrett Specification Roof



ON outing trips or social spins; when good looks are at premium; when dress is on show and taste is on trial, there's extra comfort in a MICHAELS-STERN suit.

The substantial air of MICHAELS-STERN clothes gives ease, assurance and gentlemanly standing everywhere.

We'd like to send you our portfolio, illustrating Michaels-Stern Clothes by means of color photography from life. Ask for it.

Michaels, Stern & Co.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Your spare time can be converted into money. Let us tell you about it. Agency Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

BASLINE
AUTOWLINE

Pulls 4000-lb. Car Up 20% Grade

Autowline can't be bluffed by any hard or sudden road test. It has a grip and a grit that never let up till the pulling is done.

This is because Autowline is made of Yellow Strand wire rope, ¼ inch in diameter. It is about 25 feet long, weighs 4½ pounds and has all the sturdy qualities that have made Yellow Strand wire rope world-famous. You should own and carry an Autowline always.

No trouble in the car—no trouble to attach, but saves a lot of trouble and towing expense when things happen on the road. All supply dealers sell Autowline. Price east of Rocky Mountains, $3.95.

FREE A fine illustrated circular telling all about Autowlines

Broderick & Bascom Rope Company
811 N. Second Street, St. Louis, Missouri
New York Office, 76 D. Warren Street
Makers of famous Yellow Strand wire rope

"No," he says. "I got turned down cold. McGraw says he wouldn't have me in his club. He says he'd had Charlie Faust—and that was enough for him."

He had a kind o' crazy look in his eyes; so when he starts up to the room I follows him.

"What are you goin' to do now?" I says.

"I'm goin' to sell this ticket to Atlanta," he says, "and go back to Muskegon, where I belong."

"I'll help you pack," I says.

"No," says the bug. "I come into this league with this suit o' clothes and a collar. They can have the rest of it." Then he sits down on the bed and begins to cry like a baby. "No series dough for me," he blubbers, "and no weddin' bells! My girl'll die when she hears about it!"

Of course that made me feel kind o' rotten, and I says:

"Brace up, boy! The best thing you can do is go to Atlanta and try hard. You'll be up here again next year."

"You can't tell me where to go!" he says, and he wasn't cryin' no more. "I'll go where I please—and I'm li'ble to take you with me."

I didn't want no argument, so I kep' still. Pretty soon he goes up to the lookin'-glass and stares at himself for five minutes. Then, all of a sudden, he hauls off and takes a wallop at his reflection in the glass. Naturally he smashed the glass all to pieces and he cut his hand somethin' awful.

Without lookin' at it he come over to me and says: "Well, good-by, sport!"—and holds out his other hand to shake. When I starts to shake with him he smears his bloody hand all over my map. Then he laughed like a wild man and run out o' the room and out o' the hotel.

VIII

WELL, boys, my sleep was broke up for the rest o' the season. It might of been because I was used to sleepin' in all kinds o' racket and excitement, and couldn't stand for the quiet after he'd went—or it might of been because I kep' thinkin' about him and feelin' sorry for him.

I of'en wondered if he'd settle down and be somethin' if he could get married; and finally I got to b'lievin' he would. So when we was dividin' the city-series dough I was thinkin' of him and the girl. Our share o' the money—the losers', as usual—was twelve thousand seven hundred sixty bucks or somethin' like that. They was twenty-one of us and that meant six hundred seven bucks apiece. We was just goin' to cut it up that way when I says:

"Why not give a divvy to poor old Elliott?"

About fifteen of 'em at once told me that I was crazy. You see, when he got canned he owed everybody in the club. I guess he'd stuck me for the most—about seventy bucks—but I didn't care nothin' about that. I knowed he hadn't never reported to Atlanta, and I thought he was prob'ly busted and a bunch o' money might make things all right for him and the other songbird.

I made quite a speech to the fellers, tellin' 'em how he'd cried when he left us and how his heart'd been set on gettin' married on the series dough. I made it so strong that they finally fell for it. Our shares was cut to five hundred eighty apiece, and John sent him a check for a full share.

For a while I was kind o' worried about what I'd did. I didn't know if I was doin' right by the girl to give him the chance to marry her.

He'd told me she was stuck on him, and that's the only excuse I had for tryin' to fix it up between 'em; but, b'lieve me, if she was my sister or a friend o' mine I'd just as soon of had her manage the Cincinnati Club as marry that bird. I thought to myself:

"If she's all right she'll take acid in a month—and it'll be my fault; but if she's really stuck on him they must be somethin' wrong with her too, so what's the d.ff'rence?"

Then along comes this letter that I told you about. It's from some friend of hisn up there—and they's a note from him. I'll read 'em to you and then I got to beat it for the station:

"*Dear Sir:* They have got poor Elliott locked up and they are goin' to take him to the asylum at Kalamazoo. He thanks you for the check, and we will use the money to see that he is made comf'table.

(*Concluded on Page 65,*

"The Children's Hour"

The best hour of the day for the little folks is when mother shares around a package of those toothsome confections—Necco or Hub Wafers. Little faces brighten up in anticipation—older folks are contented, because they know the kiddies can *safely* enjoy themselves, for these little "disks of delight" are guaranteed pure and fresh.

Necco Wafers
Glazed Paper Wrapper

Hub Wafers
Transparent Paper Wrapper

are made of the purest ingredients in America's largest, cleanest, brightest, airiest candy factory. Made in nine tasty flavors and protected from dust and dirt by the familiar sanitary wrapper.

Look for the "Necco Seal" on every package—the synonym of confection perfection.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.
Makers of "Necco Sweets"

Eastwood Sandal

Children's
Sizes 4 to 8

$1.25

Good For Play

All the fun of "going barefoot" without the scratches and bruises.

Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

The Eastwood sandal [illegible] no wrinkled [illegible] tan, oak [illegible]

Made over the celebrated Eastwood Lasts

[illegible] all charges prepaid.
[illegible] $1.25
[illegible] $1.35 [illegible] $1.00
[illegible] $2.00 [illegible] to $2.50

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. [illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

NORTHWESTERN "GIANT" MARINE ENGINES

For Fishermen, Guides and Boat Liveries, and those who want absolute reliability. The most compact Marine Engines in existence.

7 H P
Develops actual 9 H P

Northwestern Motor Co., 773 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis., U.S.A.

Good in every country and safe to carry

These tourist cheques are issued by local banks for the convenience of Americans traveling abroad or in the United States. They are being used like currency for traveling expenses and purchases by tourists in all countries of the world. They are safe to carry, because your counter-signature is required to make them good, and because they may be replaced if lost or stolen.

"A.B.A." American Bankers Association Cheques

are much handier for travelers than actual cash. Read the reasons why

You always have "money in pocket" without the risk of carrying much actual money when you have "A. B. A." Cheques. They are accepted exactly the same as currency by hotels, railway and steamship lines generally, and by the best shops, whatever country you happen to be in.

Your calculations in foreign currency are simplified by "A. B. A." Cheques. Each cheque is engraved with its exact exchange value in the moneys of the principal nations. You see at a glance just how many pounds, shillings and pence, francs, kronen, rubles, etc., you ought to get for $10, $20, $50 or $100.

You know each day by your "A. B. A." Cheques just how much you are spending in American money. You avoid the annoyance, expense and risk of exchanging foreign currency at frontiers. You can cash your "A. B. A." Cheques at any one of 50,000 banks throughout the world.

You can easily identify yourself anywhere when you travel with "A. B. A." Cheques. You sign them all when you get them at your bank. Whenever you wish to cash one, or use it in payment of a bill, you countersign it. Your second signature which makes it good identifies you.

Be sure that you get "A. B. A." (American Bankers Association) Cheques

They are the only travelers' cheques issued under authority of the great American Bankers Association. They are engraved and printed on counterfeit-proof paper, with every safeguard known to modern banking methods, and are protected against forgers and other crooks by the William J. Burns Detective Agency. They are the only travelers' cheques accepted under the law in payment of U. S. Customs duties.

Get them at your Bank

Ask for descriptive booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A. B. A." Cheques, write us for the booklet and for information as to where "A. B. A." Cheques may be obtained in your vicinity

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, New York City

Just about time you got yours

The limit of going *some* in the smokings line is to make fire with a match, then hitch it to a jimmy pipe packed brimful of Prince Albert! Me-o-my! Gets you mighty pleased-like, and turns on the sunshine spigot in your system very early in the A. M.

Prince Albert wins every man who's game enough to hit the high spot at the cost of a dime. Doesn't make any difference what you *think* about being able to smoke a pipe, you *can* and you *will*—and get happy on every pull—if you'll nail your flag to the mast of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Men, *here's class*—and quality and flavor and fragrance. Get a whiff or a puff of P. A. fresh out of a pipe or from a makin's cigarette and you've just got to have more. Tastes so good it's right hard to wait till the next fire-up. *Because* P. A. can't bite your tongue! Bite's cut out by a patented process. *Paste that in your hat!*

Say, you chum up to a jimmy pipe. And some P. A. that you'll call by its first name before you're an hour older. And you'll find yourself on the road to contentment. It's bully fine to be jimmy pipe joy'us!

Prince Albert is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors. Today you can get it in every civilized country in the world!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright 1914 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co

(Concluded from Page 62)

"When the poor boy come back here he found that his girl was married to Joe Bishop, who runs a soda fountain. She had wrote to him about it, but he did not read her letters. The news drove him crazy—poor boy—and he went to the place where they was livin' with a baseball bat and very near killed 'em both. Then he marched down the street singin' Silver Threads Among the Gold at the top of his voice. They was goin' to send him to prison for assault with intent to kill, but the jury decided he was crazy.

"He wants to thank you again for the money.

"Yours truly, JIM ——"

I can't make out his last name—but it don't make no diff'rence. Now I'll read you his note:

"*Old Roomy:* I was at bat twice and made two hits; but I guess I did not meet 'em square. They tell me they are both alive yet, which I did not mean 'em to be. I hope they got good curve-ball pitchers where I am goin'. I sure can bust them curves—can't I, sport?

"Yours, B. ELLIOTT.

"P. S.—The B stands for Buster."

That's all of it, fellers; and you can see I had some excuse for not hittin'. You can also see why I ain't never goin' to room with no bug again—not for John or nobody else!

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 22)

an Englishman. It will be made most dear to you too—in the law courts—if you infringe on it by violence or otherwise. No; they have a gentler system than that—one free from noise, excitement and all mussy work.

Along toward twelve-thirty o'clock the waiters begin going about, turning out the lights. The average London restaurant is none too brightly illuminated to start with, being a dim and dingy ill-kept place compared with the glary, shiny lobster palace that we know; so instantly you are made aware of a thickening of the prevalent gloom.

The waiters start in at the far end of the room and turn out a few lights. Drawing nearer and nearer to you they turn out more lights; and finally, by way of strengthening the hint, they turn out the lights immediately above your head, which leaves you in the stilly dark with no means of seeing your food even; unless you have taken the precaution to spread phosphorus on your sandwich instead of mustard—which, however, is seldom done. A better method is to order a portion of one of the more luminous varieties of imported cheese.

The best thing of all, however, is to take your hat and stick and go away from there. And then, unless you belong to a regular club or carry a card of admission to one of the chartered all-night clubs that have sprung up so abundantly in London, and which are uniformly stuffy, stupid places where the members take their roistering seriously—or as a last resort, unless you care to sit for a tiresome hour or two in the grill of your hotel—you might as well be toddling away to bed; that is to say, you might as well go to bed unless you find the scenes in the street as worth while as I found them.

At this hour London's droning voice has abated to a deep, hoarse snore; London has become a great, broody giant taking rest that is troubled by snatches of wakefulness; London's grimy, lined face shows new wrinkles of shadow; and new and unexpected clumping of colors in monotone and halftone appear. From the massed-up bulk of things small detached bits stand vividly out: a flower girl whose flowers and whose girlhood are alike in the sere and yellow leaf; a soldier swaggering by, his red coat lighting up the grayish mass about him like a livecoal in an ashheap; a policeman escorting a drunk to quarters for the night—not, mind you, escorting him in a clanging, rushing patrol wagon, which would serve to attract public attention to the distressing state of the overcome one, but conveying him quietly, unostentatiously, surreptitiously almost, in a small-wheeled vehicle partaking somewhat of the nature of a baby carriage and somewhat of the nature of a pushcart.

Tenderness to Drunkards

The policeman shoves this along the road jailward and the drunk lies at rest in it, stretched out full length, with a neat rubber bedspread drawn up over his prostrate form to screen him from drafts and save his face from the gaze of the vulgar.

Drunkards are treated with the tenderest consideration in London; for, as you know, Britons never will be slaves—though some of them in the presence of a title give such imitations of being slaves as might fool even so experienced a judge as the late Simon Legree; and—as perchance you may also have heard—an Englishman's souse is his castle. So in due state they ride him and his turreted souse to the station house in a perambulator.

From midnight to daylight the taxicabs by the countless swarm will be charging about in every direction—charging, moreover, at the rate of eight pence a mile. Think that over, ye taxitaxed wretches of New York, and rend your garments, with lamentations loud! There is this also to be said of the London taxi service—and to an American it is one of the abiding marvels of the place—that, no matter where you go, no matter how late the hour or how outlying and obscure the district, there is always a trim taxicab just round the next corner waiting to come instantly at your whistle, and with it a beggar, with a bleak, hopeless face, to open the cab door for you and stand, hat in hand, for the penny you toss him.

In the main centers, such as Oxford Circus and Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross, and along the Embankment, the Strand and Pall Mall, they are thick as fleas on the Missouri houn' dawg famous in song and story—the taxis, I mean, though the beggars are reasonably thick also—and they hop like fleas, bearing you swiftly and surely and cheaply on your way. The meters are honest, openfaced meters; and the drivers ask no more than their legal fares and are satisfied with tips within reason. Here in America we have the kindred arts of taxidermy and taxicabbery; one of these is the art of skinning animals and the other is the art of skinning people. The ruthless taxirobber of New York would not last an hour in London; for him the jail doors would yawn.

The Rules of the Road

Oldtime Londoners deplored the coming of the taxicab and the motorbus, for their coming meant the entire extinction of the driver of the horse-drawn bus, who was an institution, and the practical extinction of the hansom cabby, who was a type and very frequently a humorist too. But an American finds no fault with the present arrangement; he is amply satisfied with it.

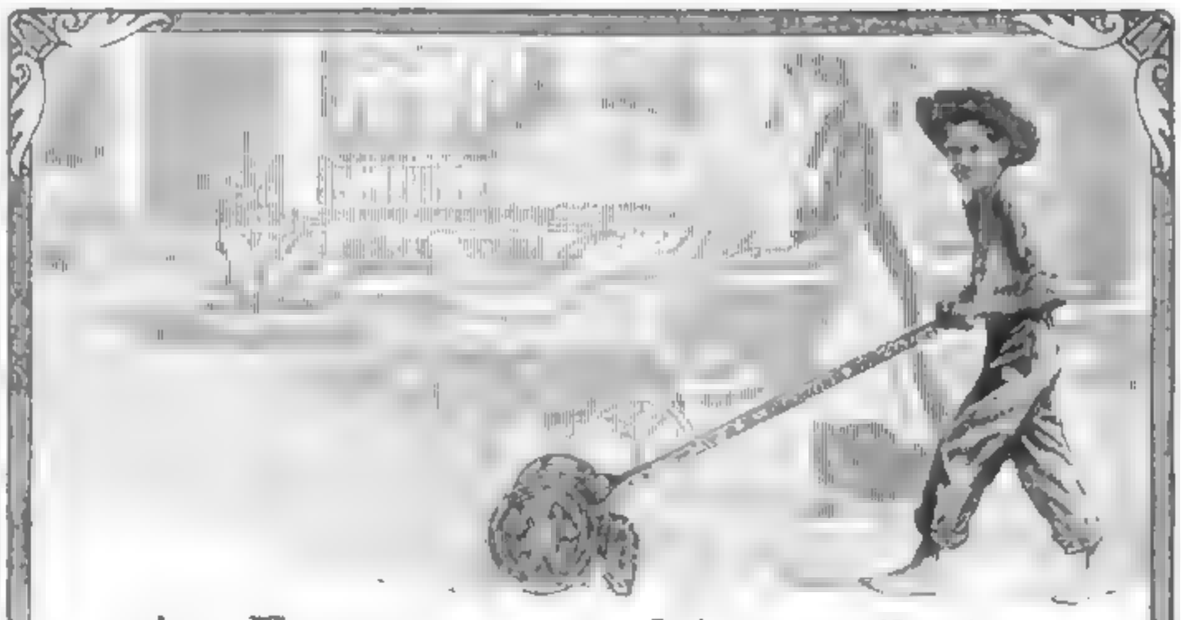
Personally I can think of no more exciting phase of the night life of the two greatest cities of Europe than the stunt of dodging taxicabs. In London the peril that lurks for you at every turning is not the result of carelessness on the part of the drivers; it is due to the rules of the road.

Afoot an Englishman meeting you on the sidewalk turns, as we do, to the right hand; but mounted he turns to the left. The foot passenger's prerogative of turning to the right was one of the priceless heritages wrested from King John by the barons at Runnymede; but when William the Conqueror rode into the Battle of Hastings he rode a left-handed horse—and so, very naturally and very properly, everything on hoof or wheel in England has consistently turned to the left ever since. I took some pains to look up the original precedents for these facts and to establish them historically.

The system suits the English mind, but it is highly confusing to an American who gets into the swirl of traffic at a crossing—and every London crossing is a swirl of traffic most of the time—and looks left when he should look right, and looks right when he should be looking left until the very best he can expect, if he survive at all, is cross-eyes and nervous prostration.

I lost count of the number of close calls from utter and mussy destruction I had while in London. Sometimes a policeman took pity on me and saved me, and again, by quick and frenzied leaping, I saved myself; but then the London cabmen were poor marksmen at best.

In front of the Savoy one night the same cabman in rapid succession had two beautiful shots at me and each time missed the



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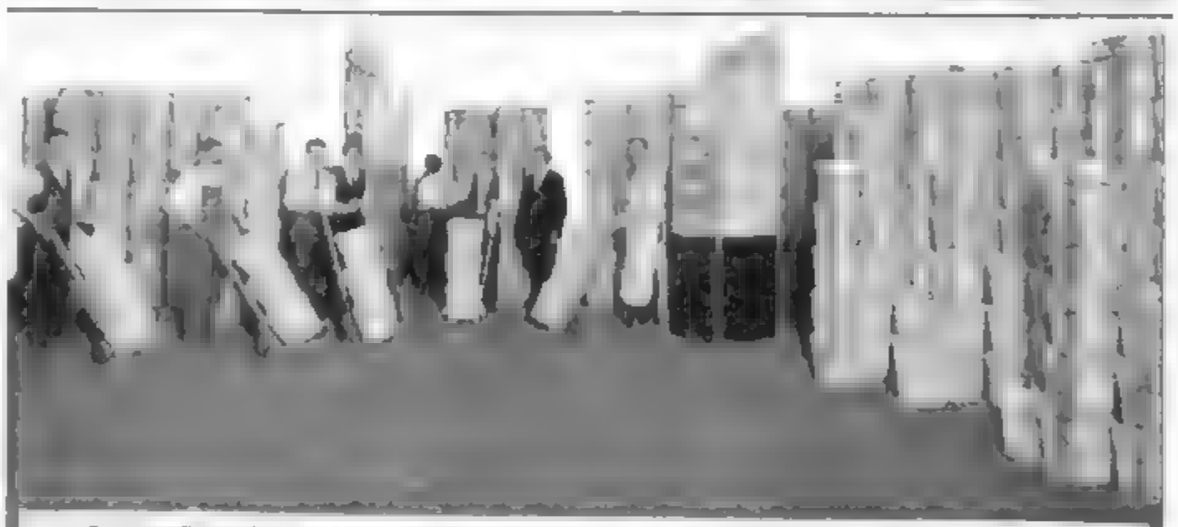

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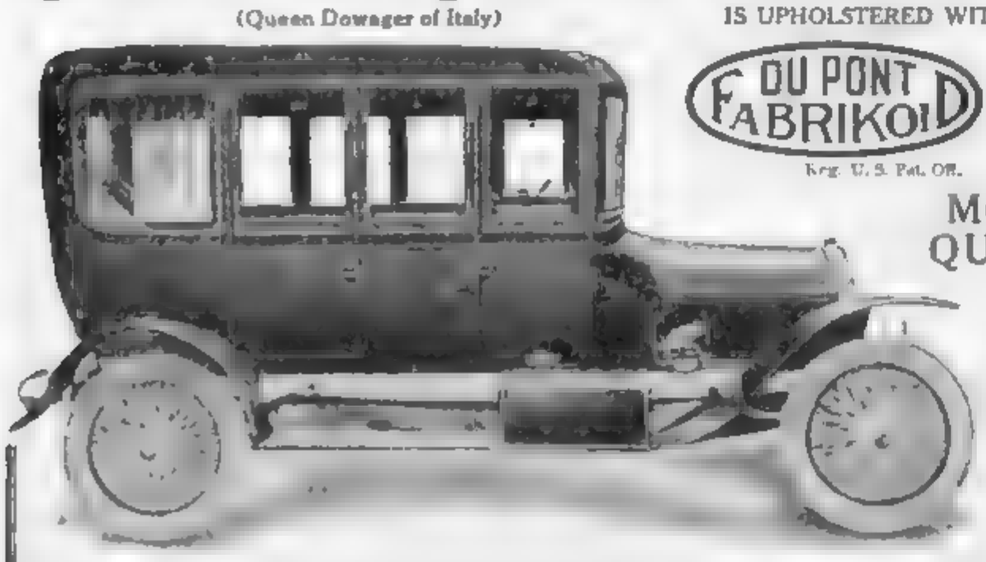

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bull's-eye by a disqualifying margin of inches. A New York chauffeur who had failed to splatter me all over the vicinage at the first chance would have been ashamed to go home afterward and look his innocent little ones in the face.

Even now I cannot decide in my own mind which is the more fearsome and perilous thing—to be afoot in Paris at the mercy of all the maniacs who drive French motor cars or to be in one of the motor cars at the mercy of one of the maniacs. Motoring in Paris is the most dangerous sport known—just as dueling is the safest.

There are some arguments to be advanced in favor of dueling. It provides copy for the papers and harmless excitement for the participants—and it certainly keeps them out in the open air; but with motoring it is different. In Paris there are no rules of the road except just these two—the pedestrian who gets run over is liable to prosecution, and all motor cars must travel at top speed.

A Hair-Graying Ride

If I live to be a million I shall never get over shuddering as I think back to a taxicab ride I had in the rush hour one afternoon over a route that extended from away down near the site of the Bastille to a hotel away up near the Place Vendôme. The driver was a congenital madman—the same as all Parisian taxicab drivers are; and in addition he was on this occasion acquiring special merit by being quite drunk. This last, however, was a detail that did not dawn on my perceptions until too late to cancel the contract. Once he had got me safely fastened inside his rickety, creaky devil-wagon he pulled all the stops all the way out and went tearing up the crowded boulevard like a comet with a can tied to its tail.

I hammered on the glass and begged him to slow down—that is, I hammered on the glass and tried to beg him to slow down. For just such emergencies I had previously stocked up with two French words—*Doucement!* and *Vite!* I knew that one of those words meant speed and the other meant less speed, but in the turmoil of the moment I may have confused them slightly. Anyhow, to be on the safe side, I yelled *"Vite!"* a while and then *"Doucement!"* a while; and then *"Doucement!"* and *"Vite!"* alternately—mixing in a few short, simple Anglo-Saxon cusswords and prayers for dressing. But nothing I said seemed to have the least effect on that demoniac scoundrel. Without turning his head he merely shouted back something unintelligible and threw on more juice.

On and on we tore, slicing against the sidewalk, curving and jibbing, clattering and careening—now going on two wheels and now on four—while the lunatic shrieked curses of disappointment at the pedestrians who scuttled away to safety from our charging onslaughts; and I held both hands over my mouth to keep my heart from jumping out into my lap.

I saw, with instantaneous but photographic distinctness, a lady, with a dog tucked under her arm, who hesitated a moment in our very path. She was one of the largest ladies I ever saw and the dog under her arm was certainly the smallest dog I ever saw.

You might say the lady was practically out of dog. I thought we had her for sure and probably her dog too; but she fell back and was saved by a matter of half an inch or so. I think, though, we got two buttons off her shirtwaist and the back trimming of her hat.

Then there was a rending, tearing crash as we took a fender off a machine just emerging from a cross street; but my lunatic never checked up at all—just flung a curling ribbon of profanity over his shoulder at the other driver and bounded onward like a bat out of the Bad Place. That was the hour when my hair began to turn perceptibly grayer. And yet, when by a succession of miracles we had landed intact at my destination, the fiend seemed to think he had done a praiseworthy and creditable thing. I only wish he had been able to understand the things I called him that is all I wish!

It is by a succession of miracles that the members of his maniacal craft usually do dodge death and destruction. The providence that watches over the mentally deficient has them in its care, I guess; and the same beneficent influence frequently avails to save those who ride behind them and, to a lesser extent, those who walk ahead.

Once in a while a Paris cabman does have a lucky stroke and garner in a foot traveler. In an instant a vast and surging crowd convenes. In another instant the road is impassably blocked. Up rushes a gendarme and worms his way through the press to the center. He has a notebook in his hand. In this book he enters the gloating cabman's name, his age, his address, and his wife's maiden name, if any, and gets his views on the Dreyfus case, and finds out what he thinks about the separation of church and state; and tells him that if he keeps on the way he is headed he will be getting the cross of the Legion of Honor pretty soon. Then they shake hands and embrace, and the cabman cuts another notch in his mudguard, and gets back on the seat and drives on. Then if, by any chance, the victim of the accident still breathes, the gendarme arrests him for interfering with the traffic. It is a lovely system and sweetly typical.

Cows and Cuttlefish

Under the general classification of thrilling moments in the night life of Europe I should like to list a carriage trip through the outskirts of Naples after dark. In the first place the carriage driver is an Italian driver—which is a shorter way of saying he is the worst driver living. His idea of getting service out of a horse is, first to snatch him to a standstill by yanking on the bit and then to force the poor brute into a gallop by lashing at him with a whip having a particularly loud and vixenish cracker on it; and at every occasion to whoop at the top of his voice.

In the second place the street is as narrow as a narrow alley, feebly lighted, and has no sidewalks. And the rutty pavingstones which stretch from housefront to housefront are crawling with people and goats, and dogs and children.

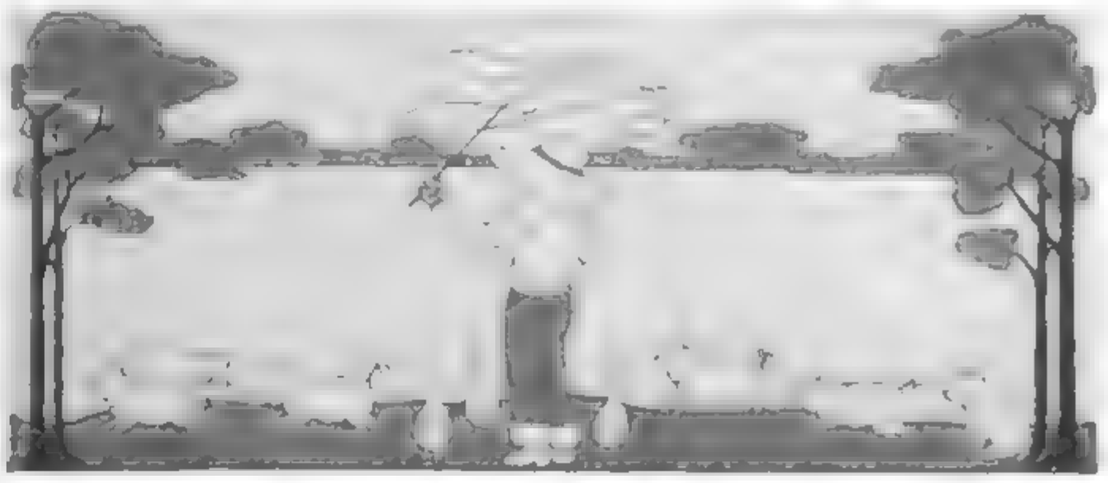
Finally, to add zest to the affair, there are lots of loose cows mooning about—for at this hour the cowherd brings his stock to the doors of his patrons. In an Italian city the people get their milk from a cow, instead of from a milkman as with us. The milk is delivered on the hoof, so to speak.

The grown-ups refuse to make way for you to pass and the swarming young ones repay you for not killing them by pelting pebbles and less pleasant things into your face.

Beggars in all degrees of filth and deformity and repulsiveness run alongside the carriage in imminent danger from the wheels, begging for alms. If you give them something they curse you for not giving them more, and if you give them nothing they spit at you for a base dog of a heretic.

But then, what could you naturally expect from a population that thinks a fried cuttlefish is edible and a beefsteak is not?

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The seventh will appear in an early issue.



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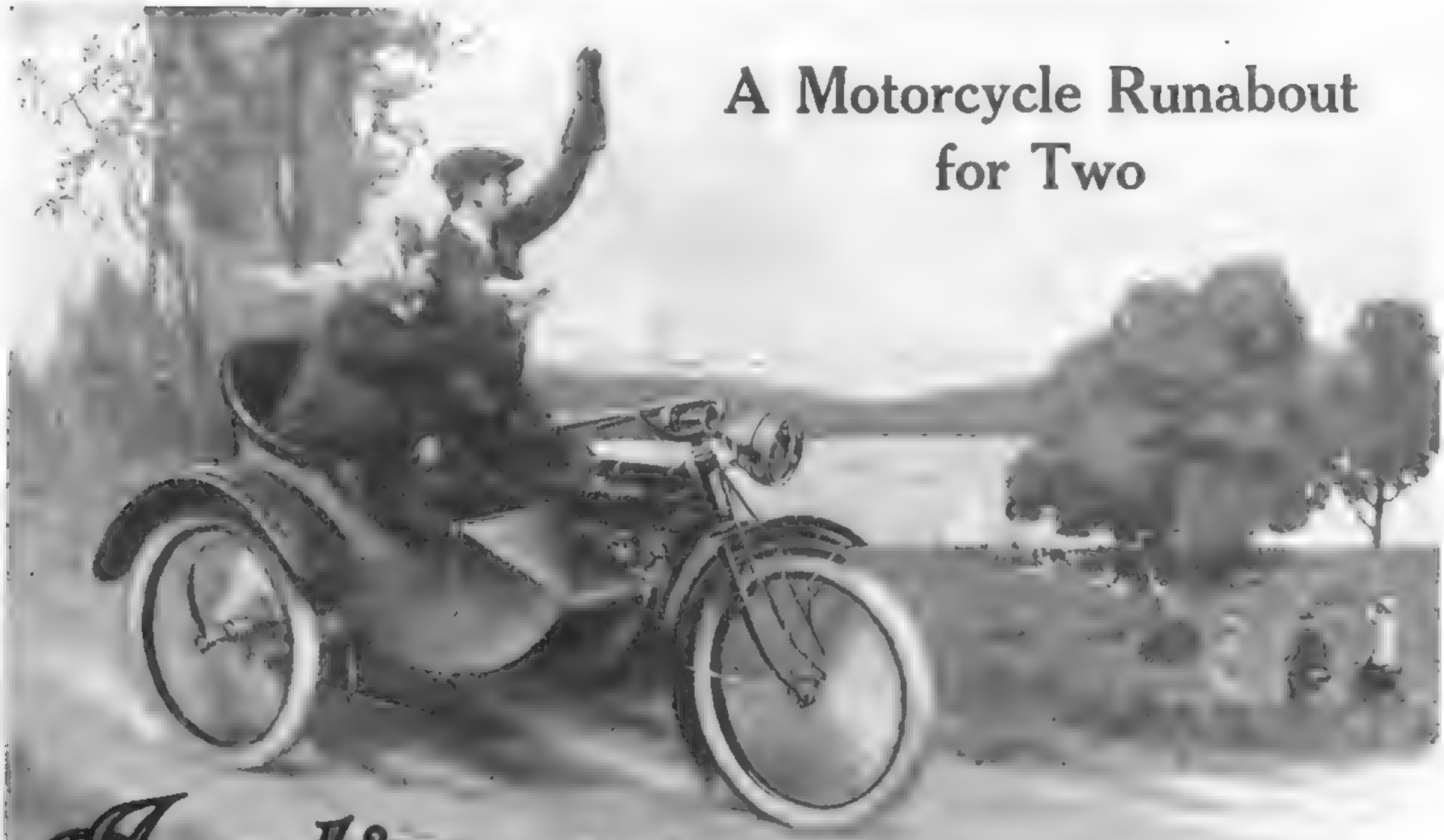

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THE SILENT INDIAN

STAGING THE STYLES

(Continued from Page 13)

It is seldom that the producers of the fashion play forego that professional event, the rehearsal. The reason for this is obvious. Nowadays each type of gown must literally be acted out. The girl who wears a saucy little bolero suit is taught to stick her hands in her pockets and swagger forth like an impish young urchin; the tall mannequin draped in the lissome folds of an evening gown must, on the contrary, walk with a certain majesty of carriage, and each movement of her arms must echo something of classic grace. In order, therefore, to instruct their thirty mannequins, the store decorator and the buyer of gowns and wraps superintended, on the day before the opening, a regular dress rehearsal.

The processional started with the three *incroyables* and three *merveilleuses* whose costumes, ordered from the famous French designer, were meant to show the audience how intimately the prevailing modes depended on the Directoire style. The six girls who wore these costumes passed off without criticism, but before the succeeding figure got well under way toward the Palais Royal the store decorator held up his hand in frantic protest.

"Lolita! Lolita!" he called to the tall mannequin in the black-and-white evening gown. "For goodness' sake don't walk with your arms humped out in front, like you were wheeling a baby carriage! Walk with a lilt; move your arms so!" and he accompanied his words with a soaring motion of his own pinions.

Nor did that tall wearer of the 1830 pantalets walking farther down the line escape without her meed of advice.

"Don't be ashamed to show 'em!" called the buyer of gowns and wraps. "Nothing to be prissy about—this is a gown any lady would wear. Every now and then you want to hold up your skirt a little—do a bit of the coquettish, you know."

Meantime the figures in the Directoire costumes had been making for the end of the walk with anything but Directoire dignity of step. And, revived from his session with the 1830 garments, the director called out to them:

"Hey there! Do you people think you're being driven to market, huddling together like a herd of sheep? Keep apart; walk slowly. You'll be sure to spoil the effect if you don't."

Brought back to a consideration of the figures immediately in front of them, the store decorator and the buyer continued their instructions regarding the display of each costume. The Early Victorian mannequin in the white taffeta evening gown, with its skirt encircled by garlands of rosebuds, which looked as though they had been tossed aside by the spiral billows of taffeta, was told that every now and then she must revolve slowly—not like a top; no, no—but gracefully, just as the model in Paris had done. The girl in the Directoire suit was shown how she should step forth with her hands in the side pockets of her skirt. The mannequin cast for a beautiful velvet cape was told with just what dramatic motion the garment might be held out so as to reveal its sumptuous lining. There was a trick of gesture, walk and even facial expression needed for each one of those imported garments, and the coaches saw to it that their actresses got it over.

Almost a Stock Company

In a great many instances the actresses chosen for the fashion play have trod the professional boards and have learned finesse of movement from their duties in the first row of the chorus.

"We like girls like this," remarked the store decorator, who, by the way, has the reputation of knowing a good model if he sees her on Broadway from the top of the Metropolitan Tower; and he pointed to a graceful blonde, who had just confided the fact that she was taking two weeks off from the musical comedy in which she was then appearing to go on in the fashion opening. "A girl who has been in the chorus knows how to walk, how to smile, how to move her arms. Why, when this girl stops and tells some one in the audience, 'Yes, madam; this is a Premet gown,' she can do it so graciously that the woman wants to buy it from her then and there."

Next to the chorus lady, the motion-picture actress and the artist's model are the most acceptable candidates for showing off a four-hundred-dollar gown or wrap, and as one stands there behind the scenes one hears such illuminating snatches as this:

"Jones isn't here this year, is she?"

"No, I saw her picture in the Filmflam Review. She told me that last time she got five dollars for just clapping her hands in an act for the movies."

"Oh, there's Yama-Yama! I'm glad she's here. Hello there, old girl! Saw your picture on a magazine cover the other day."

"Oh, yes! I've been sitting a good deal for Taft lately. Going to stop, though. He swears so much he makes me uncomfortable."

From such conversations as this it is apparent that many of the same mannequins are employed at this store season after season. So institutional is their character, in fact, that the decorator has difficulty in cleaving some old links of sentiment. One model, for instance, refuses to wear anything but Premet gowns. Another has a sentiment for Beer, because she "always has worn his things." And all of them naturally enough claim, as recognition of their long association with the fashion openings, the most stunning importation of the season.

The expense connected with employing these thirty models for a two weeks' entertainment is not an inconsiderable item in the total sum necessary to put on the fashions. Each model at the Directoire show was paid five dollars a day, and the entire thirteen days—including, of course, the rehearsal—cost the management nineteen hundred and fifty dollars. This sum does not include the minor expenses connected with equipping each model.

What Fashion Shows Cost

Of such incidental expenses there are very many. This year, for example, each mannequin wore bronze *cothurnes* and flesh-colored silk stockings, all of which were provided by the store at a total expense of three hundred dollars. Gloves, too, increased the cost of the equipment by a hundred dollars; and the daily dressing of each mannequin's hair in the style most becoming to her beauty is undertaken at a further cost of several hundred dollars.

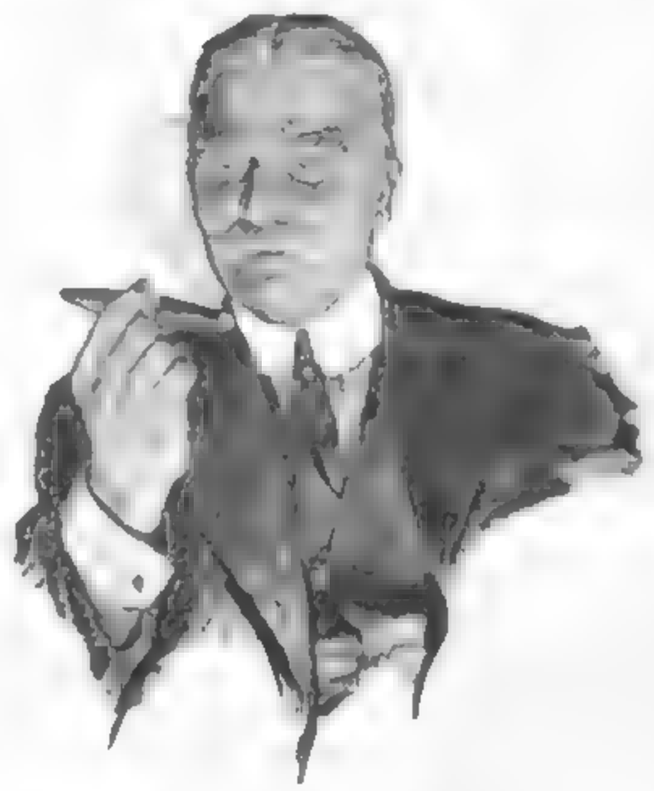
In putting on the fashion show almost every department of the store is levied on for some supply; and if you had slipped into that room back of the garden of the Palais Royal you would have found something that looked like Ali Baba's Cave before the visit of the intruder. Bins of rhinestone pins, sheaves of walking sticks and parasols, tables crested with beautiful French hats, scarfs and collars—all these contributed to the triumphant finish of each imported gown; and in computing the expense of the entire fashion opening the wear-and-tear of these accessories must not be overlooked.

A dance without music would be no more conspicuous than a modern fashion play lacking that element; and during the promenade through that garden of the Palais Royal three bands, concealed at intervals along the way, kept up a constant ferment of maxixe, waltz and operatic airs. To the hundreds of dollars paid out to musicians must be added also the expense of the twenty-five ushers necessary to handle the two thousand people who attended nearly every morning and afternoon performance.

The item, however, which swells the cost of the semi-annual fashion opening into real turbulence is the matter of the gowns themselves. Does the department-store buyer select practical models, which may be readily sold and aptly copied by the American manufacturer? Not at all. Unlike other fashion scouts—the dressmaking establishment and the manufacturing house—the department-store buyer selects at least half of his imported gowns with a view to the spectacular, and the twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gowns represents a loss of perhaps half that amount. At the end of the season he is often glad to take fifty dollars for a gown in which he invested three hundred dollars.

It does not annoy him at all, in fact, to overhear a woman in the front row whisper to her husband: "Isn't that dress perfectly terrible? All right perhaps if you expect to do nothing but walk round to the sobbing notes of Pagliacci; but imagine going to market in that citron skirt and hussar's coat!"

It is not at all his purpose to provide suggestions for going to market. He wants



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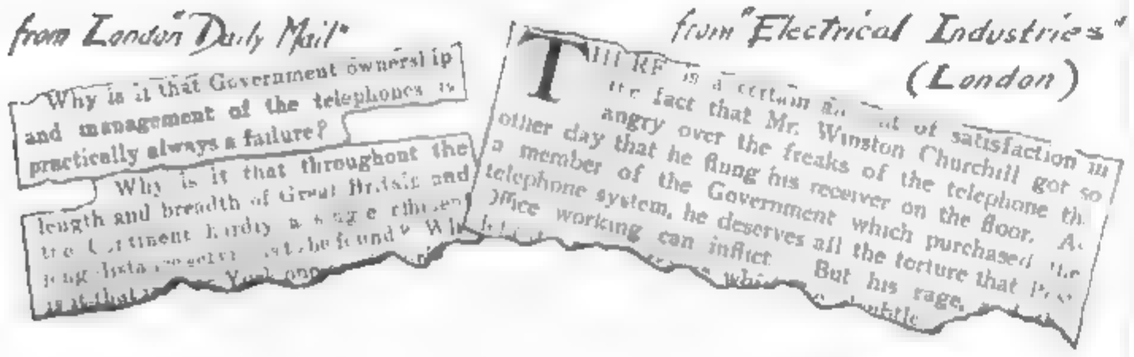
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Why is it that throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and
from "Electrical Industries" (London)
THERE is a certain amount of satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Winston Churchill got so angry over the freaks of the telephone the other day that he flung his receiver on the floor. As a member of the Government which purchased the telephone system, he deserves all the torture that Post Office working can inflict. But his rage,

From "Le Petit Phare de Nantes," Paris

"But today I found I had to talk with Saint-Malo, and, wishing to be put through quickly, I had my name inscribed on the waiting list first thing in the morning; the operator told me—though very amiably, I must confess—that I would have to wait thirteen hours and ten minutes (you are reading it right) in order to be put through."

Herr Haberland, Deputy, in the Reichstag

"The average time required to get a connection with Berlin is now 1½ hours. Our business life and trade suffer considerably on account of this lack of telephone facilities, which exists not only between Düsseldorf and Berlin and between Berlin and the West, but also between other towns, such as Strassburg, Antwerp, etc."

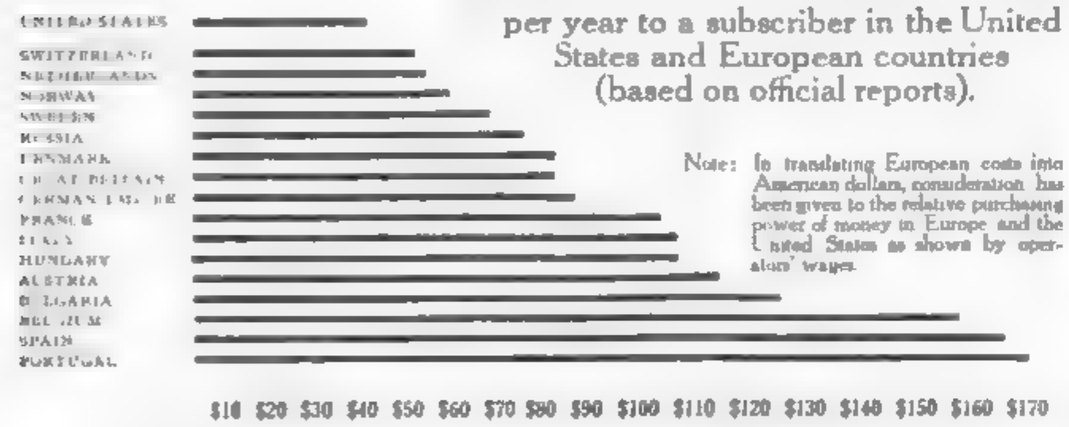
Herr Wendel, in the German Diet

"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 o'clock p. m. Five minutes after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone connection."

Dr. R. Luther, in the Dresdner Anzeiger

"In the year 1913, 36 years after the discovery of the electro-magnetic telephone, in the age of the beginning of wireless telegraphy, one of the largest cities of Germany, Dresden, with half a million inhabitants, is without adequate telephone facilities."

Real Average Cost of Telephone Service
per year to a subscriber in the United States and European countries (based on official reports).



Note: In translating European costs into American dollars, consideration has been given to the relative purchasing power of money in Europe and the United States as shown by operators' wages.

These are the reasons why there are twelve times as many telephones for each hundred persons in the United States as in Europe.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes
FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY

"GILT EDGE" the only ladies shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and preserves shoes and children's boots and shoes shines without rubbing, 25c. "FRENCH GLOSS." 10c

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "DANDY" size, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. 10c. & 25c.

"ALSO" cleans and whitens BUCK NUBUCK SUEDE, and CANVAS SHOES. In tan and white, packed in zinc boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes with brush, sponge 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us the price in stamps for full size package, postage paid

WHITTEMORE BROS & CO.
20-26 Albany Street, Cambridge, Mass.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

Needed For That Trip!

These Four — One or all of these Marble Ingenuities will help a lot to make most any outing trip more fun. Each is a real [illegible] for the price. Made to give service—not to [illegible] cost little a piece

May Save Your Life —this Compass. [illegible] can't lose it and it [illegible] The Knife [illegible] keen, strong, handy [illegible] great for [illegible] fishing tackle and camp [illegible]

Great Axe, That! — Marble's Famous Safety Pocket Axe. Guard folds into handle. 5 sizes, each handy, practical, staunch, trusty.

MARBLE'S GAME-GETTER GUN

In the all around array of deadly precision [illegible] Marble Gun [illegible] Rifle [illegible] Shotgun [illegible] Barrel or Rifle Barrel [illegible] Tool [illegible] Folding Sights [illegible] Leaves free [illegible] Send for [illegible] and [illegible] Write [illegible] 80 Marble Specialties — Shown in Catalog

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
600 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

something to amuse, to thrill, even to shock his mixed audience of men and women; and anything that gets people to talking is considered an excellent feature of his show.

Right here it may be explained, also, that the models shown do not all conform to the period selected as the prevailing influence. In this Directoire play, for instance, it was obviously impossible to exclude the 1830 and the Louis Quinze notes sounded in many of the new spring costumes, and the stage setting represented only the management's dogma that Directoire was the dominant inspiration of the season.

The establishment whose Directoire play has been described has the reputation of giving exceedingly lavish fashion shows. Such fame is based not only on the number of imported models and the great number of mannequins employed in its production but on the character of the stage setting itself. This point brings us at once to a consideration of the two kinds of fashion show now being run in America.

One, of which the Directoire pageant is an excellent example, is the promenade system now being used, not only in New York but in Chicago and Boston. From the nature of such entertainments the setting cannot be dismissed with the painting of a bay or the throwing on of a spotlight. And to bestow proper atmosphere on such a long stretch demands not only diplomacy of workmanship but a comparatively large outlay of money.

That, however, it is an advantageous way of exploiting the modes is brought out by the advertising manager of that store which produced the Directoire play: "Whereas," says he, "the stage setting gives you only the most unsatisfactory glimpse of the new styles, the promenade's intimacy enables our audience to catch every detail of a costume—the quality of the fabric; the design of the trimming; the cut of a sleeve."

In spite of this fact there can be no doubt about the artistic quality of the fashion play that is given on an actual stage. Evidence of this was afforded not only by the scene which has been described, but by the opening of this spring's styles produced by the same establishment.

Attention to Detail

This opening occurred several days after the Directoire play and was given in the auditorium of the store. Here, to an audience of twelve hundred people seated downstairs and in the balcony, the mannequins played out two scenes of the fashion drama.

A startling bit of American enterprise, indeed, was this latter part of the program; for on the very day when the French play was having its *première* the American department store was showing duplicates of the costumes designed for it. More startling still was the attention bestowed on each detail of the production—the Grecian twist to the letters on the program; the selections from Orfeo ed Euridice and Thais, played by the great organ; the statuesque poses of the mannequins, contrasting sharply with the swaggering, insouciant walk and the piquant expression of those mannequins who wore the street suits of the first scene.

Man has recently set his profane foot on the productions of the store fashion play, and in many a dramatization of tea party and street scene the masculine model lends his clothes as a foil to the airiness of chiffon and the glimmer of silk. In the former part of this particular opening, for instance, nearly every spring suit was shown in conjunction with the masculine garment that had inspired it; and this novel presentation reached its climax when the last mannequin was met from the other side of the stage by a man wearing the overcoat of M. Poiret, on which garment the designer had piped the feminine variation shown by the accompanying woman model.

That the play's the thing in fashions is demonstrated by the fact that today nearly every big dressmaking establishment and importing shop has its miniature stage. Sometimes, indeed, the fashionable dressmaking establishment maintains a company of models all through the season. One such organization, presided over by a woman of title and ministering to the wealthiest women of New York, trains these models as carefully as any professional producer would train them.

The types of beauty represented by the four mannequins of this establishment are widely eclectic. One is a tall, Junoesque blonde; another is an equally tall and beautiful brunette; the third is a Watteau shepherdess, with exquisite gray eyes; and the fourth is a petite brunette. With this staff at her command, the owner of the establishment refuses to attempt the experiment of permitting a customer to try out a gown.

On the contrary the moment Madame is announced and questioned as to the type of gown she desires, one of the mannequins who best suits this model is ordered back of the scene. A few minutes later she walks slowly out to the right of the stage, raises her arms in a slow, rhythmic gesture, proceeds to the left of the stage, and repeats this posture. This accomplished, she comes down and pirouettes before Madame. Dénouement—Madame buys the frock.

In speaking of this method of showing her gowns one famous dressmaker asserts: "Most of the modern creations look like absolutely nothing when off the figure. For this reason a mannequin is almost indispensable. Why, one of my beautiful show girls can convince the most skeptical that a gown makes the beauty instead of beauty making the gown."

Expensive Selling Methods

The tea fan now has her inning at the opening of many a fashionable dressmaker's establishment; and a cup of oolong, with a plate of diminutive sandwiches, has even been embraced by a certain New York department store as a part of the advanced exploitation of the imported models in its dressmaking salons. The tea system prevails, of course, only in private views and in openings to which special invitations are extended.

Everywhere we look in modern merchandising we find this same expensive exploitation. The first showing of spring dressgoods is often the occasion of special music and of a setting that summons up the leafy summer destiny of these materials. Windows are trimmed with an absolute regard for association and frequently form perfect stage pictures of bridal parties, hunting scenes and garden parties.

The store decorator, on whom devolves the window displays and the practical control of the fashion shows, must supplement his knowledge of period furniture and costumes with that of the latest currents of foreign merchandising. Often he is sent abroad by his organization for the purpose of learning all the latest decorative schemes and always he is paid a salary ranging from five thousand dollars upward.

The expense of equipping a private dressmaking establishment is brought out by a visit to a typical establishment. An anteroom fitted in exquisite blues and grays of the Louis Seize period, and concluded with the inevitable stage; a tiny room done in Adams stuff and hung deftly with electric lights for the special examination of evening colors; and a sumptuous consultation chamber—these three rooms cost the management, according to the director, not less than ten thousand dollars.

In the anteroom one's attention is arrested by numerous small diplomacies of merchandise—hand-painted mirrors and fantastic bottles of imported perfume; exotic little needle books lying on the carved, gray tables; and, above all, by the insidious scent of verbena, which creeps from a translucent vase, there by the long divan.

"To mesmerize your customers?" one asks regarding this last bit of atmosphere.

"Not exactly," replies the director with a smile; "but you have no idea how far things like this go in a business like ours. Yes"—with an amused smile at one's continued interrogation of that translucent vase of incense—"we burn it by electricity. Very delicate, isn't it; and it goes right along with these soft carpets and beautiful hangings and Watteau prints in taking a woman right out of the struggle and unrest of New York. 'So soothing!' is what every customer says of it; and we spare no expense to make it so."

Many and costly as are these small details of putting on the fashions, there can be no doubt that artistry in this domain receives its proper toll. The department-store style show, in particular, is so efficacious a publicity feature that the organization which produced the Directoire pageant is well content with its outlay of twenty-five thousand dollars. Of this one receives a final assurance from the advertising manager.

"What good does it do?" repeats he. "Doesn't it bring eighty thousand people to our store every season? Don't they have to come through our place, up to the eighth floor, to see it? Don't they get the habit of dealing here often through that very fashion opening? Well, I guess they do!"

The Guaranteed FLOUR

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Costs A Little More Than Others-Worth It

Your grocer refunds your money without argument if you are not satisfied

Russell-Miller Milling Co. Minneapolis, U.S.A.

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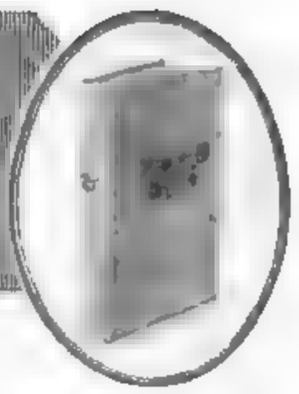
Over 18000 People Already Use This Book



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Meriden, Conn.

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- How Permanent Is Character? Can Character Be Changed?
- How Important Is Concentration? What Others Say About People
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- Methods of Developing the Will
- Principles of Developing Mental Power
- How to Increase Personal Magnetism
- How to Develop Your Latent Genius
- How to Train the Senses
- Law of Will Power in Habits
- How to Master Habit
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Pelton Publishing Company
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen:
Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" without charge. I agree to remit $3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name

Address

INCREASE YOUR SALARY!

A YOUNG MAN with fighting blood in his veins became a clearing clerk in an Iowa bank. He started work at eight in the morning and never finished before seven at night. The hard work he enjoyed. But because he was earning only $30.00 a month, the fact that his position offered little promise of advancement made him think.

He resolved to better himself. He enrolled as a student in one of the western colleges. Shortly after his graduation he secured a position as tracer in the drafting room of the Rock Island Railroad, at a salary of $75.00 a month.

Promotion awaited him. He advanced from one position to another, each step bringing him an increase in salary. He is now chief draftsman for the railroad, and at the present time is planning a station which when completed will cost $800,000.00.

Shortly after the Ohio floods, he refused a position in connection with flood prevention work at a salary of $250.00 a month.

To any one determined to fill a bigger position we offer this opportunity: *Enroll as a student of the work in which you want to specialize. We will pay your college bills.*

If you are one of those to whom this advertisement is addressed, write for our Scholarship booklet. It will explain which colleges offer the course you want, and why we will "finance" your education. Address your letter or postcard to

Educational Division, Box 293 **The Curtis Publishing Company** Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

No-Rim-Cut Tires
Now 28% Less

We Are Forcing Down Your Cost Per Tire

A Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire, size 34 x 4, costs $28.50 now. And that with our double-thick All-Weather tread.

There are 16 makes of anti-skids sold at higher prices. On ten of those makes the difference runs from 25 to 47 per cent.

This reverses old conditions. No-Rim-Cut tires were once the high-priced tires. They used to cost you one-fifth more than other standard makes. Now comes the question if this low price means that other tires excel them.

Not in Quality

We have found no way to build better tires than No-Rim-Cut tires today. By that we mean, to give you lower cost per mile.

We have had scores of experts working years to improve them. We have spent $100,000 yearly on research and experiment. We have built thousands of test tires in thousands of ways to find some way to lessen upkeep further. After all these efforts, all these comparisons, our opinion is that Goodyears offer the utmost in a tire.

Not in Features

Rim-Cutting has been ended in No-Rim-Cut tires. And we control the faultless method. Our statistics show that this one damage wrecks almost one old-type tire in three.

The Blow-Outs due to wrinkled fabric have been wiped out by our "On-Air" cure. No-Rim-Cut tires are final-cured on air-filled fabric tubes. Thus the tire fabric adapts itself to actual road conditions. This extra process costs us $1,500 daily, but it saves millions of dollars in blow-outs.

The Loose Tread danger is lessened 60 per cent by a patent method in No-Rim-Cut tires. Before vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed at the point where this trouble occurs.

As an Anti-Skid our All-Weather tread excels in a dozen ways. It is tough, double-thick and enduring. In every direction it presents to wet roads a sharp-edged, resistless grip. Yet it is flat, broad, regular; so it runs as smoothly as plain treads.

All these great features—the greatest in Tiredom—are exclusive to No-Rim-Cut tires.

Not in Popularity

And no tire excels in popularity, which is the final test. Goodyear tires outsell any other. And now, after more than three millions have been put to the test, the demand is growing faster than ever.

We are building now, to meet this demand, up to 10,000 motor tires a day. And the past four months show a sales increase of 55 per cent over last year.

Such is the verdict of users—of the hundreds of thousands who have used these tires on cars that meter mileage.

Prices Dropped 28%

The Goodyear prices of today are due to output, to efficiency and to modest profit. Prices have dropped, on these accounts, faster than rubber cost dropped. Last year's reductions totaled 28 per cent.

We have new factory buildings, new equipment. We have experts in efficiency. Overhead cost, since the days of small output, has dropped 24 per cent. Labor cost per tire has dropped 25 per cent. And our profits have been pared down, until last year they averaged 6½ per cent.

Cost per tire is the first great factor in your cost per mile. A skimped tire at any price is costly. But you don't need to pay more than Goodyear prices to get the best men know in tires.

Could a higher price give you more real value we would give it to you. But our opinion—based on thousands of tests—is that Goodyear tires mark the present-day limit in low cost per mile.

Go to a Goodyear dealer next time you buy tires. Pay only Goodyear prices. Then compare the actual service with tires which cost you more. We will gladly abide by your verdict.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — **Dealers Everywhere**

London, England — **Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities**

Mexico City, Mexico — **Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber**

(1522)

A STUDY IN CREDITORS

(Continued from Page 16)

fact that he has been caught in the landing net of a soft composition held at the four corners by his kindly and generous creditors; but if there is a latent streak of yellow in the man the composition treatment is admirably intended to develop it.

The bankrupt of this sort who has been let down easy is likely to wake up to the fact that the composition game, artfully played, contains possibilities for the bankrupt as well as for the creditors. Hence the soft composition has come to be regarded by bankruptcy officials as a consistent encourager of repeaters.

About four years ago a small merchant on the outskirts of a large city became insolvent. He was thoroughly scared and lost sleep until he became thin. His insolvency had been brought about by the usual combination of causes: loose business methods in general; easy extension of credit; losses by the peculations of clerks; indiscriminate buying; and a few strokes of personal hard luck.

When he saw he had reached the end of his rope he called his creditors together and put himself in their hands. At this hearing he made a decidedly pathetic figure. The creditors wished to see him continue in business and so an insolvency settlement was arranged. As one of the creditors put it: "Perhaps he'll pull himself together and learn something from this experience."

Evidently he learned several things. One of them was that goods settled for on the basis of fifty cents on the dollar yield a much larger profit than goods paid for in full. He also acquired a new idea of creditors—before, he had thought them shrewd, hard and grasping; but now he was inclined to feel that they were about as easy a bunch to handle as he had ever met. Insolvency was not so bad after all! It was something like a cold bath—mighty shivery in anticipation, but after the first plunge it had its compensations.

A little more than a year later this merchant made his appearance in the bankruptcy court with an extended volume of liabilities. Apparently he was just as distressed and despairing as before. He had given careful consideration to the selection of an attorney—choosing one of good standing, who at the same time thoroughly understood the possibilities of the composition.

Those of his creditors who had been parties to the former insolvency settlement were a little more inclined to be exacting this time; but they were finally maneuvered into line, and a composition settlement at a low percentage was eventually secured.

A Specialist in Composition

Evidently this storekeeper learned quite as much from his second experience as from his first. This was indicated by the fact that a little more than two years later he was again thrown into the hopper of the bankruptcy mill. This time, however, he had apparently centered his attention on the selection of creditors. Though his liabilities showed a modest increase over those listed in his former schedules, there was a decided dearth of old names among the creditors represented. Evidently he had considered that even a fairly credulous creditor might object to being hit three times by the same hand in the same place.

Consequently he had shifted his trade from the old houses that had been twice lenient with him and had taken on a new and unfamiliar set. Also, he had a new lawyer, who was able so to pull the strings that a new receiver was appointed. Courts and referees occasionally have a disconcerting habit of remembering previous compositions in connection with the lawyers and the receivers handling them. At any rate there would be less likelihood that the court or the referee would recall the previous composition and the preceding insolvency settlement with a new attorney and a new receiver.

As a result of his discretion this experienced bankrupt once more demonstrated the possibilities of a soft composition. He had, in fact, become quite an adept, and there was nothing in his affairs that would give the court license to act on the presumption that fraud was being committed. Once more the advantageous composition was put over, and again the merchant started in business.

Whether he will again attempt to pyramid his liabilities and take another hand at the composition game remains for the future to unfold—but he certainly has acquired the composition habit; and in this he is representative of quite a large class of small bankrupts who, after having once tasted blood in the form of a soft composition, are wise to the possibilities of repeating the experience.

It would be a mistake, however, to class all repeaters in bankruptcy as deliberate manipulators of the soft-composition trick. Again, it should be repeated that the majority of failures are genuine and honest cases of insolvency. Judges, referees and receivers are apparently united in the opinion that creditors are quite generally responsible for the frequency of both soft compositions and repeaters.

One receiver illustrates this by the bankruptcy experiences of a certain large retail establishment handling a large volume of goods of a somewhat inexpensive character. It had been in business for forty years and was one of the largest of its kind in the country. About three years ago this house was thrown into bankruptcy. Practically all its creditors were large jewelry manufacturing concerns.

As soon as the failure took place their representative investigated the condition of the bankrupt's affairs. An experienced receiver was appointed, and it did not take him long to arrive at the conclusion that the estate would bring a very good percentage—perhaps fifty or sixty per cent. The estate was a large one and he felt that here was an opportunity to make a good record; but the creditors had a surprise in store for him—they appeared in court and offered to accept a settlement of thirty cents on the dollar.

The Receiver's Neutrality

In the accepted interpretation of the law the receiver is supposed to maintain a neutral position and to take as inactive a part as possible in the adjustment of relations between the creditors and the bankrupt. Unless it can be shown that the bankrupt has committed an offense against the bankruptcy act, or has done or failed to do something that would prevent his discharge—such, for example, as the concealment of assets—even the court feels impelled to sanction any composition that is demanded with practical unanimity by the creditors.

In this case the creditors offered to accept a composition of thirty cents on the dollar. The court was loth to entertain this settlement, believing that the assets, administered under the receiver, would bring much more; but as there was not a dissenting voice among the creditors he felt constrained to give his approval to the composition.

In the proceedings, however, the fact was clearly established that these creditors were influenced in their generous treatment of the bankrupt by two motives: The slighter of these was perhaps that of personal sentiment—long and pleasant relationship with the head of the bankrupt house had built up on the part of the representatives of the creditor concerns coming into direct contact with him a high personal regard for him; but undoubtedly the dominating consideration was a purely business one. He had sold enormous quantities of their goods in the past and would continue to sell them in the future if this stroke of adversity was sufficiently softened.

And the margin of profit to the manufacturers on practically all the goods he had bought from them had been very large, ranging from thirty to sixty per cent. In a word, if they had been in position to present their claims outright to him as a free gift they would have been well ahead of the game.

Again, it was of the utmost importance to these creditors that this big outlet for their goods should be continued without interruption and under the most favorable auspices possible. Therefore the percentage of the composition was evidently fixed at the lowest point to which it was thought the approval of the court could be obtained.

A few months ago this same house was again thrown into bankruptcy. Again the bankrupt prepared to put through a composition—this time at twenty-five cents; but he found the atmosphere so unfriendly to this proposition that it was not officially presented to the court.

There are times when the composition can be overworked and ways in which it

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THIS trade mark represents the Standard of Excellence all over the world. The serial guarantee number is a duplicate of that appearing on the printed guarantee that accompanies every K-W Master Vibrator.

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$15 with regular kick switch
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K-W Master Vibrators are sold by reliable dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send it postpaid upon receipt of price.

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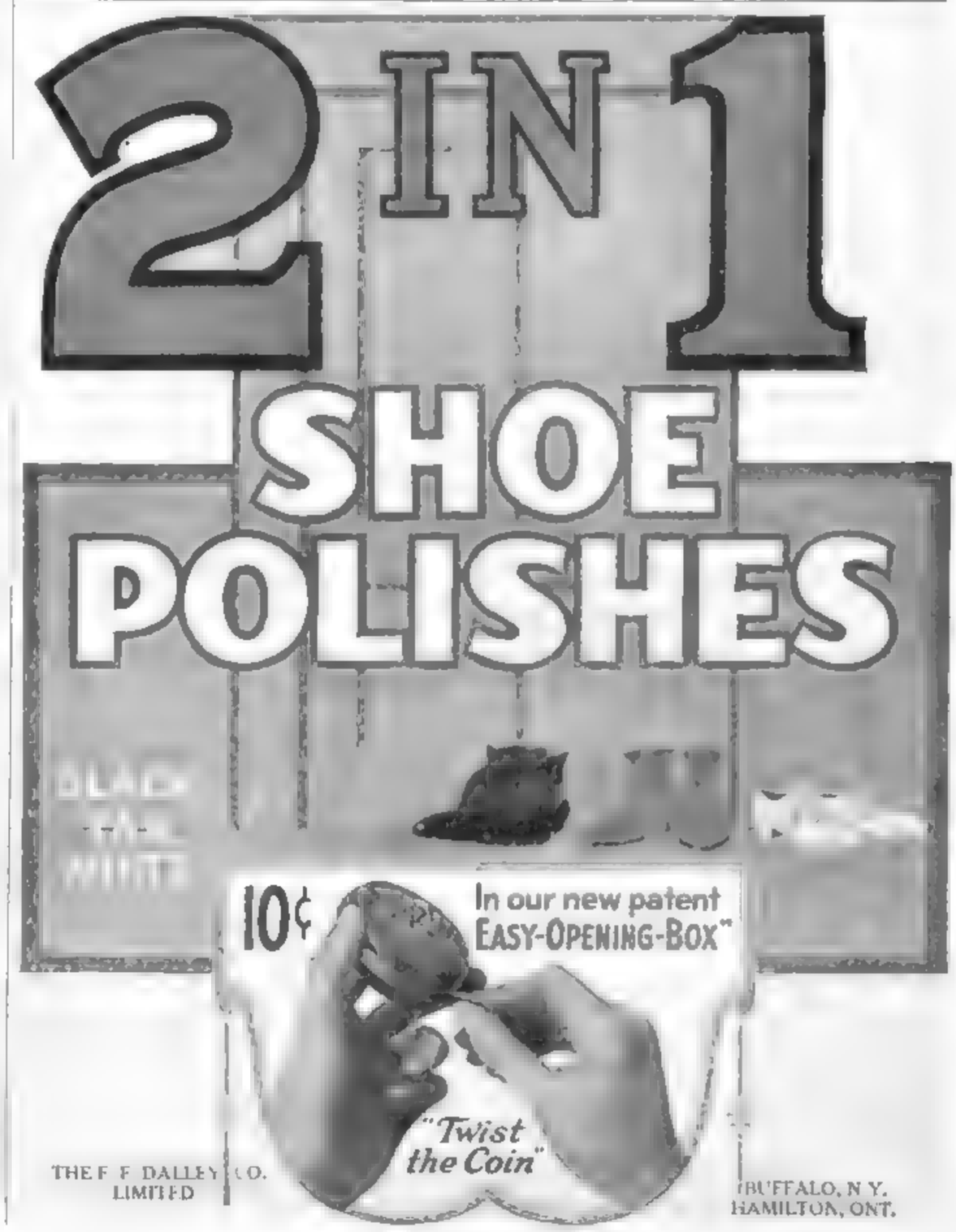
THE K-W IGNITION Co
CHESTER AVE CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES



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A practical course of twenty lessons in the technique of the photoplay, taught by Arthur Leeds, Editor THE PHOTOPLAY AUTHOR. 250-page catalogue free
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Do you want a real camera or a pair of roller skates, and other things like a catcher's glove, ball or mask? These and many other desirable articles we are giving as premiums for wrappers of

Surprise Wafers

The wafers are a pure, delicious confection and cost but 5c for a big roll in transparent wrapper. Assorted flavors. Tell every one you know to buy a roll of Surprise Wafers and ask them to give you the wrappers. Sold at candy stores, drug stores, newsstands, cigar stands. Ask for Premium List when you buy the candy.

PACKAGE CONFECTIONERY CO., Boston, Mass.

may be quietly nipped in the bud. The court ordered the receiver to sell the property. With fifty thousand dollars less assets in the estate than at the first bankruptcy, it will pay out forty cents, according to the trustee, who has already paid a twenty-cent dividend.

If a party in interest in the case is able to prove to the satisfaction of the court that the bankrupt is guilty of any of the offenses which under the law would prevent his discharge, composition proceedings are speedily called to a halt. Any one of the following is held to be an offense sufficient to prevent the bankrupt's discharge and to bar a composition:

First—Committing an offense punishable by imprisonment, as provided in the act.

Second—Destroying or concealing his books of accounts or records with intent to conceal his financial condition.

Third—Making a false statement for the purpose of obtaining credit.

Fourth—Concealing or transferring property with intent to defraud his creditors.

When a wave of waivers surges in on a bankruptcy case the judge or referee, the receiver, and all concerned come to quick attention. The wave of the waivers is considered a fairly sure sign that perhaps there is something doing. As a waiver is a voluntary offer on the part of a creditor to absolve the bankrupt from providing for the payment of his claim out of the composition funds deposited, such generosity is often received with suspicion.

Though a waiver is only an incident to a composition—and is often wholly justifiable—it becomes a significant incident when the composition involves deferred payments or settlement by notes. One able referee declares:

"I cannot regard the waiver with friendly eyes save in somewhat exceptional cases. As a matter of law the waiver is designed to work out the ends of human justice; but, as a matter of practice, it is often abused and made to serve the opposite purpose. In the mind of the experienced bankruptcy official the waiver too often implies an underground settlement of some sort that is more advantageous to the waiving creditor than the payment of his claim on the basis of the composition.

"In a certain well-known case, where the bankrupt had already put over two compositions and was seeking a third, I was impressed by the number of waivers this bankrupt had been able to secure. Because of my suspicions I held up this case quite a long time and made an industrious search of authorities to see whether there was anything in the law or in its interpretation by the higher courts that would give a court the power to ignore and override a waiver offered in due form and without objections from creditors. Not finding any such authority I was obliged to accept the waivers offered, though my suspicions were not dissipated."

The Credulity of Creditors

"The possible inference is that when a composition has been perfected, and the bankrupt is again in possession of his property, he makes a secret settlement with the creditors who have filed their waivers—the settlement having much more tacked on it than that received by the other creditors under the composition. It would generally be difficult to prove to a court or a jury that this unscrupulous and fraudulent misuse of the waiver privilege has taken place; but I am morally convinced that it does happen in altogether too many cases."

According to the head of the bankruptcy department of a big trust company, the credulity of creditors passes the love of woman. It is the standing marvel of business, and the miracle that takes on a new phase at every repetition.

"Not many months ago," declares this official, "I was hurriedly summoned to a meeting of creditors. They were a cheerful bunch, and even the two men at the head of the insolvent concern were far from being as depressed as one might expect. The liabilities were large—amounting to several hundred thousand dollars—and the principal assets consisted of a hundred or more contracts scattered throughout the Middle West.

"The main creditor was the largest manufacturer in America of the kind of supplies used by the contracting firm, and the representative of this establishment pointed out the fact that the contracts were perfectly good, being made with large concerns that were fully responsible.

"The proposition before the creditors was to the effect that the receiver should continue the business of the bankrupt and complete the contracts on hand. To this proposition I objected, unless it could be shown that there would be a decided margin of profit to the estate; and I insisted that the margin, if any, could be demonstrated only by an analysis of each contract by competent accountants and experts.

"The heads of the insolvent concern took up considerable time in explaining what a good margin of profit there was in every one of those contracts. This rosy view of the situation was apparently indorsed by the representative of the chief creditor.

"The natural inference was that this man ought to be able to spot a weak or unprofitable contract on sight. As he seemed to regard them as good, and as there were several other experts in the conference, my attitude was apparently regarded as decidedly uppish.

"Finally I told them that if they felt so confident there was a good profit in all these contracts, which totaled something more than half a million dollars, they certainly should not object to putting up twenty-five thousand dollars in cash with which to finance the completion of those contracts that offered the best opportunity for quick return. If this were done and the results of the experiment justified further operations, then all the contracts could be filled.

"The other alternative I offered them was that they should furnish enough money to have these contracts thoroughly investigated by experts. Then, if such an investigation clearly disclosed the advisability of going ahead with the contracts, I would take hold of the enterprise—if the trust company were appointed receiver."

Loose Figuring Common

"Some of the heaviest creditors were in favor of advancing the twenty-five thousand dollars and losing no time; but others held out for the other plan I had suggested and that was adopted. The results of that investigation were mighty interesting to me, especially in view of the fact that the best figuring talent in that line of industry was available to these creditors right inside their own houses; in fact, several of the men present at the meeting, who looked over the actual contracts, were considered wonders in that line.

"The firm of experts employed figured every one of those contracts as carefully as though it were new business. To do this thoroughly they had to send their men to many of the places where the work was to be done. And what was the result? The investigation showed that forty odd contracts, if completed, would result in a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars to the estate; that the largest margin of profit possible on the entire volume of business covered by all the contracts would be twelve thousand dollars, and that the deferred payments provided for in the contracts would string the returns out over several years.

"A twelve-thousand-dollar margin on a business of more than five hundred thousand dollars is no margin at all, even on a cash basis. Any business man knows that. And here were more than one hundred chances to lose not only the twelve thousand dollars but several times that amount along with it.

"The optimism suddenly oozed out of that bunch of creditors. They were an astonished and rather shamefaced aggregation when all these facts were placed before them; but the two men at the head of the bankrupt firm were completely nonplused. They could not understand how they had made such figures, and neither could the representative of the great manufacturing concern that was their chief creditor.

"To find this sort of thing among small business men, who have started on a shoestring and grown for a while because conditions outside of themselves forced them to grow, is not surprising; but it naturally gives one a jolt to discover that wild and incompetent figuring of costs is common.

"There are many businesses—both large and small—where costs are figured with almost marvelous accuracy; but, all the same, thousands of enterprises go to pieces on the shoals of bankruptcy every year from loose figuring alone, and still other thousands survive by the skin of their teeth, as it were—firms that are richly entitled to fail, but which persist, in spite of their bad basic figuring, merely because they happen to be surrounded by conditions that are peculiarly kind to them."

PIERCE-ARROW

A car whose luxury is added to its genuine economy

WE are constantly hearing of Pierce-Arrow owners, to whom the price of a new car means little, who have continued to run their original cars through a long series of years—often seven or more—with such increasing satisfaction that all the real refinements in later models have not been able to tempt them away from the Pierce-Arrow which seemed to them the ideal motor car.

Such lasting satisfaction has demonstrated not only the durability of Pierce-Arrow Cars—it has demonstrated that they are also most economical. For in cases of this kind the initial cost is not a new item every year. It is paid down *once*, and its returns are then distributed over many years of service, over miles of travel. Even when the charges for proper care and maintenance are added, the total expense of the Pierce-Arrow year by year is still less than that of new cars of greatly lower initial cost for the same period.

Multiply this economical satisfaction by Pierce-Arrow safety, comfort and luxury and a just measure of Pierce-Arrow quality is obtained. It gives a new value to the original investment. It means that with adequate maintenance the endurance is there, the vitality is there, the built-in worth is there, not merely for a single season or even for two, but over a long series of years.

The buyer of a new Pierce-Arrow has the comfortable assurance that the market in Pierce-Arrows is always an active one. The man whose investment must be, for any reason, somewhat lower, always knows that in buying a Pierce-Arrow from its first owner he is securing the better materials and better construction which constitute its vitality, and which make it a wiser, more economical purchase than a new car at the same price.

Pierce-Arrow cars are built in three chassis sizes, 38, 48 and 66 horse-power. These chassis are equipped with many types of open and enclosed bodies, including a runabout with interchangeable Victoria and coupé top.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company

Buffalo, New York

Regal

A Smart Style for Every Occasion

THIS type of Oxford is for the man who sets comfort *above* style, but isn't averse to style *with* comfort. Roomy to the foot—refined to the eye—restful to wear.

"BARRISTER" Black Walking Oxford—$5

Dull finished Black Calf; medium full, round toe; perforated tip; medium arch; squarish heel; invisible eyelets; narrow cord laces; back seam locked with a "clip" stay; thinned under the ankle to "pocket" the heel and prevent slipping. Also in Russet Calf.

Exclusive Custom Styles

$4 *and up*

There are 100 Exclusive Regal Stores and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Write for our Spring Style Book—it's free.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

277 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

ARROW

Silk SHIRTS

Exquisite colors and patterns in durable washable silks

$3.00 to $10.00

Cluett Peabody & Co. Inc., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

R·B
Fashion Clothes
He Wears the "Claridge"
An excellent example of the originality displayed in creating R.B. Fashion Clothes for younger men. Now shown by the Fashion Park Agency in your own town.
Send for First-Over Club of America StyloScroll
Rosenberg Bros. & Co.
Fashion Park, Rochester, N.Y.
Huddersfield, England.
Fifth Avenue, New York. Madison Bldg. Chicago

VANILLA

(Continued from Page 11)

However, when they landed at St. Joe they stopped being serious and plunged forthwith into such gayeties as the amusement park and the beach afforded.

Complete abandon was, indeed, not possible. A wooden signboard ten feet high established the tone of the place with the announcement that all persons acting otherwise than in a gentlemanly or ladylike manner would be prosecuted to the full extent of the law—just what the resources of the law were for punishing the omission to be a gentleman or a lady were not stated—and other more specific directions for conduct were posted here and there along the boardwalk, in the roller-skating rink, the bowling alleys and the dancing pavilion. Indeed, in the enumeration of the things a dancing couple might not do, respectability reached an ecstasy—an apotheosis.

Mike and Vanilla were a little overawed at first, but the resilience of holiday spirits presently asserted itself and they set about with a magnificent, thoroughgoing determination to have all the fun there was, and then some!

Part of their unearned increment of joyousness came from occasional glimpses of the Vampire. They had never completely lost her. She had stalked by them, melancholy and severe, up on the deck; had sneered at them laboriously while they ate their lunch; and the magnificent unconsciousness of their existence she achieved as she picked her way past them when they were burying each other in the sand on the beach, turning her basilisk eye on them without acknowledging that she saw them at all, might have given them a foreboding of tragedy—but it did not. It only produced on their part new explosions of uncontrollable mirth.

Well, then, at five-fifteen they were dancing in the pavilion. They had been dancing together for more than an hour, and I am afraid their enjoyment of the exercise was somewhat heightened by the fact that they had twice been warned, by a sort of master of ceremonies, that their deportment did not come up to specifications. The rule about six inches in the clear between the opposed bodies of all dancers had once been forgotten, and on another occasion they were accused of dancing what the man suspected was a tango.

Another thing that added to the piquancy of the occasion was that the Vampire was dancing too. She had a partner with a purple necktie and an apparently unlimited supply of nickels—you paid one at the beginning of each dance—and was proceeding glassily about the floor in perfect harmony apparently with the decorous regulations of the place—only, as Mike and Vanilla discovered, this harmony was only a pretense. She and her ductile partner were following them about, giving the Vampire a chance to make derogatory remarks whenever they were in conversational range.

And presently, this method of attack becoming inadequate to the rising tide of the Vampire's emotions—and you could not wonder that the tide rose with the contemplation of the pleasure Mike and Vanilla were taking in each other's society and the obvious inferiority of her own partner, in spite of his supply of nickels—presently, I say, she abandoned words and resorted to direct action.

"That's three times she's bumped into us," said Vanilla, with an edge of justifiable indignation in her voice. "She's doin' it on purpose. If she steps on me again I'm goin' to step on her toes. I believe she's got corns too."

You might think that Mike, being presumably wise to the ways and manners of public amusement parks and excursion grounds, would strongly have discountenanced this intention; but, for whatever reasons you please to assign, he did not. He grinned and gave Vanilla a joyous spin.

"Go to it, kiddo!" he said; and then he hesitated her demurely into a corner to await results.

It was an absolutely clear case. The Vampire came straight down into their corner at rather higher speed than before and collided with Vanilla.

It was a bump that would have disconcerted anybody who was not ready for it; but Vanilla and Mike were braced, and the next second the Vampire gave a squeal. Vanilla's French heels were small and penetrating, and her surmise that the Vampire had corns was right.

There are any number of people who will swear quite automatically when their feet are trodden on; so the fact that the Vampire did so is not very surprising. Also, I do not think it altogether to be wondered at that, when the stimulus of really excruciating physical anguish was suddenly added to a long-smoldering sense of outrage and disappointment, she should have slapped the cause of it. The really extraordinary thing is what happened next!

If she had slapped Eunice Leaventritt, Eunice, who had been brought up by an empirical psychologist on the most advanced principles, who had never been directly reprimanded in her life, let alone slapped—I think it likely that Eunice's astonishment would have inhibited any action whatever on her part—almost any emotion, at first. Then there would have been a slowly rising wave of disgust, quite as much with herself as with the person who had assaulted her; but that is a purely academic question anyway.

Eunice had never been slapped and never would be so long as she lived. The person who felt the sting of the Vampire's fingers was Miss Vanilla Jerome—one day old, hampered by no supercivilized inhibitions, quite simply and primitively blazing mad. What Miss Vanilla Jerome did was to slap the Vampire. The rest of the nightmare followed along, as a matter of course.

There were plenty of people at hand ready to cope with this sort of situation whenever it should arise. They were prepared to maintain a high level of gentility in that dance pavilion, even if they had to arrest a lady every now and then to encourage the others.

The flurry did not last a quarter of a minute. Then Vanilla found herself walking out beside the master of ceremonies, while two earnest guardians of the peace, less formally attired, escorted the Vampire

Horrified? Overcome with shame? Wishing the earth would open up and swallow her? Thinking of the disgrace that awaited her or asking herself incredulously whether it could indeed be she who had done this horrible thing? Not the least in the world!

On the contrary, from scalp to toes she was tingling with the delightful sense of a job well done. Never in all her life—well, she was only one day old—had she experienced anything quite so satisfactory as the smack her fingers had made against the Vampire's painted face. She drew deep breaths and walked as though on air.

The feeling—she had not begun thinking yet—lasted her all the way up the hill and along a rather shabby business street, and up a dingy stairway and into an office, where a man in his shirtsleeves, chewing tobacco, sat behind a deal table. The first stir of an intellectual process was the reflection that this man must be a justice of the peace who sat there all day to marry people. How would it seem to be getting married in a place like that?

She gave her name automatically as Miss Vanilla Jerome. Eunice had, for the present, simply ceased to exist. And she heard indifferently the recital of the complaint. The justice seemed unmoved by it.

"Ten dollars each!" he said, and spat expertly at the flange of a large spittoon.

She watched the Vampire sulkily open a purse and produce a yellow-backed ten-dollar bill. The justice scratched something down on a piece of paper and put the bill in his pocket. The siren went away.

The justice looked up at her. "Well?" he said; and, at that, something inside her mind exploded with a bang and she woke to a realization that she had no ten-dollar bill to produce.

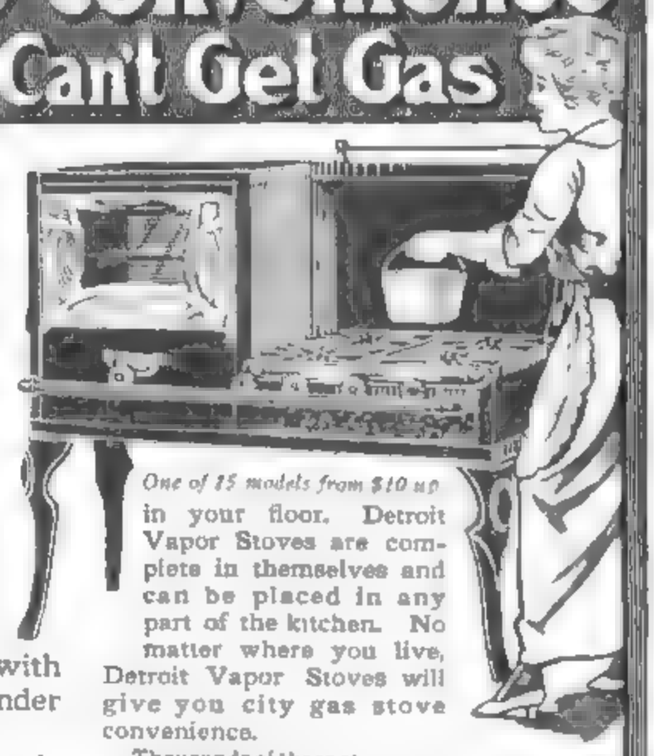
She had started from home that morning with precisely one ten-dollar bill and there was not such a lot of it left. She had suggested to Mike, with some trepidation lest it give her away, that the basis of their lark together should be Dutch; and, though Mike had looked a little disconcerted over it, he had accepted the proposition and had played fair. Nothing you do at an amusement park costs much, but everything you do—except breathe—costs a little.

Vanilla looked blankly into her purse. Her knees began to feel wabbly and her hands to shake.

"I haven't ten dollars," she said.

The ruminant gaze of the justice came into sharper focus on her face. He sat up a little straighter in his chair and remarked that he would "Swan to Guinea!"

Gas Stove Convenience Where You Can't Get Gas



Here's a stove that looks and works like a city gas stove. But you can use it wherever you need a cook stove, in the city or hundreds of miles from a gas supply.

Detroit Vapor Stoves are not like common gasoline or oil stoves. They are made strong and substantial like high-grade city gas stoves. They burn inexpensive oil or gasoline vapor with a hot steady flame, directly under the cooking utensils.

There's no "fussing" or delay in starting a Detroit Vapor Stove, simply light the burner and put the cooking on at once—just like a city gas stove. No waiting for burners to generate, no dirty wicks to look after.

Detroit Vapor Stove burners require no attention as they have no wicks, asbestos rings or anything that looks like a wick.

There is nothing to burn out or replace. No piping or pressure tank of any kind are necessary. This avoids expense and the need of cutting holes in your floor. Detroit Vapor Stoves are complete in themselves and can be placed in any part of the kitchen. No matter where you live, Detroit Vapor Stoves will give you city gas stove convenience.

One of 15 models from $10 up

Thousands of these stoves are in use today in cities, city suburbs, small towns, villages, mining and lumber camps, summer resorts and on the farm.

DETROIT VAPOR STOVES Work Like Gas

BURN OIL OR GASOLINE

The cost to run a Detroit Vapor Stove is less than one cent an hour per burner. That's less than half the cost of kitchen range or city gas stove. Detroit Vapor Stoves are made in fifteen different styles and sizes from $10 up. See one at hardware dealer's or write us today for our FREE stove book.

Detroit Vapor Stove Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Please send me your FREE stove book No. J 2.

Name

Address

DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO.
Detroit, Mich.

Three Books that Have Stirred Up a Lot of Trouble

But it has been the kind of trouble that opens the eyes of business men—trouble that results in improvement.

Business won't go on by itself. It needs something behind it—to keep pushing.

These books have acted as a stimulus for hundreds of business heads. They have cleared up the mysterious side of advertising and selling. They have presented the subjects in such a way that it is easy to see their meaning. You can't mistake it.

By pointing out the errors of others they tell *you* how to avoid the snares of unwise advertising.

You don't have to be a big gun to profit by the teachings in these books. They help the little fellow get started right and keep the big one on his feet.

If you check "A" on the coupon below you get "Building the Trade," a book for non-advertisers. It will break you in. "Building the Roadway" is a book for men who spend $25,000 or less a year on advertising. It brings "Keeping the Road Open," a book for those who spend over $25,000.

One book—whichever fits your needs—will be sent free. If you want more than one send 25 cents for each additional copy.

THE MULTIGRAPH
1800 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland, Ohio

A B C

Send booklet (free) checked above, as explained in your advertisement in *The Sat. Evening Post*, May 9

Check A, B or C, then attach this coupon to your business letterhead & mail to above address

Nobility Chocolates

NO two candies in a pound box of Nobility Chocolates are the same, but all have Nobility quality—the satin smoothness in cream and chocolate that means candy sense and candy expense to create.

Nobility Chocolates!—they're firm, but don't they melt!

We want you to try them because then (and *only* then) you will realize that greater candy care or more goodies can't go into candies.

Nobility Chocolates are $1 the pound. On the Pacific Coast and in Canada, $1.25 the pound.

Special Acquaintance Offer

If you don't find them at a nearby dealer, we will send by Parcel Post (postpaid) on receipt of full retail price a pound or two-pound box of Nobility Chocolates—and on each box shall appear in raised gold letters the initials of the one to whom you wish to present it—or your own initials if you prefer. Write in the initials selected plainly in Roman capitals—A B C—like that, so that there may be no mistake. Please send name of your candy dealer.

LOOSE-WILES COMPANY

257 Washington Street, North Boston, Mass.

To San Francisco in 1915

PROBABLY hundreds of men and women will attend the Panama Exposition at our expense. Will you be one of them?

You have two or three spare hours each week, those hours before dinner. We will buy them from you for just what they're worth. You can pay your expenses to San Francisco and leave a balance in bank, with the funds you can earn by employing those late afternoon hours as we suggest.

Join the "Curtis delegates." Learn the details of our offer. Address your inquiry to

The Agency Division, Box 292

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

His surprise was natural enough. The person who had said she had not ten dollars was Eunice Leaventritt—but the red hat, the red hair and the orange-and-white blazer were still Miss Vanilla Jerome's. The situation was embarrassing too.

"You ain't got ten dollars?"

"I'm sorry," said Eunice; "but I haven't."

It seemed rather beneath the dignity of the court to ask her how much she had and then profess that justice would be satisfied with that. Another expedient occurred to him.

"Ain't you got no friends?" he asked.

"No," said Eunice; and once more she added: "I'm sorry!"

She was still, you see, in the condition of a just-awakened somnambulist. It was an effort to remember the details of the dream that had landed her in this situation.

"Where," asked the justice, "is the feller you were dancin' with when you got into the fight?"

Eunice winced at the word fight, but it did not keep her from almost smiling over the memory of Mike McKeough. She had been aware of his walking out of the pavilion behind her, but somewhere in the proceedings he had faded away.

"I don't know where he is," answered Eunice, and she added: "He hadn't anything to do with it."

"Well, I should say he had!" answered the justice indignantly. "You just set down there and I'll send a constable out to find him."

But they adjourned the debate on that point until they should learn who it was coming up the stairs two steps at a time. It turned out to be Mike.

"Oh!" said Eunice.

Mike nodded at her reassuringly, then turned to the justice.

"How much is the fine, judge?" he asked cheerfully.

"Oh, please!" said Eunice Leaventritt. "It's awfully good of you; but really you don't come in this at all."

"Most assuredly I do!" said Mike. "I shouldn't have dropped out of it, except that I was afraid I hadn't money enough and had to go and—get it."

The justice, apparently discerning in the girl's face a disposition still to protest, came forward with a suggestion.

"Let him loan you the money if you don't want him to give it to you. You can't go to jail." He turned to the young man. "Ten dollars!" he said.

Before the girl could protest further Mike had handed over the money. They walked downstairs together in silence. When they reached the street they stopped and looked at each other.

"I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am!" said Eunice; but at that point the words faded away and the two just stood there looking at each other.

The sight of a puzzled perplexity in his eyes had been what stopped her. She had given herself away. Vanilla Jerome would not have said that.

Then, with another bang, she waked up a little further. The Mike McKeough she had been playing with all day would never have used the phrase: "Most assuredly!" Indeed not.

They looked and looked; and then simultaneously and a little ruefully they smiled. And then they both blushed.

"I suppose," he said finally, "that it's because we were both—phony that we——"

"Flocked together?" suggested Eunice. "I suppose so. It wasn't the real thing we wanted; it was our idea of it. That's rather sad, isn't it?"

The young man nodded and sighed.

"But perhaps," he suggested, "we might begin again with—without the peacock's feathers, you know, and see how we'd like each other that way."

Eunice smiled. He was a nice boy.

"All right," she said. "There's a bench over there. Will that do to begin on?"

And really they had about as good a time on the boat going home that evening as they had coming over, though they did not exhibit any more fancy dances on the lower deck.

There was a satisfactory moon, and a pleasant place to sit and talk abaft one of the lifeboats. In that environment it proved queerly easy for the girl to tell him just why she had planned the adventure and to decide that, after all, it had been a success.

All the while she had somehow assumed that his reason for embarking on it had been the same as hers.

"I don't regret a minute of it," she said.

"Not even having slapped the Vampire?" inquired the nice boy—his name was John Forbes.

"Not even that!" said Eunice. "Of course it would be horrible if anybody found out—especially father."

He looked a bit puzzled.

"From what you have told me about him," he said, "I shouldn't think he'd be very angry."

"Angry!" Eunice exclaimed. "He never was angry in his life! That's why I never had any fun getting into mischief. He'd just look interested and wait to see what I was going to do next—make notes right before my face. It's all in that child-psychology book of his. If he found out about this he'd write a special monograph on it."

"Well," said John Forbes, "it was lucky it happened to be me you picked out to play with! You see, the newspapers watch St. Joe for features like that."

"Newspapers!" she gasped. "Do you think——"

"You see, I'm a reporter myself," he went on. "This was my day off, and I thought I'd just breeze over to St. Joe and see whether I could turn up anything."

There was a long moment of frozen silence.

"Well—you did," said Eunice at last.

"I hope so," said John Forbes.

"I suppose," she said, "you will make the front page with it, won't you?"

"I suppose I oughtn't to wonder you thought that," he said; "and, of course, if it hadn't been my day off—if the boss had given me a regular assignment —— But, you see, this was my holiday—mine to do just what I liked with; and what I meant I hoped was that—that I'd find somebody to play with. Because really you aren't phony after all."

"Oh!" said Eunice, and she held out a hand to him. Presently, though, she thought of something. "But the other papers!" she said. "Wasn't there anybody else——"

"That's what I meant by saying you were lucky to have picked me," he told her. "You see, nothing that happens to a reporter ever gets into the papers; so the next time you want to run away you might let me know."

"M-my, but it's been a nice day!" said Vanilla presently.

"You aren't cold, are you?" he asked her.

Back Fire

A LONDON advertising solicitor was sent up into the Midlands to get business for a special edition of a daily paper dealing with an important industry. The kingpin of this industry was a manufacturer of great repute, a baronet, whose actions determined policy in the trade; but it was said he had never spent a penny for advertising. The success of this special edition turned on Sir John. If this important personage could be landed for an advertisement others would come in, as a matter of course.

The solicitor went after Sir John first. He tried to see him, but failed. He wrote to him, but got no reply. Finally an arrangement was made with his private secretary whereby the latter was to doze for five minutes on a certain afternoon, and the solicitor was to slip into Sir John's office on his own responsibility, providing his own introduction.

This plan worked out all right. The advertising solicitor got in. Sir John looked up threateningly when the door opened to admit a stranger. It was a large office, and as the intruder hurried across to where the manufacturer sat he could see stormclouds rising. The moment he was within earshot he said:

"Sir John, I am a staff investigator for the Clarion, and in visiting the leading men of your industry here in the Midlands two things have impressed me particularly—the uniform courtesy with which I have been received everywhere and the intelligence with which a survey of the industry has been comprehended."

The rising storm subsided. Of course Sir John was bound to be as courteous and intelligent as the rest of the trade after that, and he wanted to hear about this investigation. He listened as the salesman quickly explained his proposition. The word advertising was not spoken. Before the interview ended, however, he had given his order for a page; and, with that, everybody else in the trade worth while was brought into line.

Tremendous Fireless Cooker BARGAIN

Mail Coupon To-day

"I Personally Guarantee Your Money Back if Not Satisfied."
Wm. Campbell, Pres.

SEND your name and address on the Coupon below—or by Post Card. This month I am making a special personal bargain price on my famous RAPID Fireless Cooker. This is the Biggest Bargain Price Offer I am making this season.

No woman can get along without a fireless cooker today and keep house on a money-saving basis. Hundreds of thousands of families are enthusiastic over the goodness and economy of Fireless Cooked foods. Those who cook in this modern way save work, cut down gas bills tremendously and do not have to buy expensive cuts of meat and costly vegetables.

Special Factory Price Gives You a BIG SAVING

No other cooker is more favorably known throughout America and Europe or more strongly recommended from housewife to housewife. Low factory price and perfect cooking results make people choose the Rapid. 160,000 are in use today. Why pay more than the factory price? You can't add a single improvement to the Rapid that will make it do better work. I can save you enough money on your cooker to make it an object for you to write me today. And I offer you the most standard, clean-built, durable cooker possible to buy. This is the tenth season the Rapid has demonstrated its great usefulness and economy in the American home. Don't fail to write today for my Special Bargain Price

Get This FREE Home Science Book

Learn how to bake—and brown meats vegetables, desserts everything a crisp, delicious brown by Fireless. How to fry, boil, stew, roast and steam inside the cooker—one operation. Odors and heat cannot escape. The kitchen keeps sweet and cool in summer. The Rapid is sanitary, compact, convenient—special casters to roll under table out of way. This book shows letters from scores of customers telling how the Rapid does

Cut Down Food Bills and Save Fuel

It takes 4 hours to boil ham—only 30 minutes with the Rapid. 3 hours for roast beef—only 15 minutes with the Rapid. No watching or care. Food cannot burn, spoil or waste. A boon in preserving time and such an improvement in taste of all preserves. Gives more time and leisure to every woman—freedom from the hot kitchen work that undermines health and temper.

30 Days' Free Trial

Fill out and mail the BARGAIN COUPON. Let me send this wonderful book with 150 money-saving recipes. This book has full page photographs of cooking "by Fireless." Tells how to put up your supply of fruits and vegetables for next season for 3 or 4 cents a can instead of paying the grocer 10 to 35 cents. If after 30 days' home trial you don't wish to keep the Rapid, I take it back, pay freight going and coming and refund your money without argument.

The Rapid Fireless Cooker

Special Sale This Month

Delivered Direct from Factory on My Strict Money-Back Offer

Mail This Bargain Coupon

Wm. Campbell, Pres., William Campbell Co.,
172 Addison Street, Detroit, Mich.

Send me at once your special bargain Factory Price on the Rapid Fireless Cooker. Also send, without charge and postpaid, your Home Science and Recipe Book. I am under no obligation to buy a cooker—simply want the Bargain Price and Free Home Science Book

Name _____

Address _____ Town _____ State _____

Use This Coupon or Send a Post Card At Once—
WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO., 172 Addison Street, Detroit, Michigan

AJAX

208 PRIZE WINNING CHAUFFEURS TOTAL 1,436,451 MILES, AVERAGING 6,906 MILES

In the Ajax high mileage contest for employed drivers, concluded March 31

$5,000.00 in Awards

The First 15 Prize Winners

ENTRANT	CITY	PRIZE		CAR	OWNER	DISTANCE Winning Tire
James F. Gibney	Marlboro, Mass.	1st prize	$500	Locomobile	Mr. C. E. Rock	16,782 miles
Fred Dickas	Detroit, Mich.	2nd prize	300	Packard	Mr. Geo. D. Coleman	13,900 miles
W. Mann	Victoria, B. C.	3rd prize	200	Cadillac	Can. No. Pacific Ry.	13,761 miles
Darwin Aldrich	Littleton, N. H.	4th prize	100	Ford	Mr. Geo. D. Clarke	12,983 miles
Richard Grenfell	Ironwood, Mich.	5th prize	100	Ford	Oliver Iron M. Co.	12,400 miles
Wm. H. Bodine	New York	6th prize	100	Peerless	Bryant Motor Service	12,397 miles
A. Nelson	Brooklyn	7th prize	100	Pierce-Arrow	Mr. Wallace I. Jones	12,100 miles
H. von der Hyde	Jacksonville, Fla.	8th prize	100	Michigan "40"	Mr. Oscar Seewald	11,665 miles
John Smith	Brooklyn	9th prize	50	Packard	Mr. Frank Bailey	11,500 miles
E. J. Byron	Littleton, N. H.	10th prize	50	Pierce-Arrow	Mr. Geo. H. Tilton	11,372 miles
Alfred C. Smith	Springfield, Mass.	11th prize	50	Cadillac	Mr. Oliver A. Smith	11,220 miles
Wesley Dunaway	Seattle, Wash.	12th prize	50	Winton	Mr. Harrison Bothwick	10,740 miles
Walter Wolff	Chicago	13th prize	50	Packard	Mr. M. D. Ormdorf	10,250 miles
James Murray	New Haven, Conn.	14th prize	50	Locomobile	Mrs. D. S. Gamble	9,872 miles
R. VlasBlom	Grand Rapids	15th prize	50	Studebaker	Chas. Tranklar Co.	9,840 miles

30 CAPITAL PRIZE WINNERS AVERAGE 10,323 MILES
178 MINOR PRIZE WINNERS AVERAGE 6,330 MILES

SPACE does not allow the listing of each of the 208 winners, whose mileage records have been canvassed and who have been awarded prizes by the judges: Alfred Reeves, General Manager National Automobile Chamber of Commerce; President R. A. Patteson, Tarrytown National Bank, and L. W. Scudder, Certified Public Accountant, New York. To the hundreds of employed car drivers who entered the contest and made it successful, we extend our appreciation.

A SECOND CONTEST! CAR DRIVERS: We are pleased to announce a second mileage contest for employed chauffeurs, and a renewal of $5,000.00 in cash awards, covering tire mileages obtained from April 1st, 1914, to March 31st, 1915. Entry blanks and all information can be obtained from our branches and dealers, or will be sent on request. ENTER NOW! It may be your fortune to win an important prize, while conserving the interest of your employer.

"While others are claiming Quality, we are Guaranteeing it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796 Broadway, New York

Branches in 18 Leading Cities

Factories: Trenton, N. J.

Guaranteed in writing 5000 Miles

TIRES

A "Classic" Spring model—French design—Blucher pattern, imported Mahogany calf, low flaring heel.

CONFIDENCE in one's attire adds to the pleasure of living. Begin at the foot—be certain it's right. Florsheim correct styles create a feeling of satisfaction. The well-dressed man looks for the name—The Florsheim Shoe. Priced at $5—and up to $7.

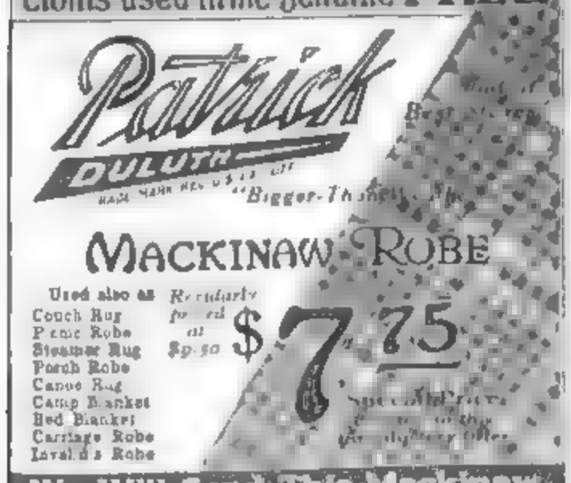
The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

Write for the new Mackinaw Book Illustrates in color all the newest Patrick Mackinaw cloths used in the Genuine FREE



We Will Send This Mackinaw Robe for Your Inspection Free Send Dealer's Name

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill
530 Commerce St. Duluth, Minn.

"Mum"

neutralizes all odors of the body—whether from perspiration or other causes—and preserves the soap-and-water freshness of the bath.

25c at drug- and department-stores.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

D-O-X-A-M-E-T-E-R

The Automatic Gasoline Saver [illegible] Saves 25% Gasoline [illegible] makes car cool, smooth running engine [illegible] Automatic [illegible] Guaranteed, or money back. Send $5.00 [illegible] $

DOXAMETER SALES CO., 2132 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO

Out-of-Doors

Vacation Nuisances and Their Cure

IF THERE is any one cause more prolific than another of disillusionment regarding camp life, it is the petty inconvenience inflicted by insect pests. The large discomforts we can endure, but it is the little ones that, as it were and in the vernacular, get our goat or goats. In the wilderness as in the city it is worry and not disaster that bulks most ominously. Nor does this annoyance always stop at discomfort. Disease follows the bites of some insects. Moreover, there are others that are distinctly poisonous of themselves.

Once, after a bass-fishing trip in Indiana, where we hunted bait-frogs round the marshes with lanterns at midnight, our whole party began to feel badly soon after the return to the city.

"Malaria!" said the doctor.

"Frogs!" said we, with sudden recollection.

"No," said he; "it was anopheles."

Anopheles is the name of a special brand of mosquito that bites you and gives you malaria—it is not the mists of the marsh but the mosquitoes that carry malaria.

All over the world there are dangerous mosquitoes. We have learned the habits and attributes of the yellow-fever mosquito—the one that wears a felon's stripes. Everybody knows that the first thing done in building the Panama Canal was to kill the mosquitoes. Travelers in the tropics know the value of protection against these pests. For instance there is in Ceylon a certain small mosquito that flies only at night and perhaps is not suspected at all by the traveler. The bite is certain to produce a bad fever. The same is true of other species in different countries.

Under the microscope the mosquito is a monstrous and formidable thing. It is only under the microscope that one learns the many differences in mosquitoes, all of which look or sound alike to the naked eye or ear. You may learn easily to tell the difference between anopheles and stegomyia. One species will have a harp on his back; another white-banded legs; another white feet, and so on. There is none of them, however, which is altogether lovable; and, poisonous or merely inconvenient, they make more combined danger and discomfort in camp than all the wild beasts of the wilderness combined.

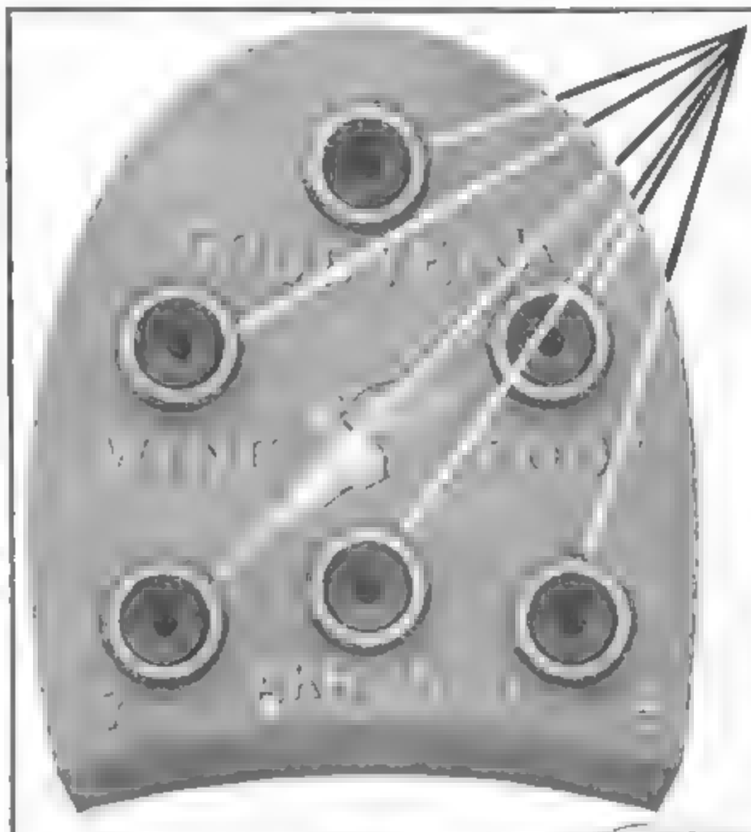
Keeping Clean and Keeping Well

Nature has some kindness in her make-up though for the most part she is merciless. She paints some poisonous plants and poisonous fishes bright scarlet, so that we may be warned against them. She gives the rattlesnake his warning rattle and teaches us to detest the mosquito's whining note of warning; but there are many minor pests in the woods against which she has no warning at all—gnats, chigres, flies, tarantulas, centipedes, many bugs or buglets, on which we realize after taking and not before.

Mankind is just beginning to wage intelligent warfare on many of these. The campaign against the house fly is world-wide. We know now that it was the Texas tick which caused Texas fever in range cattle in the old days—just as we know that it is a tick living on ground squirrels which causes the deadly spotted fever in human beings. It is well known that the flea is the immediate cause of the deadly Asiatic plague.

Perhaps the aversion of some persons to camp life is a sort of hereditary fear of these pests and dangers of the wilderness, slight as they actually are when proper measures are taken against them. It is just as well to keep in mind a few things in the way of cure or prevention. Of course absolute protection only can be obtained by absolute destruction of the entire insect species. It is a part of the landscape gardener's duties today to wipe out all mosquitoes from low and wet places round a country residence.

Malaria disappears as countries settle up, because the wet ground disappears, and hence because the mosquitoes disappear. Be clean—that is the remedy of Nature. When the West was young surgery could be performed there that is impossible there today. Germs come in with human occupation. Be clean and you will be well—at home or in the wilderness. When we shall



Six Safety Cups

Six added factors of safety that hug the walk at every step.

Six air cushions that add to the heel-and-spine comfort.

All built into heels of rubber of unusual life and action.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Wingfoot Rubber Heels

Here rubber heels reach their highest point of service, safety and comfort. Here a wonderful construction is added to Goodyear quality. Here are the heels that give a "greater-than-leather" durability—and with the real cushion tread which people have sought for years.

Easily Applied

Your dealer can supply and apply "Wingfoots." Price put on, 50c a pair. All sizes, for men and women, boys and girls—in red or black—for city and outing shoes.

If your dealer is out of them, send us his name and size of your heel and we will see that you are supplied. No other rubber heel can take the place of "Wingfoots."

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

Also ask for Wingfoot Rubber Soles—light, durable soles that make for added ease and comfort at every step.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio
Toronto, Canada; London, England; Mexico City, Mexico
Dealers Everywhere. Branches and Offices in 103 Principal Cities 1511

Every Detroit Spring
A Wonder of Workmanship

When you *see* a Detroit Spring, it doesn't show its refined quality—its wonderful workmanship—its great strength.

So exacting are the requirements in the Detroit Spring factory that the leading engineers and master workmen of the industry are gathered here—the survival of the fittest.

DETROIT SPRINGS—from the making of the steel to the final fitting of the leaves—are made by the greatest experts in the country. The steel is analyzed to an absolute formula that never varies by ½% of any element.

RESILIENT
Detroit Springs
SILENT TRADE MARK SELF-LUBRICATING

The triple heat treatments are determined for each spring according to the requirements for which it is designed

Every spring is an *individual* problem—designed, tempered, and tested to do its particular work. *Detroit Springs are guaranteed for two years* not to settle, break or crack. This guarantee is good evidence of Detroit Spring quality and strength.

Specify Detroit Springs

for your next car. They are self-lubricating. Never squeak. The resilience is just right for the car upon which they are found, for they were made for that car.

For perfect comfort and safety, specify Detroit Springs.

Write for the free book "From The Ore To The Motor Car." You will be surprised to learn of the delicacy of each operation in the making, and of the tests they undergo before leaving the factory. Write for it now.

Detroit Steel Products Co. 2250 East Grand Boulevard **Detroit, Mich.**

"Well Put"

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" PAT. DEC. 24, 1907 GUARANTEED

This label on every garment

Putting the Shot

IT has been said that Chalmers "Porosknit" Guaranteed is "imitated widely, duplicated never." Well put. You buy by this label.

Underwear may be made to *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." But none can give the genuine "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness *coolness!* None—now, and we doubt it ever.

Protect yourself. Buy right. Look for the label.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in *all* styles for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

The **Union Suits** are particularly comfortable. They cannot "cut in the crotch." There is full elasticity in the seat. It gives. There can be no pull, no bulge, no draw.

Insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit."

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

For Men 50c Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment 25c For Boys

For Men $1.00 Union Suits Any Style 50c For Boys

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
1 Bridge Street Amsterdam, N. Y.

Read Our No-Limit Guarantee

Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

have become able to cope with the pests of the wilderness we shall acquire merit in the eye of Nature, in whose court only survival wins a smile and failure elicits not a tear.

From time to time mention has been made of insect-proof tents that are used in camp. In general it may even once more be said that tents will be better when they are made with more windows. Especially is this true of the waterproof tents known as silk or silkoline. Shut yourself up in one of these tents to keep out the mosquitoes and you will nearly freeze, even on a summer night, because of the condensation of moisture within it. A screened window, with a current of air blowing through it, will really make the tent warmer as well as safer against insects. Your tent should be fly-proof, but not airproof.

A good head-net is sometimes essential, either by day or by night, in bad fly country. When you wear it you may feel like a dog with a muzzle; but you will soon get used to it, though you cannot well wear it on the trail in the woods. Have your head-net black, never white or green—you cannot see through anything but black. Perhaps the best net is one that draws in over the top of your broadbrimmed hat, comes down free of your face, and is tied under your arms. You can even get a head-net today with a hole in it for your pipestem, if you like.

Another item on which too high value cannot be placed is the long mosquito glove arranged with a sleeve and elastics, essential in some bad fly countries, such as Labrador or the Far North. Usually these gloves are made with the tips of the fingers cut out, so that you can work. By keeping the ends of your fingers well coated with dope, your wrists and hands can thus be rendered immune against all manner of biting insects. Sometimes on the salmon waters of Quebec the little gnats or "no-see-ums" are so bad that the angler also wears a havelock, or light linen neckcape, which tucks down under his collar. If one smokes a pipe all the time, usually that will be sufficient protection.

The Cedar Bark Smudge

Much of your comfort, as regards insects, will depend upon your clothing. You can get a beautiful suit of olive-green khaki or one of the light sporting cloths; but let it not be too thin—in bad fly country the mosquitoes will go through it easily. A looser garment of wool, with thick underwear, will prove a much better protection; and in general it is better to have on too much wool and too thick clothing than too little and too light. Light cotton underwear, with thin stockings, has ruined many a vacation trip. Women especially dislike the clumsy look and feel of good sporting wear, and they are the ones that suffer most about the camp—they simply will not wear sufficiently heavy stockings. Short sleeves and gauze underwear are far better for winter than for summer.

Of course you can save yourself much discomfort by pitching your camp with judgment. In fly countries camp in the open and in the wind—a mosquito cannot make any headway against the wind, because he turns his wings up sidewise, and then he is gone.

If you have no other protection try a smudge in camp—if the mosquitoes are bad. Perhaps the best one is made of cedar bark, though it is very hard on the eyes. You may use grass or leaves if you can do no better. In the pine woods you may have seen the homesteaders' smudges—built in an iron pot in front of the door, mostly with bark. In many parts of Canada you will see a smoldering fire of damp hay, with a rail fence round it. The fence is to keep the horses and cattle from crowding into the fire when they are driven well-nigh mad, as they sometimes are, by the swarms of mosquitoes or flies.

Besides these physical protections or preventions, little remains but dope. In some countries dope is no protection at all, so numerous and bloodthirsty are the mosquitoes. In the ordinary sporting country of the temperate zones, however, a good dope will do the trick. No one can tell you which is the best dope, for every sportsman has his own formula; but dope of some kind, in a box or a bottle, you ought to have with you—as paste or liquid—if you are going into camp in the mosquito season and in the mosquito country.

The stand-by of the woods is tar and oil. Some use sweet oil, but castor oil is more

(Continued on Page 85)

These Handles NEVER Work Loose

"YANKEE" Plain Screwdrivers stand up under all of the abuse a screwdriver gets. You can't twist the handles on the blades; because of a "Yankee" device that practically makes a one-piece tool of handle and blade.

"YANKEE" TOOLS *Make Better Mechanics*

These Drivers are well-balanced tools made with "Yankee" precision and of materials exactly suited to the work. Blade and ferrule are highly polished. Hardwood dull nickeled black handle, corrugated so as to permit of a firm grip.

"YANKEE" Plain Screwdriver

No. 90—Standard Style, in 14 sizes, 2" to 30" blades.

No. 95—Cabinet Style, in 11 sizes, 2 1/2" to 15 1/2" blades.

Your dealer can supply you.

Write for "Yankee" Tool Book," free, for mechanics and household; or "Yankee" Tools in the Garage," free to motorists

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

W. B. UNDERWOOD & CO.

AGENTS! WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

18 Quick-selling Novelties for the Home, Office and Shop. Direct from Factory to you. Among them

This New Gas Lighter

Different from all others. Adjustable feed, using very little Sparking Metal. Great for Gas Stoves and for Automobile Gas Lamps. $1.25 per dozen postpaid. Sample by mail . . . 15c

NOVITAS SALES CO., 160 High St., Waltham, Mass.

30 Days Free Trial - Freight Paid

White Frost Refrigerator

Easy payment plan. Enjoy its goodness while paying for it.

Metal Stamping Co Dept 68 Jackson, Mich.

Our Special Price for This Table—$22.50

Choicest quarter-sawed Oak—54-in. top, closed 40 inches extended. A beautiful, massive design. We are manufacturers. We make all our furniture—and sell it direct to you, the consumer. It is the famous

"MASTER-BUILT" FURNITURE
Shipped in Sections

Anyone Can Put It Together in 20 Minutes

Furniture for every room in the home. . . . thank you show you high-grade furniture. Write for big Free Book

BROOKS MFG. CO 2805 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

Dining Table No. 311

Only 2 Cylinder Rowboat Motor MORE POWER GREATER SPEED

The only 2 cylinder rowboat motor. The latest, finest thing in detachable rowboat motors—beats anything on the market. A *real* engine. Powerful, fast—quiet and smooth running, *vibrationless*. Starts on the first kick and reverses easily.

KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

Full 3 H.P. Doesn't shake the boat. Weedless Rudder.

KOBAN MFG. CO., 263 S. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The Man Who Knows Buys Black Cat Hose

For Comfort, Style and Wear

Style No. 235—Superior Quality Silk Hale, extra length, our special wearproof process for heel, toe and sole. Brilliant lustre. At 8000 dealers. Ask your Black Cat dealer or write

CHICAGO-KENOSHA HOSIERY CO
KENOSHA, WIS.

BLACK CAT HOSIERY

RATS Mice, Roaches —quickly and easily exterminated. No mix, no mess, no trouble

The new poison in the tube

Rat Bis-Kit Paste

134 Limestone St. Springfield, O.

SICK or WELL

Pedigree blank sent free on application

POLK MILLER DRUG CO., Inc., 904 E. Main St., Richmond, Va.

Absorbency—

The Quality and Price Test of a Paper Towel

You may be wasting a good many dollars on your year's supply of paper towels unless you buy *strictly* on the *absorbent* test; that test will show you whether you are paying paper towel prices for paper *only* or whether you are buying *real absorbent* paper. There is a big difference.

You must admit that the quicker a paper towel can absorb water and the *more* it can absorb, the better the quality—the fewer towels you will use. Make this test for yourself and see whether or not

Scot Tissue Towels

"Use like a Blotter"

Are Cheapest by This Test

This illustration shows you a simple, practical way to make the absorbent test. Roll up an absorbent Scot Tissue in pencil fashion and place in a glass of water. Test on *quick* absorption and *quantity* absorbed. There is no other economical way of buying and this test will absolutely convince you that Scot Tissue Towels absorb *quicker*, and *more* water, consequently go further and cost you much less

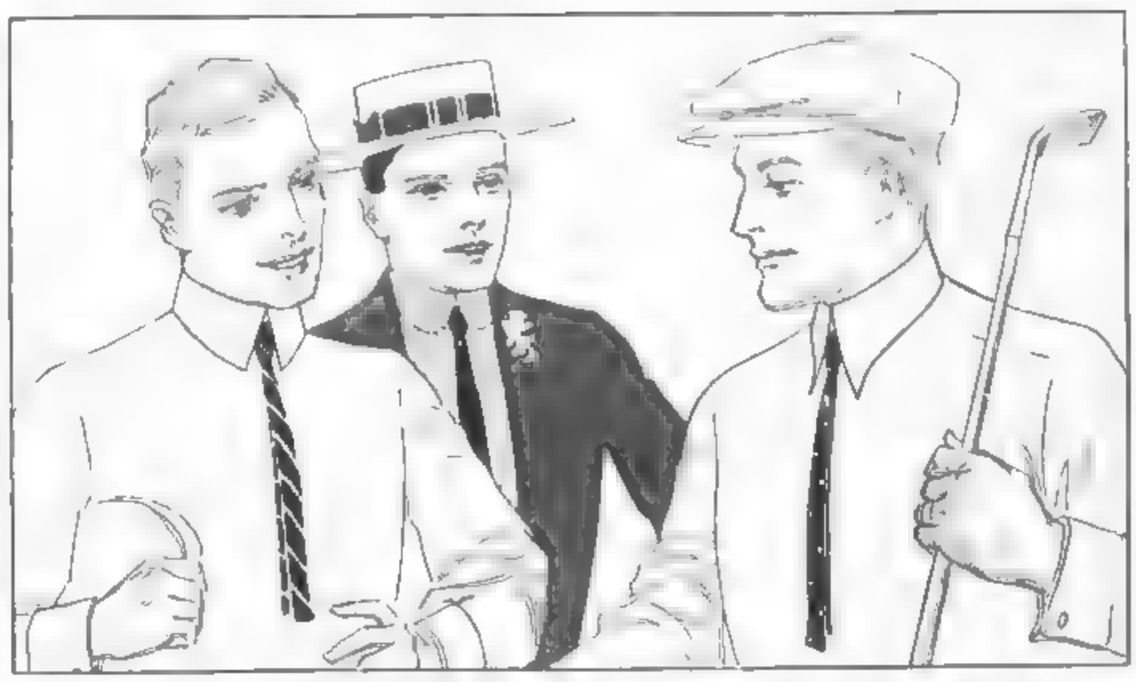
To Large Consumers

Our Service Department is prepared to study conditions in your establishment and give figures for changing wherever necessary your present towel [illegible] to Scot Tissue Towels. You will be surprised to learn how many different ways they can do this and the amount they can save you. Don't think apart from the great sanitary value of installing Scot Tissue Towels and other Scot Tissue products will show you.

We will send [illegible] charges prepaid 250 Scot Tissue *absorbent* Towels to 600 west of Mississippi River and in Canada for $2.00. An economical box size $1.00 extra

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY Philadelphia, Pa.

Originators of the Absorbent Paper Towel



There's a satisfaction in the feeling that your own shirt is the best looking. You enjoy that satisfaction—always—in

HALLMARK Hall SHIRTS

REG. AT U. S. PATENT OFFICE

The kind of shirts you've always wanted—for their correct styles, their fine fabrics, their smart patterns, and their beautiful colors that are guaranteed fadeless.

HALLMARK Shirts cost no more than you've always paid. Their quality is the kind you have come to associate with shirts at higher prices.

See the new HALLMARK styles for Spring and Summer—dealers everywhere.

$1, $1.50 and upward

HALL, HARTWELL & CO. Troy, N. Y.

SLIDEWELL Hall COLLARS

The only Collars with the patent back [illegible] all the perfect [illegible] the [illegible] Newest styles [illegible]

All dealers—15c, 2 for 25c

If your dealer hasn't them, send us 75c for [illegible] or write for the SLIDEWELL catalog

Shall I Begin Farming at Forty-Five?

The Man Who Asked the Question

Is a clerk in a city job.

Is married and has two children.

Has had no farming experience.

Will have $4000 to invest.

Is dreaming of eighty acres near a village, with hay, cattle, hogs, poultry, eggs and milk.

Is willing to work hard.

Wants $1000 net income a year.

TWO men have replied—one an agricultural college professor; the other a man who began farming when he himself was forty-two.

Here is a question that is asked every day by thousands of city men who are anxious to go back to the land. Here are the answers they have been looking for—good, sound, practical, common-sense advice.

Perhaps They Will Answer Your Own Question

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF

The Country Gentleman

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers *$1.50 the Year by Mail*

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

PAIGE

You Never Saw A Paige Owner Who Was Not Proud of His Car

IT IS a big, roomy, powerful car—classic in design—beautiful in finish—complete in equipment.

It is a car that the entire family can enjoy and that can always be depended upon to take them anywhere that a motor car can go—and bring them safely home.

The Paige is a car of unusual quality and character simply because the Company back of it is so strong financially and so economically operated that every dollar of selling price is represented in actual car value.

The Paige Detroit Motor Car Company has a small capitalization—It does not have to earn dividends on watered stock—It has no bonded indebtedness—hence has no interest charges to pay.

It puts such extraordinary value into the car itself that selling expenses are surprisingly light—The demand has always been in excess of production.

You will readily appreciate what all this means in making possible the remarkably low selling price at which the Paige is offered you.

When you buy a Paige you pay only for the car.

And you get actual structural quality that would otherwise be possible only in a car costing hundreds of dollars more.

Write us for the Paige literature—Learn about the Company back of the car—Get acquainted with the Paige dealer in your locality—Ask for a demonstration—and an order blank.

Paige "36"—Glenwood Model—$1275

116-inch wheel base—left side drive center control—multiple disc cork insert clutch—silent chain drive for camshaft, pump, generator and magneto—fully equipped, including Gray & Davis large unit electric starting and lighting system.

Paige "25"—110-inch wheel base, fully equipped, $900—with electric lighting and starting—$975

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.

DETROIT, MICH.

(Continued from Page 82)

distasteful to insects – nobody and nothing likes castor oil, not even a hungry mosquito. The usual formula is oil of pine tar, three parts; castor oil, two parts; and oil of pennyroyal, one part. Sometimes I add to the above as much oil of citronella, which also is very distasteful to mosquitoes and many other insects. This dope is liquid. The smell is not unpleasant, but the prescription requires that you put it on and do not wash it off, which to some persons—especially fastidious ladies—is something of a hardship. Do not be afraid to use it; and do not get the idea that a little dab on your nose or ear is going to keep the mosquitoes away from you—use plenty. If you perspire this dope will run.

All the resources of applied chemistry have been called on in the manufacture of fly dope. Some are cleaner than others and are as efficient. You can, for instance, take castor oil and citronella, or castor oil and oil of lavender, and look a trifle more ladylike than if you use the tar compounds. Most sportsmen agree that citronella is a good repellent.

There is nothing so good as quinine to cure malaria, which comes from mosquito bite. From this fact one ingenious sportsman reasoned that mosquitoes do not like bitter things, and he concluded to put something bitter, like quassia, in a fly dope of his own. He used this dope successfully in all parts of the United States and in Central America, and claimed that it made a good protection even against chigres.

This inventor was Colonel Crofton Fox, now deceased, but once a well-known Michigan sportsman. His recipe, which has been printed from time to time, was as follows: "Fox's Fly Dope: Oil of pennyroyal; oil of peppermint; oil of bergamot; oil of cedar; third extract of quassia, of each, one dram; gum camphor, four drams; vaseline, yellow, two drams. Mix. Dissolve camphor in vaseline by heat; when cold add remainder." The druggist will understand this.

A Western firm makes a dope something like the foregoing, with the addition of oil of cloves and citronella. This is put up in collapsible tubes, convenient for use. Vaseline or mutton tallow is used as a body in several of the pastes, some of which are very efficient and all of which are cleanly and convenient to use. Most of these pastes have pennyroyal as the main repellent.

A fly dope has been on the market for thirty years that has quite a vogue in black-fly country. I do not know the ingredients, except that oil of tar is one of them and very likely pennyroyal is used. The mixing oil is of less importance and we may classify this simply as one of the tar dopes. It is good against no-see-ums and black fly—those little nuisances that bite you along your hatband or back of the ears.

Fly Dopes for Every Taste

If you are going on a long and hard journey the paste dope you can carry in a box has some advantages over a liquid dope if you carry the latter in glass. It is better to carry a liquid dope in a little screw-top tin holding a couple of ounces or so. It is thus less likely to be lost through breakage.

A gentleman in Kentucky some years ago sent me the recipe for a dope he found very efficient in the northern woods—merely a variant of the old staple. It calls for pure pine tar, one ounce; pennyroyal, one ounce; vaseline, three ounces. The same gentleman sometimes used another formula: tar, two ounces; castor oil, three ounces, pennyroyal, one ounce. He always said that most of the volatile aromatic oils, or even camphor, lose efficiency through evaporation very quickly; but, from his hints and those foregoing, any woodsgoer can evolve a dope that will do the work as well as anything.

Deer flies—the big green chaps—are keen cutters. Perhaps dope may help keep them away. Try it—at least on the necks and flanks of your horses; for you may save them much misery. The bite of these flies is very painful to a horse or to a man. The bulldog flies of the Rockies are well-known nuisances. Sometimes the high grassy meadows in the mountains, which look like fine camping grounds, are almost untenable by reason of these greenheaded flies.

Sometimes on the prairies, or near the mountains of the West, you may have been tormented by swarms of flying ants, which hang round back of your head as you ride on horseback or in a wagon. They bite rather keenly and sometimes get in your hair. A head net is best for them, or a silk handkerchief will answer if you have no net.

We have with us tonight also the tick and chigre, neither happily of general distribution, though sufficiently abundant. Ticks are bad things, especially in tropical countries. They constitute one of the menaces of hunting in Africa. Carefully fitted clothing, leggings and footwear make the best protection against ticks. A bodyband soaked in kerosene sometimes is used. The African hunter at night always wears mosquito boots—a soft, light footwear, which will turn ticks as well as mosquitoes.

The worst tick country of the United States is in the South; and still farther to the southward, in Mexico and Central America, the tick nuisance is yet worse. There you may find the pinolias or the garapatas. When you come into camp covered by the latter, each with his head buried in your system and each very much absorbed in the work he has found to do, the best thing is to get some one to touch the end of a lighted cigarette to each of the nuisances. He will then blow up and cease to trouble you.

Eternal vigilance is the only price of safety in tick country. Dope is not much good. Perhaps if one were liberally anointed with kerosene it might keep them off in good measure. If you get a bug in your ear pour in kerosene—it will make him back out. Sometimes it will have the same effect on a tick. Sometimes camphor has something of the same effect—or chloroform, or diluted ammonia. I am strong for a bottle or can of ammonia in camp. It is a sovereign remedy for the alleviation of insect bites. If a tick gets on you do not get excited and pull off his head—induce him to back out before he dies.

What to Do for Snake Bite

One of the worst pests of the woods, especially in a warm or moist country, is the minute little red spider, called the chigre, chigger or jigger. There is nothing more odious in all created Nature than this almost invisible pest. He lurks for you in the bark of the log where you sit down to rest, or drops on your clothing from the leaves or the grass as you walk. Nothing happens then for perhaps three or four hours. Then you experience an intolerable itching and begin to swell up in lumps about as big as a hazelnut—each lump being a place where a chigre has set up housekeeping. This irritation will continue for several days, and sometimes is bad enough to deprive one of all sorts of happiness in camp if one does not know how to handle the malady.

It is suggested that chloroform is excellent to allay the sting of chigre bites, and sometimes kerosene has been used for the same purpose. Perhaps you may have neither of these remedies with you, but you are almost sure to have a good piece of rusty bacon rind—and that is the standard remedy of the woodsman. Rub the bites—and the places that are not yet bites—thoroughly with this grease. You will find it alleviating and in most cases a specific. Mercurial ointment, no doubt, would be better, but bacon rind is always handy. It will do for prevention as well as cure. Happily the chigre is not very common in a pinewoods country. Usually you will find him in hardwood country or in the warm and moist parts of the prairie country.

If you are afflicted by insects in camp do not sit down and moan because you have not a drug store at your command—use the remedies you have. What you want is something alkaline. If you have no ammonia use strong salt and water. Try kerosene, but not too copiously. That very thorough-going woodsman and woods-writer, Mr. Kephart—by all odds the most accurate and informing of the book writers on these topics—suggests that you can kill a mosquito bite by touching it with indigo—or, if you have not indigo, by rubbing it with a raw onion. Even whisky—used externally—sometimes will take part of the sting out of the bite.

There are sandflies that walk by day and midges that stalk abroad just at dusk. Dope will do for them. Nets do not always keep them out perfectly, but they do not fly so much by night.

Some people have a great horror of snakes. It is not of much use to point out to them that the percentage of danger is very slight, indeed, and that it annually grows less—in the temperate zone at least—as the few poisonous species more and more

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It's a patented feature.

Wall board, to be strong, durable and entirely satisfactory in every way for walls and ceilings and many other uses, must have this wooden core.

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Don't be satisfied with just wall board—**ask for Compo-Board** and be sure you get it. The wood core, as illustrated in this ad, is a certain means of identification; in fact that's the most important reason you can have for preferring **Compo-Board.**

Dealers almost everywhere have **Compo-Board** in strips 4 feet wide and up to 18 feet long. Write us for booklet and sample piece, and we'll send you nearest dealer's name.

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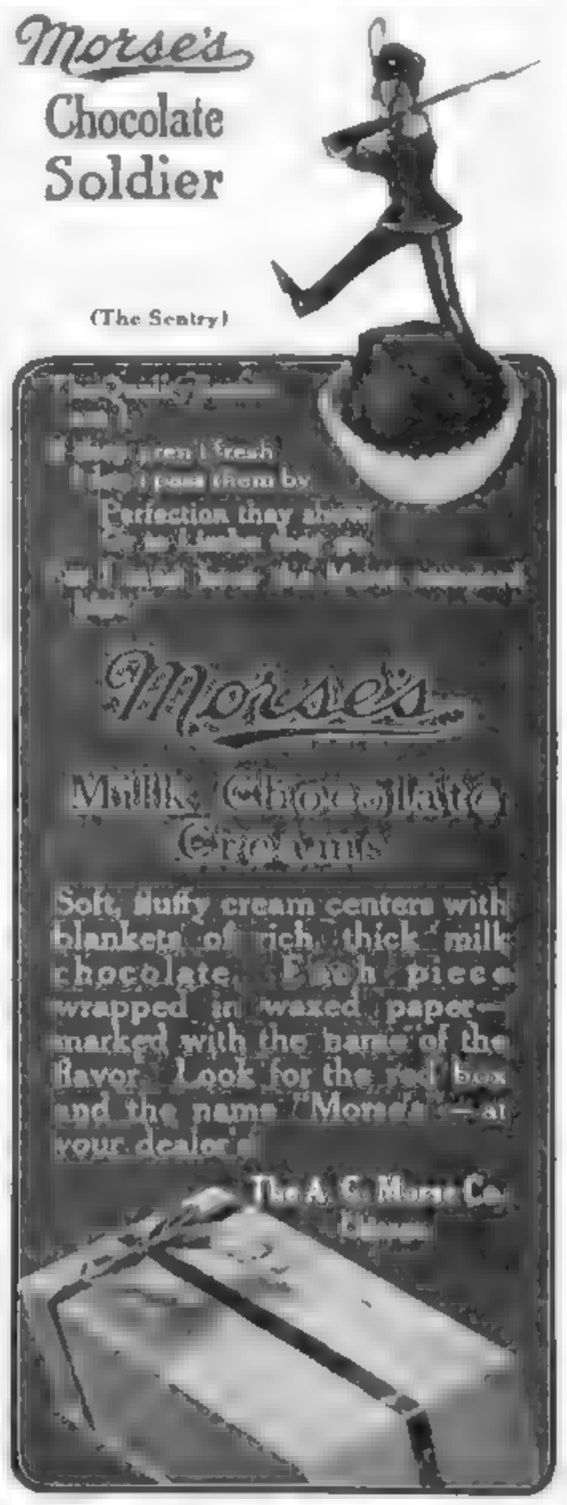
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It used to be an unfinished, "forgotten" attic room.

Neponset Wall Board quickly turned the bare walls and ceiling into a livable room with a really beautiful interior

Users of Neponset Wall Board are not limited to a single choice a single color scheme. It comes *already* decorated in three beautiful finishes—cream white, plain oak and burnt leather. Attractive panel effects obtained with battens of same material which we furnish.

It is the wall board that is thoroughly waterproof on both sides. Absolutely sanitary. Costs less than lath and plaster. Nails right to studding. Anyone can lay it. Sheets 32 inches wide.

Send for samples, free booklet and name of nearest Neponset dealer

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The Magneto Again Proves Supreme

Every motor car that started in the Vanderbilt Cup Race
(16 in number)

Every motor car that started in the Grand Prize Race
(17 in number)

Used the BOSCH MAGNETO for Ignition

Merely a spark in the cylinder could not satisfy these exacting veterans. They knew the ins and outs of the motor car; they insisted upon intense, evenly timed and absolutely unfailing sparks—without that, their chances were slender. The manufacturers of the cars they drove would lose tremendous prestige—thousands, even millions, perhaps, were at stake,—so the Bosch was the only ignition system used. Not even a whisper of ignition difficulty has been heard since the start. ***Again Bosch Made New Records Possible.*** The perfect spark, the ideal ignition, the one which has proved the salvation of the most renowned automobile engineers is made possible by the Bosch Magneto. This ignition system has been in vogue for over a quarter of a century. It has firmly and decisively swept aside the cheap and less efficient battery system, so that today the prominent cars in every class are Bosch-Equipt.

Popularity Proves Bosch Superiority

Stutz	National	Pierce-Arrow	Abbott-Detroit	Case	Chandler	Pullman	Velie	Stevens Duryea	Packard	Winton	Stearns
Mercer	Knox	Mercedes	Pope-Hartford	Lozier	Jeffery	Kline Kar	Marmon	Moline-Knight	Simplex	Chalmers	Chase
White	Peerless	Paige-Detroit	Auburn	Autocar	Hupmobile	Fiat	S. G. V.	Locomobile	Metz	Kissel	
A. L. C.	Old Reliable	Seagrave	Clinton	Thomas Taxi	Petrolia	BMC	Tiffin	Metallurgique	Hart Parr (export)		Horner
Adams	Sullivan	Sayers Scovill	Jennings	Gramm Truck	Wilcox	Metz	Perfex	Sawyer Massey	Pioneer Tractor		Gabriel
Armleder	Penhard	Menominee	Corbitt	Rolls-Royce	Itala	Benz	Pratt	4 Wheel Drive	Wichita Falls		Selden
Mack	Vulcan	Robinson	Daimler	Bergdoll	Darracq	Bonham	Clark	Metropol Roadster	Waterous Fire Eng.		Holt
Beck	Lancia	Bowling Green	Peugeot	Gaggenau	Koehler	Blair	Crane	Delaunay-Belleville	Warren-Detroit		Nott Fire Eng.
Buda (R. R.)	Commerce	Moreland	Traveler	Shaw Taxi	K-r-i-t	Garford	Zelle	Mitchell-Lewis (exp.)	Front Drive Tractor		Teel
Buick (export)	Cunningham	Speedwell	Walter	Smith Truck	Read 30	Monarch	Victor	Gen. Electric (R. R.)	Sandusky Tractor		W. F. S.
Charron	Crawford	Spoerer	Victory	Moore	Regal (export)	Berliet	Watson	Briggs-Detroiter	Robinson		Croco
Murphy Truck	LeMoon Truck	Boyd-Webb	Horner	Hatfield	McKeen (R. R.)	Burg	De Dion Bouton	Can. Fairbanks-Morse	Abrens-fox		Lange
N. A. G.	Wright	Brantford	Lord Baltimore	Hydramobile	Renault	Hewitt	Chevrolet Six	Goold, Shapley & Muir	Rowe		Krebs
Stafford	Van Winkle	Brockway	Luverne	I-H-C (tractors)	Rockwell	Isotta	American LaFrance	Harder Truck	S & M		R C H
Nagant	De Dietrich	Hewitt-Ludlow	Maccar	Howe Fire Eng.	Allen	Stewart	Detroit Tractor	Christie (tractors)	Dreadnot		Sunbeam
Napier	De Kalb	Howard Six	Atterbury	Superior	Dorris	Ogren	Maritime Six	Clement-Bayard	Martin		Whitwood
Stearns	Delahaye	Overland No. 80	King Truck	Toledo Truck	S. P. A.	Oxford	Rumely (tractor)	Light Inspection	G. J. G.		Corbitt
Standard	Diamond T	Palmer	Norwalk Six	Palmer-Moore	S. P. O.	O. K. Truck	Fairbanks-Morse	Crowe (export)	Sandusky (tractor)		Sanford

This list of motor vehicles includes the best in their respective classes. The engineers give the utmost in ignition service; every car is Bosch-Equipt which means it carries ignition insurance.

Demonstrations of Bosch Superiority

The superiority of the Bosch Magnetos is further evidenced by their performance in supreme motor tests where reputation and fame are at stake and the choice of ignition is of vital importance. During the last fifteen years, the list of Bosch Victories has been sweepingly conclusive. 1914 will produce an even more extensive and conclusive list.

The Moline-Knight Test, completed early in January, 1914, was an important engine test that will be prominent in the annals of automobile history. The test was run in the Automobile Club of America's New York laboratories under official scrutiny. Two weeks, day and night running, completed the remarkable trial—and a Bosch Magneto with Bosch Plugs was used. 44,352,000 sparks were produced without a single failure—more service than the average owner would require in three years, more service than if you were to drive your car continuously 14,700 miles at 45 miles per hour. The magneto and plugs were unscathed, the engine parts practically unworn, the result of the evenly produced ignition. **That is perfect ignition.**

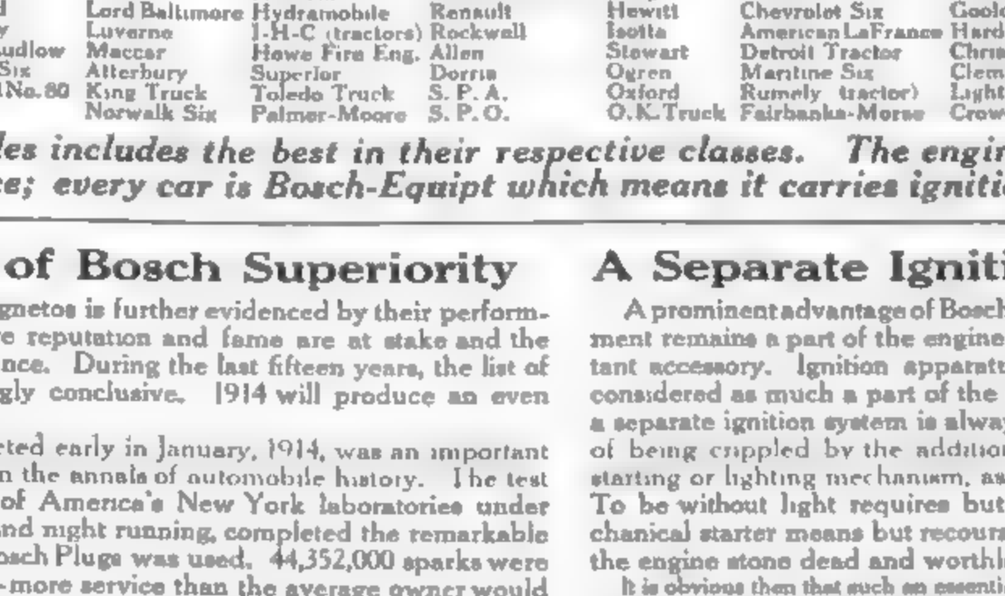
The Vanderbilt Cup Race run in February was another Bosch Victory—300 miles at an average of over 75 miles an hour was the new record set by a Bosch-Equipt Mercedes, in addition the remarkable record was made of never stopping once during the entire contest. The second car, the third car, the fourth and every other car to finish, used the Bosch Magneto and Plugs; no ignition trouble was experienced by any of them. **That is perfect ignition.**

The Grand Prize Race also run in February was another Bosch Victory and another record. 403 miles at over 77 miles per hour were made by the winning Mercer car; the second car, third car, and in fact every car to finish used the Bosch Magneto and Plugs. In this contest, too, no ignition trouble was experienced. **That is perfect ignition.**

These are a few proofs of Bosch Superiority. The trials were severe and gruelling, but the Bosch Magnetos and Plugs came through gloriously and proved worthy of the confidence that was placed in them.

The climax of proof has not in the continued demonstration of Bosch Superiority in contests, but in the fact that there are nearly

2,000,000 Bosch Magnetos
Now Satisfying their Users



Winning the Vanderbilt Cup with Bosch Magneto and Plugs

A Separate Ignition System is Advisable

A prominent advantage of Bosch Magneto Equipt cars is that their ignition equipment remains a part of the engine and is not made auxiliary to some less important accessory. Ignition apparatus is of paramount importance and should be considered as much a part of the engine as is a valve or a piston. An engine with a separate ignition system is always a dependable engine and is never in danger of being crippled by the additional possibility of disarrangement through the starting or lighting mechanism, as when it forms a part of a combined system. To be without light requires but a substitute illuminant; to be without a mechanical starter means but recourse to cranking; but to be without ignition leaves the engine stone dead and worthless as far as immediate use is concerned.

It is obvious then that such an essential factor as ignition should be entirely separate from any other mechanical or electrical contrivance and should be an individual producing element in itself as reliable, as dependable and unceasing in its supply of ignition current as knowledge and mechanical ingenuity permit. Such an ignition system is the Bosch Magneto, an independent unit, free from the influence of other accessories, reliable, efficient and practically perfect, as has been proven by nearly two million users, the extent to which it is adopted by car makers and its performances in trials, tests and races that actually are in excess of thousands.

Any system combining ignition with any other function departs from simplicity, which has been the watch-word of motor car designers, for the simplicity of the motor car is greatly responsible for its wonderful popularity. Many manufacturers who have experimented with combination battery systems and have weighed the results have decided to continue the use of an independent ignition source, and will therefore continue the use of the magneto. The more prominent makers who have retained the magneto and have refused to exchange for other ignition methods are gaining for themselves a reputation for providing the utmost in service and satisfaction.

The superiority of the Bosch Magneto is further shown by the increasing demand for Bosch to replace other ignition systems. This condition has compelled us to accede to the requests, and special fittings now can be had at $10.00 a set, exclusive of the Bosch Magneto, for the following cars: Cadillac, Hudson, Cole, Oakland, Buick, Studebaker, Oldsmobile, etc. *Correspondence is Invited*

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Over 199 Bosch Service Stations to back up Bosch Users with real service.

Studebaker FOUR

THE FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE WITH FULL TIMKEN BEARINGS

$1050

Electrically Started—Electrically Lighted

No—There Is No Other "Four" Like This FOUR

We mean that in all the world there is no other "Four" of the Studebaker class with a full-floating rear axle fully and completely equipped with Timken roller bearings, even to the wheel hubs.

All the moving parts of this axle—the wheels, the differential, the driving pinion—revolve on Timken bearings.

You can see the extra money in these features, can't you?

You know that a full-floating axle costs more than a semi-floating or a three-quarter floating.

You know that in the full-floating axle, the driving shafts are not forced to carry the weight of the car in addition to driving the wheels.

The housing—and in the Studebaker FOUR this is a marvelously sturdy, strong, light construction of pressed steel—carries the weight of the car and takes the shock and jar of ruts and bumps; the shafts do nothing but turn the wheels—transform power into progress.

The rear wheels revolve on the housing and are attached independently of the shafts.

All this in a $1050 car which is also equipped with Studebaker-Wagner starting and lighting—no better system exists.

In a car designed and built complete—castings, stampings and forgings, heat treating and hardening, gear cutting and machining—in the Studebaker plants, to give you the greatest value at the price in the world.

STUDEBAKER, Detroit

F.O.B. Detroit

F.O.B. Walkerville, Ont.

Canadian Factories:
Walkerville, Ont.

Buy It Because It's a Studebaker

THE REQUITAL

(Continued from Page 8)

Her voice flickered into a tenderness at the word, as new as the new color in her cheek. Her mother drew a long breath. Could this be Ellen—her calm, well-ordered daughter—Ellen, the poised, the balanced, the reasonable, the controlled? If this was his influence already! thought Mrs. Hadley.

"There is always a certain shame in any physical defect," she replied, a little the more coldly for that warmth of Ellen's; "but I am not blaming Pierre."

"No," blazed Ellen; "Pierre is not to blame."

"But it is a very serious question whether he has any right to marry!" and especially my daughter, was what Mrs. Hadley meant; she might have found excuses for Pierre's marrying somebody else's daughter, but precisely hers —— "Such things are often handed down."

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it," said Ellen; "but I can't give Pierre up."

Mrs. Hadley looked at her daughter, appalled. Could she be under the sway of that dreadful thing called passion? Mrs. Hadley turned hot to her finger-tips; she was ashamed to look at her daughter with such a thought in her mind; but when she did look she was equally unable to keep her fascinated eyes away.

Ellen's whole face and figure seemed changed—dilated with an inner ecstasy she was incapable of hiding wholly, though her mother divined she was doing her best to hide it—that what shone through her was the merest glint of the shining within.

Even so she glowed with it, as if some one had suddenly lighted a lamp within the clay. And it was Pierre who had lighted it—Pierre! Mrs. Hadley remembered the slow cadence of his phrase and his eyes: "Ellen has such a beautiful figure!"

She shut her own eyes and shuddered; she opened them and wondered for the first time whether Ellen's columnar throat could mean an overdevelopment of the thyroid! She had heard that could change your whole character.

"I—I'm afraid"—Mrs. Hadley spoke with extreme gentleness, as one speaks to an invalid—"you are not judging this—this most important matter with the calmness it deserves, Ellen. You must not be hasty."

"It is all judged, mamma; and as for hasty—why, we have always been in love!"

Mrs. Hadley made a movement of open irritation.

"Been in love! My dear Ellen, what an expression!" she repeated with genuine distaste.

And the climax of the whole—for her—came when Ellen, after one astonished glance at her, threw back her head and laughed—laughed, even as Pierre might have laughed, or any other girl of any other family.

Her mother sat stonily regarding the wreck of a lifetime's teaching; and suddenly Ellen stopped laughing.

"I'm sorry," she said gently; "but really—I'm afraid there isn't any other phrase for it." She looked at her mother and the last twinkle died from her eyes; she grew sober—a recognizable Hadley again. "Have you anything else, mother, against Pierre, besides his lameness?"

Mrs. Hadley wanted to say that she had everything else—that the entire family and its every natural bent were repugnant to her; but these were antagonisms so irrational that she would have blushed to own them verbally—so she answered:

"No. I will not pretend I should not have preferred a man of more serious frame of mind and profession; but I am fond of Pierre himself, as you know—and I pity him very much," she added, dealing consciously or unconsciously the sharpest possible thrust.

Ellen's chin went up in the air immediately.

"I don't think you need do that, mamma."

"Do what?"

"Pity him so much. He is already distinguished—has made a place and a position for himself among musicians."

"Exactly—among musicians," murmured her mother.

"Well," would you expect him to make it among chemists?" asked her daughter fiercely, softening instantly to add: "And he's very happy." She did not need to add: "So am I!"

Mrs. Hadley, looking at her, suppressed an only half-sighed sigh. She had her moment of maternal prescience and suddenly knew the value of words. She got up from her chair.

"I only ask you, Ellen, to weigh well what you are doing; not to—to decide on blind impulse," she said almost apologetically. "Of course, if you have really thought this over—if it is the judgment of your—your highest conscience, then, no matter what we may feel or think, you know we shall do our best to—to ——"

"To ——" said the implacable Ellen.

"To make the best of it," Mrs. Hadley concluded limply.

Ellen walked over to her mother.

"Thank you," she said. "And—please begin making the best of it right away."

She kissed her mother's cheek, passed a hand of unwonted tenderness over her mother's hair, and walked calmly and unabashed from the room.

It was dreadful! Mrs. Hadley, whom her husband found trying to wipe away an unwonted and surreptitious tear, could only phrase it thus:

"It didn't seem to be Ellen at all. It was as if I had never known my own daughter. If this is Pierre's influence ——"

Mr. Hadley, confronted with another problem as serious as frames and about which he felt no wiser, thought rapidly—rapidly for him:

"At least it is an irreproachable family connection; and Pierre has no—no bad habits."

Privately his wife felt inclined to retort that living at all might be called a bad habit in some people.

Aloud she said:

"But it is a dreadful blow, with our well-known views everything we are known to stand for. Ellen to marry a cripple!"

"That, of course, is deplorable," assented her husband; "but there is absolutely nothing else ——"

"Isn't that enough? Lame people ought not to be allowed to marry!" exclaimed his wife tragically.

"True; but if Ellen holds out ——"

"Oh!" said Ellen's mother. "Ellen will hold out!"

"Then, my dear, I really see nothing but to—to make the best of it."

"There is nothing," groaned his wife, "but to make the best of it."

They looked at each other, and in the look were all their patient years of loyalty—of selfless devotion and steadfast banner-bearing; but no lightest wavering. It was wordlessly understood between them that even if their eldest flinched from the standard they should not; they would go right on and somehow make their flying banners cover even Ellen.

Though they might deplore, they would not forsake. Out of that silent communion they emerged not only able but almost eager to face the worst and make the best of it—only as they turned together to leave the room did Mrs. Hadley voice her last misgiving:

"And Henry Kilvert ——"

Mr. Hadley shook his head in answer. He added the brief commentary:

"We shall never know!"

Meantime in the Garnett household there was consternation. Being the Garnetts, they did not dream of interfering with their son's choice; but they looked at each other in silent dismay. Marry Ellen Hadley!—that very commonplace girl, of an utterly commonplace family!—with a whole world of girls to choose from! Pierre—their Pierre—who had had their own dream-romance always before him and was himself the very quintessential flower of it in blood and brain!

"What can he be thinking of?" exclaimed Mary Garnett, propping a Rossetti face on one long hand.

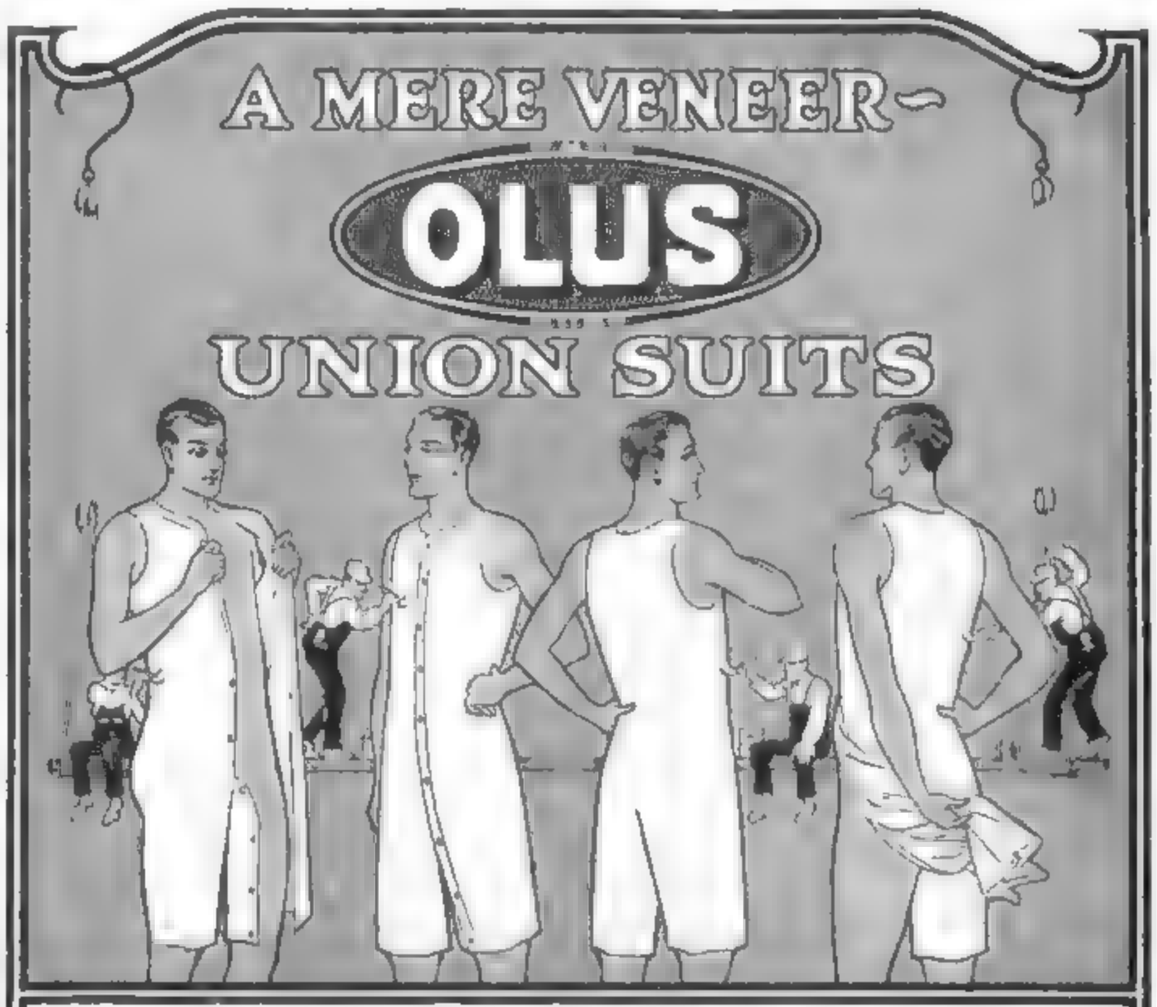
"My dear, he isn't thinking," smiled her husband, and sighed. "Certainly it isn't what we would have dreamed or wished for him." He stroked the cloud of Rossetti hair, down which his fingers found their instinctive way to hers and clasped them sympathetically. "But, after all, since he loves her ——"

"Oh, of course, since he loves her!" repeated Pierre's mother.

"Yes—since he loves her!"

"And since she loves him," added Pierre's mother hopefully, "there must be something!"

"There must be something; but whether there is or not," said Pierre's father with a



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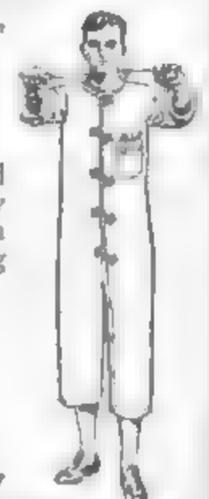

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Notice the unusual reinforcement; beginning over and back of the toes and extending along the whole sole to a point clear above the heel line of a low shoe. Every wearing part is made doubly strong; yet the whole sock is so sheer and light that it weighs only *one ounce* per pair.

Get a supply of these handsome, mercerized socks now. No. 599 only 25c a pair. If you don't know of an Iron Clad dealer nearby, order from us direct. We *prepay* postage. Colors: Black, Navy Blue, Golden Tan, White, Heliotrope and Dark Grey. Sizes 9½ to 11½.

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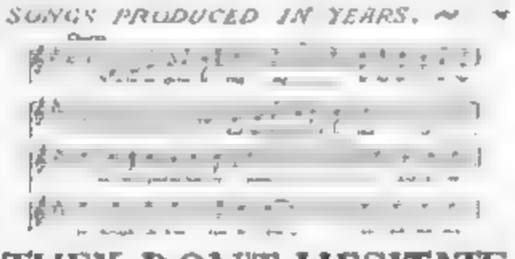
THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

LET BYEGONES BE BYEGONES
(AND LET US BE SWEETHEARTS AGAIN)

EVERYBODY LOVES THIS SONG! ~ EVERYBODY WANTS THIS SONG! ~ BECAUSE IT IS BEAUTIFUL—EASY TO SING, EASY TO PLAY AND FASCINATING IN EVERY WAY.

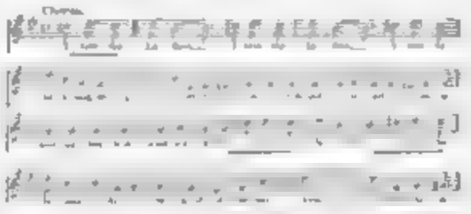
WHEN THE ANGELUS IS RINGING

PRONOUNCED BY CRITICS AS ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST ORIGINAL SONGS PRODUCED IN YEARS. ~ ~



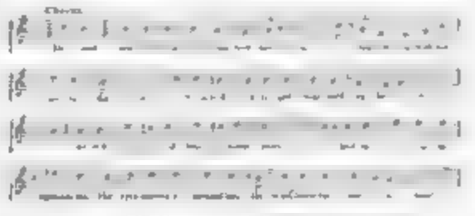
I LOVE THE LADIES

THE WORLD CAN'T GO AROUND WITHOUT A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!! THIS SONG TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT IT. AN ORIGINAL LYRIC. A WONDERFUL MELODY



THEY DON'T HESITATE ANYMORE

HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST! DON'T HESITATE ON THIS SONG! IT'S UP TO THE MINUTE! SUNG AND PLAYED~EVERYWHERE



INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC 10c

"MAORI" Samoaian Tango "GET THIS" Slow Drag & Two Step "IN LOVE'S GARDEN" Hesitation Waltz
"HAPPINESS" Hesitation Waltz "LUCIA" Brasileanne Tango "TROTTERS LANE" One Step
"TO YOUR BLACK EYES" (A Tus Ojos Negros) "VALSE DE MON CŒUR" (Waltz of My Heart)

You can get all these hits at Woolworth, Kress, Kresge, McCrorey and all other 5c and 10c Stores. Also at Department and Music Stores. Pacific Coast Stores 15c. Or each mailed direct, postpaid, for 12c in stamps.

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"My bicycle is equipped with the

CORBIN Duplex

Coaster Brake

"My feet are at rest half the time—they don't have to follow the pedals in a ceaseless grind.

"I release the pedals by pressure of my feet, sit back and let momentum carry me along."

"Corbin Control Means Safety Assured"

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Send for this pound can at our Risk.

Don't send us any money—just say you are willing to be convinced that

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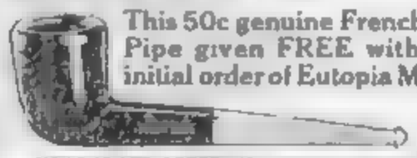
is the richest, sweetest, coolest and best tobacco for pipe or cigarette you ever smoked

We make Eutopia Mixture of the choicest North Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Turkish, Perique, Latakia and Havana tobaccos money can buy. It is blended according to a secret formula that has been in the Cameron family many years. Packed in handsome humidor cans.

We sell Eutopia Mixture for $1.50 a pound postpaid and by mail only. It is a pound of tobacco that often cost you double that price.



This 50c genuine French Briar Pipe given FREE with each initial order of Eutopia Mixture

HERE IS OUR OFFER. We will, upon request, send you one pound of Eutopia Mixture and the French Briar Pipe, carriage prepaid. Smoke ten pipefuls, and if you are not pleased, return all of it to us. If you DO like it, simply send us the price, $1.50.

When ordering please use business stationery or give some reference.

We will sell at $1.00 for a pound of our Eutopia Mixture to anyone who will send us the name of a pipe or cigarette smoker. We are the largest Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky tobacco packers and give with first order a fine pipe free.

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Semmes and 9th Sts., Richmond, Virginia

little shrug and a growing twinkle, "clearly the only thing we can do is just to make the best of it."

"Yes," assented she; "we must make the best of it. But—Pierre and Ellen Hadley!"

They were married—with all the dignity due the bride's traditions, and so much of the grace of a pagan, yet divine, festival as the bridegroom's family could import into it. They had offered their rose garden; but the ceremony took place decorously in a drawing room.

"Never mind!" Pierre had whispered. "This is their wedding; there will be silver and golden and rainbow and moonbeamy and starshiny ones—and we'll have those as we like."

They behaved, in fact, as though it had been anybody's wedding but their own—as though they were only being married at all to gratify their families. Henry Kilvert, who acted as best man, showed a far more conscientious interest. He went about beaming, explaining to everybody, with a singular lack of his usual reserve, what an auspicious event it was—Pierre being the only man in the world fit to be intrusted with Ellen; and Ellen the only girl in the world capable of nourishing a genius so precious as Pierre's.

Mrs. Hadley, listening to him, was almost convinced—until she caught sight of his face during the ceremony, his gaze fixed on Ellen. Her husband had been right—they should never know!

After the wedding the two lovers went to live in a honeymoon cottage a long way from anywhere—unless you had a motor. Mrs. Hadley had found a much more advantageous one, socially and domestically, as she pointed out, nearer at hand; but Pierre had found this, and he pointed out values in viny porches and thick-set lawns.

"It will be damp," Mrs. Hadley foreboded.

"It will be delicious," replied Pierre.

The married lovers sat in the big hammock on the porch a few months later, swinging softly. Pierre's arm was about Ellen and her hand in his.

"It is like living in a fairy tale to live with you!" said Ellen softly.

"It is like living in a comfortable heaven to live with you—a comfortable heaven!" emphasized Pierre.

"Do you suppose"—Ellen lifted her eyes to his—"it will always be like this?"

Pierre looked into those eyes.

"No; much better!"

She had on the barbaric embroidered jacket, and he rolled back deftly one of the wide sleeves and kissed her bare arm.

"You are—music!" he murmured.

Ellen's eyes glowed.

"And isn't it wonderful that I'm not a bit musical—really—except that I love yours? Any more"—she glanced down at the gorgeous jacket—"than I'm really barbaric; though I love this."

"That's why I said it suited your style," Pierre smiled. "I shouldn't want you to be really barbaric. It's because you're all those other straight, stiff things your parents taught you—and which they are—that I love you. You are like a straight, severe Greek goddess—that's why I love you and why I needed you."

"And you," exclaimed Ellen, "are like the wonder prince in the fairy tale, who marries the plain peasant girl. Oh, you are like everything I've ever wanted in my life—you are you!" Another pause. "Pierre!"

"Yes—well?" Looking down, he was struck with something inscrutable in those pellucid eyes.

"When Christmas comes, and every single birthday, and on our marriage anniversaries—all of them—will you always give me something—some little, perfectly foolish and useless and unnecessary thing?"

"Why of course I will!" replied Pierre promptly.

Ellen laughed softly; her wise eyes were shining like a child's.

"All my life I've had all the things I needed—my parents were so splendid!—and I've simply longed for things I didn't need. I've had everything that was wise and right and sensible—and I've just ached for something perfectly foolish."

"Was that why you married me?" asked Pierre unmoved.

"Maybe!" laughed Ellen. She caught her breath. "All my life I've so envied children who had hardly anything—but whose parents gave them gifts. If ever we have children ——"

"Of course we are going to have children!" Pierre interrupted her calmly.

The child that was born to them at the end of the year was as straight as Ellen, with Pierre's flaming forehead—as Henry Kilvert called it—and Ellen's eyes, deepened to a fathomless blue, darkly fringed and full of both their dreams.

Of course he might have been crooked and devoid of imagination—but I tell the facts.

"Pierre has the most wonderful little son!" the Garnetts joyously proclaimed everywhere.

"He is really a most remarkably fine child—Ellen's boy!"—the Hadleys went about complacently telling every one they met.

"See here! Have you seen my godson?" Henry Kilvert beamingly demanded of all his acquaintances, rubbing his hands with glee—"Henry Hadley Garnett! He's simply the greatest thing on earth—perfectly great!"

Pierre's sonata—the first of his famous Fatherhood series—was finished the very week after his little son's birth, and was dedicated—like all the others—to Ellen, his unmusical wife.

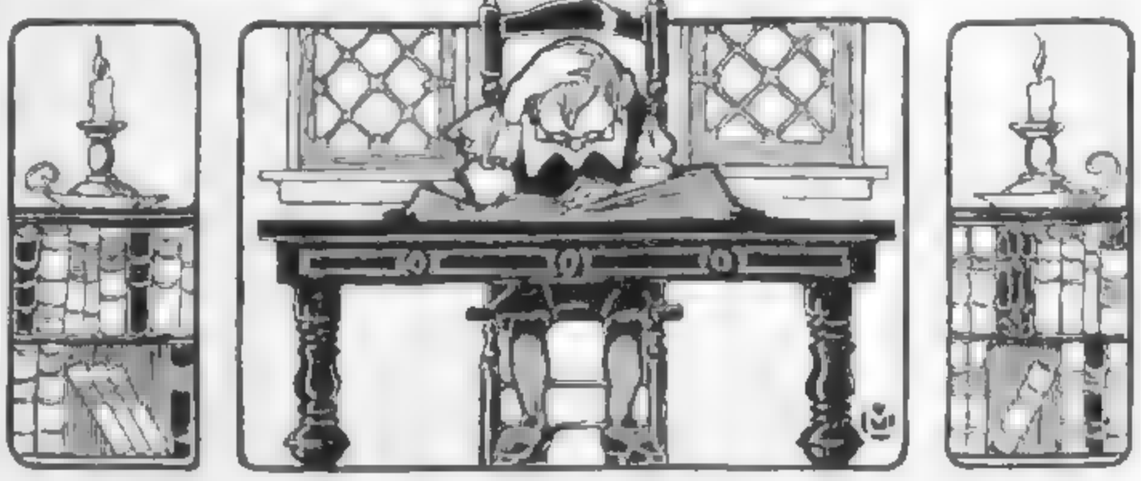
Birds as Transmitters

BIRDS are becoming so injurious to the high-voltage electric transmission lines now so common in the country, carrying their great power from some river to a distant city, that engineers have been forced to devise protection for the lines at considerably increased cost.

At the least excuse electricity will come across from one of these wires to another or to the ground, and perhaps put the whole system out of service and necessitate expensive repairs. The body of a bird, or the bodies of a flock of birds, may give the electricity just the opportunity it requires to make the jump, like stepping-stones in a wide brook.

A California company has had great trouble with eagles, the bodies of which have enabled the current to jump from the wires to the steel towers of the transmission line, and so to the ground. An Eastern company is now building its lines with wires so far apart that the current cannot make the jump through the body of a great buzzard flying with wide-spreading wings between the wires.

A German company that has had much trouble because birds sat in chains on the crossarms of the poles or towers, and thus gave the electricity the stepping-stones it is always seeking, has rebuilt its lines with crossarms so oblique that the birds do not find them convenient for roosting; and over the insulators are placed conical caps so sharply pointed that a bird would slip off. Of course while the birds are dangerous to the transmission lines, the electricity is fatal to the birds, not only killing them instantly but usually burning their bodies to a cinder.



Western Electric

YOU have seen this name on the telephone in your home and office. You have seen it on telephones in hotels and other public places, and on cable reels along the streets and highways.

The universal use of these telephones and cable has given international prominence to their makers, the Western Electric Company.

In every Bell telephone—8,000,000 of them throughout the United States—you see the product of this company. Thousands more are used by other telephone companies and on private systems. Western Electric telephones are also standard on many of the foreign telephone lines.

But the scope of the Western Electric Company's activities goes even further.

The Western Electric Company furnishes equipment for every electrical need. Every device is designed and produced in accord with the high service standards of the Bell telephones. Every article is protected by the prestige of the name and the guarantee of the maker.

Therefore, when you invest in a Western Electric vacuum cleaner, inter-phone, electric iron, toaster, chafing dish, coffee percolator, water heater, warming pad, household motor, electric washing machine, or other Western Electric household helps, you may be assured that you have obtained the best procurable.

We will gladly send you literature descriptive of any one of the home utilities named above, or the booklet, "Western Electric Household Helps," which describes them all. A postal request, asking for booklet No. 167Q, will bring your copy.

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Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

"WALL ST." MODEL

Good as Gold

WHAT *is* the soundest guide in buying clothes?

Here you see the answer: Look for this Kirschbaum Guarantee and Price Ticket on the sleeve of your next coat.

It guarantees over our signature that the suit is all-wool, fast in color, shrunk by the original London cold-water process, tailored by hand and sewn at all points of strain with *silk* thread. And—

It promises to return your money or give you new garments should you find reasonable cause for dissatisfaction in your purchase.

Will your Summer clothes be fully insured against the fading power of the hot summer sun, the shrinking power of the unexpected shower, the wear and strain of summer activities?

If you find the Kirschbaum Ticket on the sleeve of your coat—*yes!*

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO., PHILADELPHIA

Kirschbaum Clothes

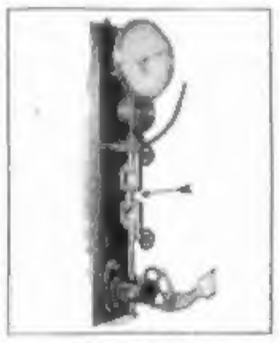
$15-$20
$25 and up

"Look for the Guarantee and Price Ticket on the Sleeve"

(Photo of bolt of cloth)

Every bolt of Kirschbaum woolen is placed between wet canvas. Rolled this way, it stands over night.

This is only a part of our London cold-water method of shrinking—the most thorough shrinking process known. The only wrinkles your Kirschbaum Suit can get are the harmless kind which are easily ironed away.



(Strength test)

Gripped by the metal hands of this machine, a sample of each Kirschbaum woolen is pulled from above and below until it breaks.

The hand on the dial of this machine registers the strain. Every Kirschbaum woolen must show standard strength or the fabric is rejected.

(Silk thread)

Pull a piece of cotton thread until it breaks. Then pull a piece of *silk* thread. You probably won't be able to break the silk.

That shows you the importance of that part of our guarantee which states that your Kirschbaum Suit was sewn at all points of strain with *silk* thread.

(Buttonholes)

Here you see a Kirschbaum buttonhole being carefully sewn by one of our tailors.

The careful workmanship we give to all our buttonholes keeps them from wearing through or "picking loose." They stay stout and trim throughout the life of the coat.

Copyright, 1914, A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

Eventually
Why Not
Now

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In Color - Cream White. In Quality - Simple Goodness
Merely the wheat, its overcoat taken off, the inside sifted thru silk and packed in a fresh clean bag. It's ready for you
Scientific Simplicity best describes our process of milling

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR